



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

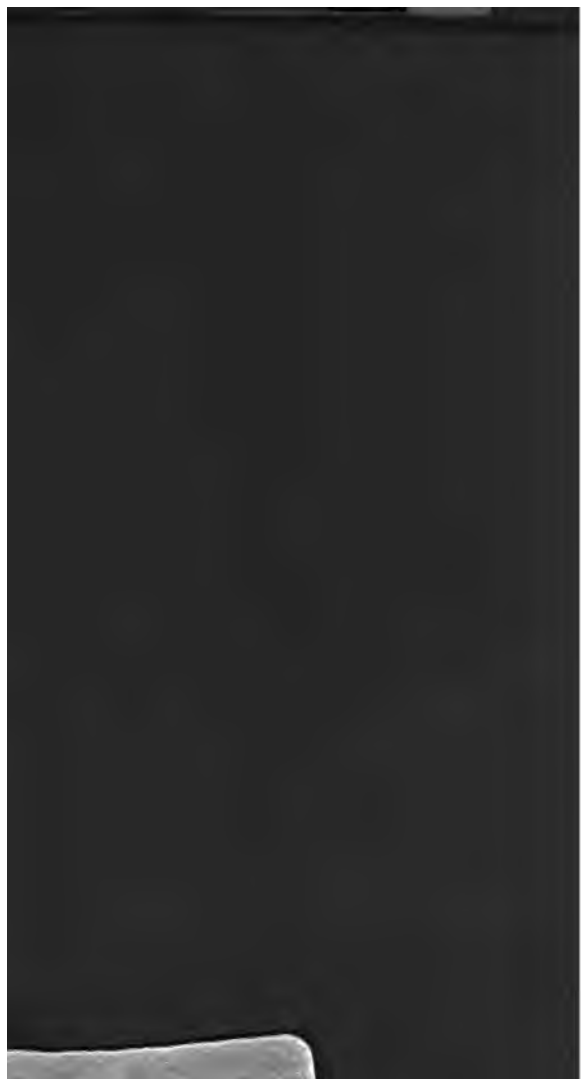
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>













A COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED
BIBLE CHRISTIANS.

SECOND REVISED EDITION.

PUBLISHED FOR THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN BOOK COMMITTEE.

BY JAMES THORNE, SHEBBEAR, DEVON.

SOLD BY THE ITINERANT PREACHERS.

1863.

147. g. 30.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT.]



PLYMOUTH: PRINTED BY S. THORNE, 52, UNION STREET.

PREFACE.

SINGING the praises of God is an employment in which the angelic hosts and the redeemed in glory are engaged; and the people of God in all ages have poured forth their grateful acknowledgments for Divine mercies in those devoutly harmonic strains which can only proceed from the possession of an exalted state of piety. Whoever fully enters into the feelings expressed by the "sweet singer of Israel," in those admirable compositions contained in the Book of Psalms, will be prepared with him to exclaim,— "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High."

The effects of sacred music upon Saul, king of Israel, 1 Sam. xvi. 23, and upon the prophet Elisha, 2 Kings iii. 15, furnish a subject for the pen of a skilful "Master in Israel;" but we cannot find room for discussing it here. The practice of our Lord, however, Matt. xxvi. 30, taken in connexion with the apostolic precepts,— "Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord," Eph. v. 19, 20: "Is any merry? let him sing psalms," James v. 13,—furnish sufficiently weighty reasons to induce us to engage in the delightful exercise of singing the praises of God. And from Col. iii. 16, we learn that even admonitory or hortatory hymns may be also used with great advantage; for the apostle instructs, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs;" and that we may know how to do it acceptably, he adds,— "singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

It is most important to attend to this last direction; because, although the words may be quite proper, correct, and expressive; the music may be very solemn; and the performance may be melting and harmonious; still, all these excellences will fail of producing the beneficial results anticipated by the devout worshipper in all his acts of devotion, unless we comply with the direction, "singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

Suitable words are, however, necessary; and to provide them as helps in the worship of God, the following selection was formerly made, and has now [1838] been improved and enlarged.

In the present Edition, Hymns 226, 217, 218, 240, 323, 338, 534, 595, and 610 are changed—those now inserted being considered more suitable for public worship. In a few of the Hymns a verse or two have been omitted; in two or three cases an additional verse has been inserted. Some minor alterations have also been made. The Author's name is given whenever known.* The original reading has not been always followed. This frequently could not be discovered; and, sometimes, use or superiority has seemed to justify the deviation. An Index to the first line of each verse has been prepared to make the Book more convenient and complete. The Index to Texts of Scripture has been much enlarged, and it is believed that one or more suitable Texts are given for each Hymn. Further improvements would have been introduced with a view of making this collection more useful, but this would have rendered the Editions already in circulation comparatively useless in our congregations.

May all "sing with the Spirit," and "with the understanding also."

Shebbear, July, 1802.

* Most of those ascribed to J. Wesley are translations from the German.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PART I.

	HYMN.
SECTION I.—1. For Ministers	1
2. Missionary Exertion	9
3. Collection for Missionaries	27
II.—1. Laying the foundation of a Chapel	33
2. Opening a Place of Worship	35
3. Before Sermon	46
4. After Sermon	58

PART II.

SECTION I.—Exhorting sinners to return to God	61
II.—Describing the Pleasantness of Religion	81
III.—Describing the Goodness of God.	
1. Nativity	91
2. New Year's Day	103
3. Crucifixion	113
4. Resurrection and Ascension of Christ	133
5. The Descent of the Holy Ghost	143
IV.—Praying for a Blessing	150

PART III.

SECTION I.—Mourners convinced of sin	165
II.—Praying for Repentance	201
III.—Backsliders returning	208

PART IV.

SECTION I.—Believers Rejoicing	234
II.—Family hymns.	
1. Children	273
2. Baptism of Adults	278
3. Sunday Schools	280
4. Weddings	283
5. In a New Habitation	286
6. Birth Day	288
7. Masters	296
III.—Believers Fighting	301
IV.—Praying	324
V.—Watching	343
VI.—Working	353
VII.—Suffering	360
VIII.—Groaning for full Redemption	377
IX.—Saved	433
X.—Interceding	447

PART V.

SECTION I.—Society Meeting	4
II.—Giving Thanks	4
III.—Praying	4
IV.—Love-feast	4
V.—Lord's Supper	4
VI.—Society Parting	4

PART VI.

SECTION I.—Death	
II.—Judgment	
III.—Heaven	
Miscellaneous	
Additional Hymns	

A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

PART I.

FOR MINISTERS AND ON MISSIONARY EXERTION.

SECTION I.

1. FOR MINISTERS.

1

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Clothed with the Spirit of Holiness,
May all thy heralds prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.

3 Jesus, let those thy servants shine
Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

4 Beyond the reach of mortals spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

5 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in thy might;
As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of hellish night;

6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness
Their healing wings display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

2

476

Union among Ministers.

MAY thy servants, gracious Lord,
Love to preach the gospel word:
Give them clearer, brighter views,
While they sound the joyful news.

3 Let them feel the fire of love,
Streaming from the throne above;

All their hearts as one unite,
Keep their spirits always right;

3 Each esteem himself the least;
Each on heavenly manna feast;
All exalt the wondrous Lamb,
All delight to tell his fame;

4 All together firmly join
To attack the monster sin;
All proclaim the Saviour's blood
As the only way to God;

5 All enjoying holiness,
All agree to live in peace,
All unite in prayer and praise,
Love and serve thee all their days.

6 Give them all the words of peace,
Crown their labours with success;
Burning love to all be given,
Bring them all at last to heaven.

3

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there; [faulds.
And shouldst thou strictly mark our
Lord, how should we appear!

MISSIONARY EXERCISE.

5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see :
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

4

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servant's cry :
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view :
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great ;
The labourers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad ;
And let them speak thy word with power,
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace ;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

5 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove ;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love !

6 On all mankind, forgiven,
Empower them still to call ;
And tell each creature under heaven,
That thou hast died for ALL.

5

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear ;
Perplexed, distressed, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2 Thy comprehensive view surveys
Our wandering paths, our thorny ways ;
Send forth, O Lord ! thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

3 With longing eyes, behold, we wait
In suppliant crowds at Mercy's gate ;
Our drooping hearts, O God ! sustain ;
Shall Israel seek thy name in vain ?

4 O Lord ! with words of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn :
May our blest eyes a Shepherd see
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

5 Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise
A cheerful tribute to thy praise :
Our children learn the grateful song,
And theirs the cheerful notes prolong.

6

8. 7. 4.

LORD of harvest, our petition
We present before thy throne ;
All thy sons, and their condition,
Unto thee are fully known ;
Lord of harvest,
Thou canst help, and thou alone.

2 Vast the harvest of thy grace is,
Weak and few thy labourers are :

"Amongst the tares, in various places,
Lie the objects of thy care ;
Bring thy chosen

To thy church and fix them there.

3 Pour rich measures of thy Spirit :
Bless with every blessing, Lord,
Those who thy rich grace inherit,
Those who labour in thy word :
May thy servants
Wisely wield the Spirit's sword.

4 May the word of life effectual
Prove, to each who now doth hear :
Sinners prove it quick and powerful,
Waking up a godly fear :
May the sinner
Now in faith to God draw near.

7

C. M.

NEWTON.

CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From sin and death set free,
May every under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on thee.

2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare
To execute thy will ;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness, and skill.

3 In flame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach ;
And let them live, and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach.

8

L. M.

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend ;
Thy faithful Messenger secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace ;
Direct his feet in paths of peace :
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And bend him to obey thy will.

3 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart ;
In him thy mighty power exert ;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

2. MISSIONARY EXERCISE.

9

8. 7. 4.

WILLIAMS.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gase ;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace :

Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary :

Let the gospel
Wide resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light ;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night ;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

MISSIONARY EXERTION.

- 4 [May the glorious day approaching
On their awful darkness dawn,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name,
To the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.]
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

10

C. M.

GIBBONS.

- G**REAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 O when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around:
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?
- 4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word:
And vassals long enslaved become
The freemen of the Lord?
- 5 When shall the untutored heathen tribes,
A dark, bewildered race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and sing his grace?
- 6 Haste, sovereign Mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Softened the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove.
- 7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel rays;
And build, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise.

11

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- B**EHOLD, with pleasing ecstasy,
The gospel-standard lifted high,
That all the nations far and near
May in the great salvation share!
- 2 Why then, Almighty Saviour, why
Do wretched souls in millions die?
While the infernal tyrant reigns
O'er spacious realms in ponderous chains.
- 3 And shall he still go on to boast
Thy cross its energy hath lost?
And shall thy servants still complain
Their labour and their tears are vain?
- 4 Awake, all-conquering arm awake,
And hell's extensive empire shake;
Assert the honours of thy throne,
And call this ruined world thine own!
- 5 Thine all-successful power display,
Convert a nation in a day;
For at thy word, this barren earth
Shall travail with a general birth.

- 6 Swift let thy quickening Spirit breathe
On these abodes of sin and death;
That breath shall bow ten thousand
minds,
Like bending corn before the winds.
- 7 Scarce can our glowing hearts endure
A world, where thou art known no more:
Transform it, Lord, by conquering love;
Or bear us to the realms above.

12

L. M.

- C**HIEF Captain of Jehovah's host,
Display thy glorious banner high;
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a numerous army nigh.
- 2 A solemn jubilee proclaim,
Proclaim the great Sabbath day;
Assert the glories of thy name,
Spoil Satan of his wished-for prey.
- 3 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of thy reign;
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
The mystery to the heart explain.

13

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

- L**ORD, send thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home;
From east and west, from south and north,
Let all the wanderers come;
- 2 Where'er, in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.
- 3 An offering to their Lord,
There let them all be seen,
Sprinkled with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean:
- 4 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet,
And shew the mystery fulfilled,
Thy family complete.

14

L. M.

WILKS.

- B**RIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control:
- 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come:
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at its brightness, flee away—
The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law;
And Antichrist, on every shore,
Fall from his throne to rise no more.
- 4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound
On Afric's shore, thro' India's ground;
And islands of the southern sea
Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.
- 5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion at thy feet;
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
Her fulness, and her glory too.

MISSIONARY EXERTION.

6 O that from Britain now might shine
This heavenly light—this truth divine!
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

15

6-8's.

KELLY.

0 'TIS a sound should fill the world!
The sound of mercy thro' the Lamb;
Lo, Satan from his seat is hurled;
Unable to withstand that Name:
From heaven like lightning see him fall,
Struck by the Arm that conquers all.

2 Lord, give the word; and waked by thee
Let many tongues thy victory tell;
That hopeless sinners now may see [hell:
That thou hast vanquished death and
Sound, sound the joyful truth abroad;
Let sinners now draw nigh to God.

3 And Thou, victorious Lord, all hail!
Immortal honours shade thy brow;
When death and hell thy friends assail,
They find in thee a refuge now;
Thy name shall furnish them with arms,
And free their souls from all alarms.

16

10's & 11's.

C. WESLEY.

YE servants of God, your Master pro-
claim,

And publish abroad his wonderful Name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 The waves of the sea have lift up their
voice,
Sore troubled that we in Jesus rejoice;
The floods they are roaring, but Jesus is
here;

While we are adoring, he always is near.

3 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh, his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall
sing,

Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

4 "Salvation to God, who sits on the
throne,"

Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son;
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the
Lamb.

5 Then let us adore, and give him his right;
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, with angels
above,

And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite
[love.

6 Come, Lord, and display thy sign in the
sky,

And bear us away to mansions on high;
The kingdom be given, the purchase divine,
And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

17

8. 7. 4.

KELLY.

MEN of God, go take your stations:
Darkness reigns throughout the
Go, proclaim among the nations [earth;
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Of his gospel not ashamed,
As "the power of God to save;"
Go where Christ was never named
Publish freedom to the slave!
Blessed freedom!
Such as Zion's children have.

3 What though earth and hell unite
Should oppose the Saviour's plan
Plead his cause, nor be affrighted;
Fear ye not the face of man:
Vain their tumult:
Spoil his work they never can.

4 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend:
Borne afar 'midst foes and strange
Jesus will appear your friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

18

4-6's & 2-8's. C. WESLEY.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound:
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;

Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners home!

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus's love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

6 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your SAVIOUR'S face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

19

10's & 11's.

YE heralds of truth, sent forth by
Lord, [W
Both ancient and youth, who publish
Ye sons and ye daughters, selected
grace, [his pla
Be strong and courageous, and each
2 The prophets long since your labor
foretold, [of c
Though short were those hints deliver

MISSIONARY EXERTION.

In labour be patient, rejoicing with awe;
In spirit be fervent, preach gospel and law.

3 You glory inherit, your converse in heaven,
Yet more of the Spirit to you shall be
O be not contented with drops from the sea:
To Jesus cemented, swim here day by day.

4 While humble and meek, temptations are vain,
The aid that we seek, at once we obtain;
Let's view our high calling, to order at-
tend, [ascend.

While blessings are falling, let praises

20

7's.

A N Ambassador from heaven!
Think how great the honour given;
Gladly for the Giver spend
All he unto you doth lend.

2 Faithful children of your God,
Spread the power of Jesu's blood;
Sound aloud the worthy Name
Of the all-atoning Lamb.

3 Jesus will impart to you
Grace and strength his work to do;
Therefore help his suffering saints,
Sympathize in their complaints.

4 Sent and blest by Zion's King,
To each soul his portion bring;
While the Rock you feed with care,
Jesus will your burden bear.

5 Thus the Church will gently rise,
As a temple, to the skies;
Walls impregnable and bold,
Like Jerusalem of old.

6 Though at us Tobiah sneered,
Every our successes feared;
Though Sannibal joined be,
Shall Immanuel's servants flee?

7 Our Zerubbabel is strong,
He shall be our theme, our song;
We the top-stone laid shall see,
And shout GRACE and VICTORY.

21

L. M.

THE school of Scribes, the court of Kings,
The learned and great, he passes by;
And chooses weak and feeble things,
His grace and truth to testify.

2 Plain, simple men his call endure
With grace and wisdom from above;
And such he still delights to use,
Who nothing know but Jesu's love.

3 With this endowment from on high,
At Jesu's word they swiftly go;
'Mong rich and poor, and low and high;
Determined nought but Christ to know.

22

8's & 7's.

NEWTON.

PRECIOUS promises are given
To the messengers of God,
While good news to earth from heaven
Faithfully they spread abroad!

On the Rock of Ages founded
What can shake their sure
With salvation's walls surroun-
They may smile at all their

2 [See! the streams of living wa-
Springing from eternal love
Well supply thy sons and dau-
And all fear of want remove
Who can faint while such a riv-
Ever flows thy thirst to assu-
Grace, which like the Lord, the
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Shewing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from his banner
Light by night and shade by da-
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, his solemn praises,
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys, and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

23

P. M.

MEDLEY

HARK! how the gospel trumpets sound,
Through the whole earth its echo
And Jesus, by redeeming blood, [ounds;
Is bringing sinners back to God,
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2 Hail! all-victorious, conquering, Lord,
Be thou by all mankind adored:
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we might ever with thee reign,
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye faithful souls, fight on,
And when the conquest ye have won,
Then palms of victory we shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.

4 There we shall in full chorus join,
When saints and angels all combine
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move:
Then this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

5 And when the golden streets we walk,
Redeeming love shall be our talk;
There we shall all in praise combine,
And ever bless the hand divine:
And O, how glorious we shall shine,
In endless day!

COLLECTION FOR MISSIONARIES.

24

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

- S**HEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see:
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.
- 3 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near;
For no man cares their souls to save.
- 3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought;
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.
- 4 The pit its mouth hath opened wide,
To swallow up its careless prey:
Why should *they* die, when *thou* hast
died—
Hast died to bear their sins away?
- 5 Extend to these thy pardoning grace;
To these be thy salvation showed:
O add them to thy chosen race!
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood!
- 6 Still let the publicans draw near:
Open the door of faith and heaven;
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

25

S. 7. 4.

KELLY.

- Y**ES! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word, in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.
- 5 Let us hail the joyful season,
Let us hail the rising ray;
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day;
At his presence,
Gloom and darkness fly away.
- 3 While the foe becomes more daring;
While he enters like a flood;
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God,
- 4 Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news from far arriving
How the gospel wins its way:
Those enlight'ning
Who in death and darkness lay.
- 5 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land:
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

26

L. M.

BEDDOME.

- S**HOUT for the great Redeemer reigns!
Through distant lands his triumphs
spread;
And sinners freed from Satan's chains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

- 3 God's sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.
- 3 O may his conquests still increase,
And by his power his foes subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories shew.
- 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

3. COLLECTION FOR MISSIONARIES.

27

S's & 7's.

FRANCIS.

- P**RAISE the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love:
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to Him devoted,
Him to whom my all I owe.
- 2 See how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine—
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around;
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.
- 3 With my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

28

C. M.

DODDREDGE.

- J**ESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum;
How pay the mighty debt!
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace:
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be clothed, and fed:
And visited, and cheered;
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O let us rather beg our bread,
Than keep it back from thee!

29

C. M.

- Y**ES! there are joys that cannot die
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION OF A CHAPEL.

- 2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus's feet I lay;
He will the humble gift receive,
And will at large repay.

30

L. M.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day

But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may *last*, but never *live*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives:
Whom none can love, whom none can
Creation's blot, creation's blank. [thank,
- 4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way;
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

31

L. M.

THE Lord, who rules the world's affairs;
For me a well-spread board prepares,
My grateful thanks to him shall rise
That he my numerous wants supplies

- 2 And shall I grudge to give His poor
A mite from all my generous store?
No, Lord! the friends of thine and thee
Shall always find a friend in me.

SECTION II.

1. LAYING THE FOUNDATION OF A CHAPEL.

32

4-5's & 2-6's. C. WESLEY.

EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain.
And never can succeed:

We spend our wretched strength for
nought;

But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

- 2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim,—
Thy glory if we now intend,—
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jesus's name!
- 3 In Jesus's name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.
- 4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrained by Jesus's love to live
The servants of mankind.

- 5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will:
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.

- 6 O let our faith and love abound;
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine!
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly Light Divine.

33

6-5's.

C. WESLEY.

BUT who sufficient is to lead,
And execute the vast design?
How can our arduous toil succeed,
When earth and hell their forces join
The meanest instruments to o'erthrow,
Which thou hast ever used below!

- 2 Mountains, alas! on mountains rise,
To make our utmost efforts vain:
The work our feeble strength defies,
And all the helps and hopes of man;
Our utter impotence we see;
But nothing is too hard for thee!
- 3 The thing impossible to men
Thou canst for thine own people do:
Thy strength be in our weakness seen;
Thy wisdom in our folly shew:
Prevent, accompany, and bless,
And crown the whole with full success.
- 4 Unless the power of heavenly grace,
The wisdom of the Deity,
Direct and govern all our ways,
And all our works bewrought in thee,—
Our blasted works we know shall fail,
And earth and hell at last prevail.
- 5 But O almighty God of love!
Into thy hands the matter take:
The mountain-obstacles remove,
For thy own truth and mercy's sake;
Fulfil in ours thine own design,
And prove the work entirely thine.

34

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.
- 4 Appear, as when of old thou wast
The suffering Son of God;
And let them see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.
- 5 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Shew them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

- 6 Thy feet were nailed to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin;
Thy hands stretched out they all may see,
To take thy murderers in.
- 7 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.
- 8 Ready thou art the blood to apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffered this for you!"

2. OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

35

L. M.

- W**ILL God from his celestial throne
On earthly worshippers look down?
Jehovah, we adore thy grace,
And to thy name devote this place.
- 2 Accept the gifts that raised this frame,
To thee returned, from thee they came;
In all our hearts fix thine abode,
The sacred temples of our God.
- 3 May Jesus this assembly bless
With His continued grace and peace;
Let prayer and praise an incense rise,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.
- 4 Here may thy word convert the soul,
And powers of sin and hell control;
May cheerful alms and faithful vows
Increase the blessings of this house.
- 5 Here may the power of truth and love
Prepare us for the joys above;
Guard us from errors and from jars,
From persecuting spite and wars.
- 6 And when our souls are fully drest
For seats of everlasting rest;
Let many from these courts arise,
To fill those mansions in the skies.

36

L. M.

- W**HENE'ER thy servants here shall meet,
To worship at thy sacred feet,
May they thy ancient promise prove—
Thy presence and the fire of love.
- 2 May faithful men thy truth declare,
And feel the sacred charge they bear;
May sinners feel the powerful word
The sharpness of thy two-edged sword.
- 3 Here may the mourner find the Lord,
Here may backsliders be restored,
Here may the burdened lose his load,
The infidel believe in God.
- 4 Here may thy saints their joys declare,
And to the truth a witness bear,
(By the sure evidence within)
The blood of Christ doth cleanse from sin.
- 5 Here may thy peace and love abound;
Here may the voice of praise resound;
And in the most melodious songs,
Be still employed our loosened tongues.

- 6 May preacher here with people join,
To bless and praise the hand divine:
To magnify the special grace,
Through which we're reared up this place.

37

L. M.

- C**LOTHED in the golden robes of grace,
We worship in this holy place;
Howe'er the world our minds assail,
Lord, let thy influence prevail.
- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Inspire our souls with sacred love,
Breaths o'er our thoughts devotion's
flame,
Enrich them with the Saviour's name.
- 3 Let no vain ceremonies here,
Or formal worshippers, appear; [care,
Shut from our hearts each grovelling
And all our souls for God prepare.
- 4 May answers to our prayers descend,
When here our hearts and knees we
bend,
Find this, (by thy good Spirit given)
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 5 Here, Lord, erect a mercy-seat;
Or formal worshippers, appear; [care,
Here may thy saints in union meet;
O spread thy tabernacle here!
O may thy glory now appear!
- 6 May not a pin or curtain fall;
May not the gates of hell prevail;
May not a single stake remove,
But to that better house above!

38

C. M.

NEWTON.

- G**REAT Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.
- 3 Within these walls, let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the weeping eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

39

4's & 2's.

FRANCIS.

- O** KING, of Glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own;
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below!

OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

2 Here may thine ear attend
Our interceding cries;
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may the' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

4 Here, may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

40 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

GREAT God, thy providence we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in
Nardaretumultuous foes invade, (peace;
To fill thy worshippers with dread.

2 Thee, Lord, our boast, our bliss supreme,
Thy praise our in exhausted theme;
Oh! higher than the highest, hail!
Thou, Lord, hast made our cause prevail.

3 All hail thy power and saving grace,
Preserver of thy people's peace;
On thy defence may we rely,
And find thy help for ever nigh.

41 S. M. STENNETT.

HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 Here humble souls present
To him their prayers and cries;
He sees their grief, hears each complaint,
And all their wants supplies.

5 With praise those humble souls
Receive what he imparts;
He, in return, accepts with smiles
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode;
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

42 7s. TURNER.

LORD of Hosts, how lovely fair,
Ev'n on earth, thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see,
Much of heaven, and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While the Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here thou mak'st thy glories known:
Here we learn thy righteous ways;
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Thus with festive songs of joy
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

43 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

AND will the great Eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his heavenly throne
Avow our temples for his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And calls us sinful mortals near.

3 These walls we to thine honour raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise:
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

4 Here let the Great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born for glory here.

44 4-5's & 2-5's. WATTS.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
My heart aspires to thine abode,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
And happy they who praise thee still,
And love the way to Sion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! thou God, our King,
Our willing feet shalt thither bring.

4 God is our sun and shield;
Our light, and our defence!
With gifts his hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
Upon our race he shall bestow
His saving grace, and glory too.

5 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withhold
From those his heart approves—
From holy, humble souls:
O Lord of hosts, thrice happy he
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

BEFORE SERMON.

45

C. M.

THE Lord in Zion placed his name,
His ark was settled there;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

2 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.

3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

3. BEFORE SERMON.

46

C. M.

NOW, Lord, inspire the preacher's
heart,

And teach his tongue to speak;
Food to the hungry soul impart,
And cordials to the weak.

2 Now, mighty God, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 Impart to us sufficient power
To walk in wisdom's ways;
So shall the benefit be ours,
And thou shalt have the praise.

47

L. M.

NOW, while the gospel net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord! the effort own;
From numerous disappointments past,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

2 May this be a much favoured hour,
To souls in Satan's bondage led;
O clothe thy word with sovereign power
To break the rocks, and raise the dead!

3 To mourners speak a cheerful word;
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restored;
And all thy saints in praises join.

4 Forgive the follies of our times,
Reform, and deck with grace divine,
The souls that have been stained with
crimes;

And all shall see the work is thine.

5 So shall our God delight to bless;
His foes shall feel Jehovah's sword;
Our labours crowned with success,
The honour given to the Lord.

48

L. M.

BURDEN.

LORD, wake in us a godly fear!
O help us seriously to think
A vast eternity is near,
And every soul is on the brink!

2 Lord, help thy minister to preach,
As if he ne'er should preach again;
A timely portion give to each,
A dying man to dying men.

3 O may the dead now hear thy voice,
Before the day of grace be past;
And make thy proffered grace their choice
Lest this should prove to be the last.

49

7s.

HERALD of the King of kings,
Preach the peace the gospel brings;
Loud extol th' incarnate God,
Speak the virtue of his blood.

2 Celebrate with every breath
Jesu's meritorious death;
Speak the great Immanuel's fame,
Who for ever is the same.

3 And may we in chorus join,
Blessing, praising love divine:
Never be ashamed to tell,
Christ has saved our souls from hell.

50

4-5's & 2-5's.

HOW highly blest are they
Who love and serve the Lord,
Who jointly to him pray,
And listen to his word;

His word which makes the simple wise,
Where all our hope and comfort lies.

2 O may it now descend,
Like gentle showers of rain;
May every soul attend,
And may it long remain:
Lord, give us food for many days,
And fill our hearts with love and praise!

51

C. M.

TO FLADY'S COOL.

NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire,
With joy, and peace, and love.

2 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word;
And bid each waiting hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

52

C. M.

HARR.

ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesu's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.

EXHORTING SINNERS TO RETURN TO GOD.

4 AFTER SERMON.

53 4-5's & 2-8's. **NEWTON.**

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow;
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

54 C. M.

COME, guilty souls, and flee away,
Like doves, to Jesus's wounds;
This is the welcome gospel day
In which true grace abounds.

2 God loved the world, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jesus says, he'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.

55 8. 7. 4.

BLESS the Lord for gospel preaching,
Let the echo sound around,
By the Holy Spirit's teaching,
Sinners love to hear the sound:
May we ever
In the gospel-path be found.

2 Jesus would have all men saved,
As the purchase of his blood:
But mankind are so depraved,
Very few will turn to God;
Kindly ask them,
"Come with me to Christ for food."

3 Kindly ask your friends and neighbours,
Come to hear the gospel news;
God will bless your pious labours,
Bringing them his ways to choose:
Kindly ask them;
Come yourself, if they refuse.

4 Shepherds found him in a manger,
Jesus preached on mount and shore,
Come and seek him while you're able,
He resides among the poor;
Don't neglect it,
He may never ask you more.

56 C. M.

LORD, help us on thy word to feed;
In peace dismiss us hence;
Be thou in every time of need,
Our refuge and defence.

2 We now desire to bless thy name,
And in our hearts record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim,
The goodness of the Lord.

57 S. M. **HART.**

ONCE more before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's Name;
Record his mercies, every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow;
Go on to seek and know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

58 4-5's & 2-8's. **NEWTON.**

TO thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers,
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours;
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

2 O grant that each of us,
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear;
And follow thee to heaven, our home:
Even so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come.

59 7's. **NEWTON.**

MAY the grace of Christ our Lord,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Spirit's power accord,
To send blessings from above.

2 Happy thus may we be blest,
With each other and the Lord,
Peace unspeakable possess,
Such as earth cannot afford.

3 Joys increasing more and more;
Enlarge and fill again, again;
Still our souls with love o'erpower,
With one voice we say, AMEN.

60 L. M.

JEHOVAH, from his throne above,
Sends down sweet messages of love;
Thrice happy they whose hearts are
Attentive to the joyful sound. [found

2 Jesus proclaims salvation here,
And brings eternal mercy near:
Free grace to all doth now abound,
Who know the Gospel's joyful sound.

3 While we pass through this wilderness,
Shine on us, Lord, with beams of grace:
Still may thy light our steps surround,
While we attend the joyful sound.

PART II.

SECTION I.

EXHORTING SINNERS TO RETURN TO GOD.

61 8. 7. 4. **HART.**

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power:
He is able—
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

EXHORTING SINNERS TO RETURN TO GOD.

3 [Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requires
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.]

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonising in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies:
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"—
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb:
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

62

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

COME, sinners, to the gospel-feast;
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God has bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all;
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 Come, and partake the Gospel-feast:
Be saved from sin; in Jesus rest:
O taste the goodness of your God,
And eat his flesh, and drink his blood!

5 Ye vagrant souls, on you I call;
(O that my voice could reach you all!)
Ye all may now be justified;
Ye all may live; for Christ hath died.

6 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

7 His love is mighty to compel:
His conquering love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

8 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice;
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

9 This is the time; no more delay;
This is the acceptable day;
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

63

PART I.

L. M.

SINNERS, beloved of God, attend,
To you he doth a message send;
He hath a royal feast prepared,
Such as you never yet have shared.

2 He hath a rich provision made,
The wine is drawn, the table laid;
Don't hesitate, nor make delay,
All things are ready, come away.

3 Jesus to you his fulness brings,
A feast of marrow and fat things;
All, all in Christ is freely given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

4 Ah don't begin to make excuse!
Ah, do not you his grace refuse!
Your worldly cares and pleasures leave;
And take what Jesus waits to give.

5 Have me excused, why will you say?
Why will you for damnation pray?
Have you excused from joy and peace!
Have you excused from happiness!

6 Excused from coming to a feast!
Excused from being Jesu's guest!
From knowing here your sins forgiven,
From tasting here the joys of heaven!

7 Excused, alas! why will you be?
From life, and health, and liberty;
From entering into glorious rest,
From leaning on your Saviour's breast.

8 Your ground forsake, your oxen quit,
Your every earthly thought forget;
Seek not the comfort of this life,
Nor sell your Saviour for a wife.

64

PART II.

L. M.

O LORD! I must to thee complain;
The world hath made thy offers vain;
Too busy, or too happy they,
They will not, Lord, thy call obey.

2 Go, then, my angry Master said,
Since these on all my mercies tread,
Invite the great and rich no more,
But preach my gospel to the poor.

3 The worst unto my supper press,
Ev'n monsters dire in wickedness;
Tell them my grace for all is free,
They cannot be too bad for me.

4 Tell them their sins may be forgiven;
Tell every creature under heaven,
I died to save them all from sin,
And force the vagrants to come in.

5 Ye vagrant souls, hear Jesu's voice,
And let your every soul rejoice;
Hear tidings, joyful, faithful, sure,
A rich salvation for the poor.

6 Ye hungry souls, the Lamb of God
Hath given his flesh, and split his blood,
That you by faith in him might be
Saved to all eternity.

EXHORTING SINNERS

65

PART III.
L. M.

'TIS done, my all-redeeming Lord,
I have gone forth and preached thy word:

Thy kind command I have obeyed,
And to mankind the offer made.

2 Have published round, that all to thee
May come and take salvation free:
The sinners to thy feast are come,
And yet, O Saviour! there is room.

3 Go then, my Lord again enjoined,
And other wandering sinners find;
Go to the hedges and highways,
And offer all my pardoning grace.

4 Sinners, my gracious Lord receives
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;
Drunkards, and all ye sinful crew,
I have a message now to you.

5 Backsliders, too, may be restored,
The God of truth hath spoke the word;
"Again will graciously receive,
"And freely all your sins forgive."

6 Come, poor, despairing, dying soul,
And Jesus Christ will make thee whole;
For thee stands open mercy's door,
Away thy fears, and doubt no more.

7 He to the uttermost can save
All who through faith his mercy crave:
Now with a contrite spirit come,
In Jesus Christ there yet is room.

8 Ye who believe his record true,
Shall sup with him and he with you;
Come to this feast, be saved from sin,
For Jesus waits to take you in.

66

C. M.

COME, ye that feel your guilt and sin!
Ye need not be afraid;
Though Satan tempt you 'tis too late,
Your help on Christ is laid.

2 He bore your sins upon the tree,
And now your cause doth plead;
And since the Son has made you free,
You may be free indeed.

67

10's & 11's. C. WMSLEY.

0 all that pass by, to Jesus draw near;
He utters a cry, ye sinners, give ear!
From hell to retrieve you, he spreads out
his hands: [stands.]
Now, now to receive you, he graciously

2 If any man thirst, and happy would be,
The vilest and worst may come unto Me;
May drink of my Spirit, excepted is none,
Lay claim to my merit, and take for his own.

3 Whoever receives the life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, his God and his Lord;
In him a pure river of life shall arise,
Shall in the believers spring up to the skies.

4 My God and my Lord! thy call I obey;
My soul on thy word of promise I stay;

Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
A thirst for salvation, salvation by grace.

5 O hasten the hour, send down from
above,
The Spirit of power, of health, and of love:
Of filial fear, of knowledge and grace;
Of wisdom and prayer, of joy and of praise:

6 The Spirit of faith, of faith in thy blood,
Which saves us from wrath, and brings
us to God, [sain,
Removes the huge mountain of indwelling
And opens a fountain that washes us clean.

68

C. M.

BACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backsliding heal;
Oh, crown him Lord of all!

2 Though crimson sins increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall;
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
Oh, crown him Lord of all!

3 Take with you words, approach his
And low before him fall: [throne,
He understands the Spirit's groan;
Oh, crown him Lord of all!

4 Whoever comes, he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small,
His faithfulness you need not doubt,
Oh, crown him Lord of all!

69

L. M.

WATTS

SINNER, O why so thoughtless
grown;

Why in such dreadful haste to die;
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams,
Madly attack the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

70

C. M.

DODDGE.

THE King of heaven his table spreads
And dainties crown the board;
Not Paradise with all its joys
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given;
And the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from the hedges and highways,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

TO RETURN TO GOD.

5 Yet are his house and heart so large
That millions more may come :
Nor could the wide assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready ; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

71

8. 7. 4.

SINNERS, you are now addressed
In the name of Christ your Lord ;
He hath sent to you a message,
Pay attention to his word ;
He hath sent it,
Pay attention to his word.

2 Think what you have all been doing,
Think what rebels you have been ;
You have spent your lives in nothing
But in adding sin to sin :
All your actions,
One continued scene of sin.

3 Yet your long-abused Sovereign
Sends to you a message mild,
Loth to execute his vengeance,
Prays you to be reconciled :
Hear him woo you,—
Sinners, now be reconciled.

4 Pardon, now, is freely published
Through a Mediator's blood ;
Who hath died to make atonement,
And appease the wrath of God ;
Wondrous mercy !
See it flows through Jesu's blood.

5 In His name you are entreated
To accept this act of grace ;
This the day of your acceptance,—
Listen to the terms of peace :
O delay not,
Listen to the terms of peace.

6 Having thus, then, heard the message,
All with heavenly mercy fraught,
Go and tell the gracious Jesus
If you will be saved or not :
Say, poor sinner,
Will you now be saved or not ?

72

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

HO ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh ;
('Tis God invites the fallen race,) Mercy and free salvation buy ;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come !
Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all you have and are behind ;

Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

73

10's & 11's.

C. WESLEY.

YE neighbours and friends, to Jesus
draw near ;
His love condescends, by titles so dear,
To call and invite you his triumph to
prove,
And freely delight you in Jesus's love.

2 The Shepherd who died his sheep to re-
On every side are gathered to him (deem :
The weary and burdened, the reprobate
race, [grace.And wait to be pardoned, through Jesus's

3 The blind are restored, through Jesus's
name,
They see their dear Lord, and follow the
Lamb ; [their race ;
The halt they are walking, and running
The dumb they are talking of Jesus's
grace.

4 The deaf hear his voice, and, comforting
word,
It bids them rejoice in Jesus their Lord :
"Thy sins are forgiven, accepted thou
art ;" [their heart.
They listen, and heaven springs up in

5 The lepers from all their spots are made
clean ; [sin ;
The dead, by his call, are raised from their
In Jesu's compassion the sick find a cure :
And gospel salvation is preached to the
poor.

6 To us and to them is published the word
Then let us proclaim our life-giving Lord
Who now is reviving his work in our day
And mightily striving to save us by grace

7 O Jesus, ride on, till all are subdued ;
Thy mercy make known, and sprinkle
thy blood ; [so
Display thy salvation, and teach the n
To every nation, and people, and tongue

74

10's & 11's.

C. WESLEY.

THY faithfulness, Lord, each mor-
we find,
So true to thy word, so loving and kind
Thy mercy so tender to all the lost
The vilest offender may turn and
grace.

2 The mercy I feel, to others I shew
I set to my seal, that Jesus is true :
Ye all may find favour, who come
O come to my Saviour : his grace is

3 To save what was lost, from her
came :
Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus :
He offers you pardon ; he bids you
"If sin be your burden, O come ur

4 O let me commend my Saviour
The Publican's Friend, and Advocate
For you he is pleading his merits :
With God interceding for sinners

EXHORTING SINNERS TO RETURN TO GOD.

5 Then let us submit his grace to receive;
Fall down at his feet, and gladly believe:
We all are forgiven, for Jesus's sake:
Our title to heaven, his merits we take.

75

8-7's.

C. WESLEY.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
S God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that you might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?

Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead already, dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin:
Dead to God, while here you breathe,
Pant ye after second death?
Will you still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O, ye dying sinners, why
Will ye for ever die?

76

8-7's.

C. WESLEY.

WHAT could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his waste of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn;
By his life your God hath sworn,
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, obtest, and cry,
Why will ye resolve to die?

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near:
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, even now, your Saviour stands;
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be!
"No, ye will not come to me!
"Me, who life to none deny:
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

4 Can you doubt if God is Love?
If to all his bowels move?
Will you not his word receive?
Will you not his oath believe?

See! the suffering Son appears!
Jesus weeps; believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

77

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word:
Haste to the Supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready, with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

6 Come, then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to Paradise restored;
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace:

7 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:

8 The o'erwhelming power of saving
grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

78

10's & 11's.

C. WESLEY.

YE thirsty for God, to Jesus give ear;
And take, through his blood, a power
to draw near;

His kind invitation, ye sinners, embrace,
Accepting salvation, salvation by grace.

2 Sent down from above, who governs the
skies,
In vehement love to sinners he cries,
"Drink into my Spirit; who happy
would be, [me,"
"And all things inherit by coming to

3 O Saviour of all, thy word we believe,
And come at thy call, thy grace to re-
ceive:
The blessing is given wherever thou art,
The earnest of heaven is love in the
heart.

4 To us, at thy feet, the Comforter give,
Who gasp to admit thy Spirit and live;
The weakest believers acknowledge for
thine,
And fill us with rivers of water divine.

PLEASANTNESS OF RELIGION.

79

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

GOD, the offended God, Most High,
Ambassadors to rebels sends;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray,
Us, in the stead of God, entreat,
To cast our arms, our sins, away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.

3 Our God in Christ! thine embassy,
And proffered mercy, we embrace;
And gladly reconciled to thee,
Thy condescending mercy praise.

4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,
A full acquittance we receive!
And criminals, with pardon blest,
We, at our Judge's instance, live!

80

10's & 11's.

NEWTON.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers
affright, [all unite,
Though friends should all fail, and foes
Yet one thing secures us, whatever be-
tide, [provide.
The promise assures us, The Lord will

2 The birds without barn, or storehouse
are fed; [bread;
From them let us learn to trust for our
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be
denied, [provide.
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will

3 We all may, like ships, by tempests be
tossed
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost:
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The Scripture engages, The Lord will
provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abraham of old,
We know not the way, but faith makes us
bold; [guide,
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure
And trust in all dangers, The Lord will
provide.

5 When Satan appears to hedge up our path,
And fills us with fears, we conquer thro'
faith; [tried,
He cannot take from us, though oft he has
The heart-cheering promise, The Lord
will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in
vain, [obtain;
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall
But when such temptations our graces
have tried, [provide.
This answers all questions, The Lord will

7 No strength of our own, nor goodness we
Our trust is alone in Jesus's Name; [claim,
In this, our strong tower, for safety we
hide, [vide.
The Lord is our power, The Lord will pro-

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in
view, [through;
The word of his grace shall bring us safe

Not fearing, or doubting, with Christ on
our side, [provide.
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will

SECTION II.

DESCRIBING THE PLEASANTNESS
OF RELIGION.

81

S. M.

WATTS.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy seas,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love:
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow;
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

82

8-7's.

C. WESLEY.

HAPPY soul, that free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms:
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?
Jesus does his spirit bear;
Jesus takes his every care:
He who found the wandering sheep,
Jesus, still delights to keep.

2 O that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the Destroyer nigh:
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near;
All his care rejoice to prove,
All his Paradise of love!

3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear;
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive;
Ever in thy Spirit live.

PLEASANTNESS OF RELIGION.

- 4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect, like my Lord, below :
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above :
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand ;
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by thee to heaven !

83

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

- 2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows "the Saviour died for me !"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine ! Who tells the price
Of Wisdom's costly merchandise ?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise ;
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honour that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who Wisdom gains ;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains !
He owns, and shall for ever own, [one.
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are

84

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone :
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

- 2 The church triumphant in his love,
Their joys in part we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Him in his glorious realm they praise,
And bow before his throne ;
We, in the kingdom of his grace ;
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads ;
From thence our spirits rise :
And he that in his statutes treads,
Shall meet him in the skies.

85

PART I.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

HAPPY the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved ;
Joined by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.

- 2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the
same ;
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

- 3 With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

4 O what an age of golden days !
O what a choice, peculiar race !
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing
blood,
Anointed Kings and Priests to God !

5 Where shall I wander now to find
The successors they left behind ?
The faithful whom, almost in vain,
I seek among the sons of men ?

6 Ye different sects, who all declare,
"Lo here is Christ !" or "Christ is there !"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.

7 Your claim, alas ! ye cannot prove ;
Ye want the genuine mark of love :
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst show ;
For sure thou hast a church below,

8 The gates of hell cannot prevail ;
The church on earth can never fail :
Ah ! join me to thy secret ones :
Ah ! gather all thy living stones !

9 Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye ;
Draw by the music of thy Name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.

10 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banished ones :
Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

11 Join every soul that looks to thee
In bonds of perfect charity ;
Now, Lord, the gracious fulness give,
And all in all for ever live.

86

PART II.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy Church below,
If now thy Spirit moves my breast,
Hear and fulfil thine own request !

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own ;
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses :
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old ;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white ;
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
Thy glorious, spotless church below.

6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeemed from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known ;
And, O my God, may I be one !

PLEASANTNESS OF RELIGION.

87

PART III.
L. M.

C. WESLEY.

O MIGHT my lot be cast with these;
The least of Jesu's witnesses:
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet!

2 This only thing do I require:
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live:

3 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

4 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

5 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
"Thy prayer is heard, it shall be so!"
The word hath passed thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

88

10's & 11's.

C. WESLEY.

REJOICE evermore, with angels above,
In Jesus's power, in Jesus's love:
With glad exultation your triumph pro-
claim,
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast
been; [from sin;
Hast saved us from grief, hast saved us
The power of thy Spirit hath set our
hearts free,
And now we inherit all fulness in thee:

3 All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss that never shall cloy:
To us it is given in Jesus to know
A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.

4 No longer we join, while sinners invite:
Nor envy the swine their brutish delight:
Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all
vain, [is pain.
Their laughter is madness, their pleasure

5 O might they at last with sorrow return
The pleasures to taste for which they
were born;

Our Jesus receiving, our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, the heaven of love!

89

6-7's.

C. WESLEY.

WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood:
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown:
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:

Rise, exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be!
Blest to all eternity!

90

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

YE simple souls, that stray
Far from the path of peace,
(That lonely, unfrequented way
To life and happiness,)
Why will ye folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?

2 Madness and misery
Ye count our life beneath;
And nothing great or good can see,
Or glorious, in our death:
As born to mourn and grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie;
And utterly condemned we live,
And unlamented die.

3 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, impotent, and poor,—
Above your scorn we rise:
We, through the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things;
For He, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us Priests and Kings.

4 Riches unsearchable
In Jesu's love we know;
And pleasures, springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow;
The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power;
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

5 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways;
And in their careful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace:
Our guardians to that bliss,
They all our steps attend:
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our Friend.

6 With him we walk in white;
We in his image shine;
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteousness divine:
On grov'ling kings of earth
With pity we look down:
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

NATIVITY.

SECTION III.

DESCRIBING THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

1. NATIVITY.

91

8s.

C. WESLEY.

ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored:
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace?

2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged thy birth:
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was opened on earth:
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of peace.

3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
Again in thy Spirit descend,
And set up, in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end!
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below:
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
All anger and hatred be o'er;
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarm of war
Shall break our eternal repose;
No sound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows:
Appeased by the charms of thy grace,
We all shall in amity join:
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like thine.

92

C. M.

WATTS.

SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your
And send your fears away; [eyes,
News from the region of the skies!
A Saviour's born to-day!

2 Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you:
To-day he makes his entrance here;
But not as monarchs do.

3 Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.

4 Glory to God who reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth.

5 Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose those useless tongues,
When we forget to praise!

6 Glory to God, who reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn!
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a SAVIOUR born.

93

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

HARK the glad sound! the Saviour
The Saviour promised long! [comes!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire:
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest fims of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppress with night
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

94

L. M.

YE simple men of hearts sincere,
Shepherds, who watch your flocks by
Start not to see an angel near, [night,
Nor tremble at the glorious light.

2 A herald from the heavenly King,
I come your every fear to chase:
Good tidings of great joy I bring,
Great joy to all the fallen race.

3 To you is born, on this glad day,
A Saviour by our hosts adored;
Our God in Bethlehem survey; [Lord.
Make haste to worship Christ, the

4 By this, the Saviour of mankind,
The incarnate God, shall be displayed:
The babe ye wrapt in swathes shall
And humbly in a manger laid. [and,

95

10's & 11's.

YE heavenly choir, assist me to sing,
And strike the soft lyre, and honour
our king; [praise,

His mighty salvation demands all our
Our blest adoration, and loftiest lays.

2 All glory to God, who ruleth on high,
And now hath bestowed, and sent from
th' sky, [to bless,

Christ Jesus the Saviour, poor mortals
The pledge of his favour, the seal of his
peace.

NATIVITY.

3 Thanksgiving and praise to Jesus belong:
Who claims for his grace the New Testa-
ment song, [claim,
Our Saviour and lover in hymns we pro-
And all the world over rejoice in his name.

4 Ye sea-faring men, his footsteps adore,
His miracles seen of goodness and power;
Who plough the rough ocean, your voices
employ,
With hearty devotion and fulness of joy.

5 Ye deserts so wild, your offerings bring,
Your God reconciled, ye villagers, sing;
Exult in his passion, ye rude mountaineers,
For lo! your salvation with Jesus appears.

6 Ye harlots and publicans, deep sunk in
sin, [clean:
Rejoice that his blood hath washed you
Of that mercy which snatched you from
sin and from hell,
To other poor sinners remember to tell.

7 Him, strong to redeem, ye islanders,
praise,
Created by him who saved the lost race;
With shouts never ceasing, extol the Most
High, [the sky.
And welcome the blessings he brings from

96

7's & 6's.

C. WESLEY.

G LORY be to God on high,
And peace on earth descend;
God comes down, He bows the sky,
And shews himself our Friend;
God the Invisible appears!
God, the blest, the great I AM,
Sojourns in this vale of tears,
And Jesus is his name.

2 Him the angels all adored,
Their Maker and their King;
Tidings of their humble Lord
They now to mortals bring:
Emptied of his majesty,
Of his dazzling glories shorn,
Being's Source begins to be,
And God himself is born!

3 See the immortal Son of God
A mortal Son of man;
Dwelling in an earthly clod,
Whom heaven cannot contain;
Stand amazed, ye heavens, at this;
See the Lord of earth and skies;
Humbled to the dust he is,
And in a manger lies!

4 We, the sons of men, rejoice,
The Prince of Peace proclaim,
With heaven's host lift up our voice,
And shout Immanuel's name:
Knees and hearts to him we bow;
Of our flesh and of our bone,
Jesus is our Brother now,
And God is all our own.

97

10's.

ALL glory to God, and peace upon earth,
Be published abroad at Jesus's birth:
The forfeited favour of heaven we find
Restored in the Saviour and Friend of
mankind.

2 Then let us behold Messiah the Lord,
By prophets foretold, by angels adored;
Our God's incarnation with angels pro-
claim,
And publish salvation in Jesus's name.

3 Our newly-born King by faith we have
seen,
And joyfully sing his goodness to men;
That all men may wonder at what we
impart, [heart.
And thankfully ponder his love in their

4 What moved the most High so greatly
to stoop?
He comes from the sky our souls to lift up;
That sinners forgiven might sinless return
To God and to heaven, their Maker is born.

5 Immanuel's love let sinners confess,
Who comes from above to bring us his
peace;
Let every believer his mercy adore, [more.
And praise him for ever, when time is no

98

7's & 6's.

C. WESLEY.

C ELEBRATE Immanuel's Name,
The Prince of Life and Peace;
God with us, our lips proclaim,
Our faithful hearts confess:
God is in our flesh revealed;
Earth and heaven in Jesus join;
Mortal with immortal filled,
And human with divine:

2 Happy they who humbly dread
The glorious King of kings;
He on them his beams shall shed,
And cherish with his wings:
Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
On them shall rise to set no more;
All the sin-sick sons of grace,
To health and heaven restore:

3 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
My trembling soul to cheer;
Thou whose glory fills the skies,
Be manifested here:
Chase the darkness from my mind,
All my unbelief remove,
Heal my soul, diseased and blind,
By heavenly light and love.

99

C. M.

MEDLEY.

M ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new—
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard through-
The harmonious heavenly throng. [out
- 6 [O for a glance of heavenly love
Our hearts and songs to raise,
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays!]
- 7 With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
"Good-will and peace are now complete:
"Jesus was born to die."
- 8 Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend! [fall
Though earth, and time, and life should
Thy praise shall never end.

100

7's.

C. WESLEY.

- H**ARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King—
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
"God and sinners reconciled."
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
- 3 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that men no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's promised Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head.
- 5 Glory to the new-born King!
Let us all the anthem sing,
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
"God and sinners reconciled."

101

P. M.

RHODES.

- M**Y heart and voice I raise,
To sing Messiah's praise;
Be thy great name by all adored,
Thou universal Lord,
At whose prolific word
Creation's vast domain was reared.
- 1 Let there be light! he said;
Primal darkness fled,
Obedient to his high command:
And massy orbs above
Began to shine and move,
Sustained by his all-ruling hand.

- 3 Man, the supreme of all,
On this terrestrial ball,
With wisdom's purest gifts arrayed,
From Eden basely fell:
To ransom him from hell,
He humbly stooped who all things made.
- 4 The mighty God on earth
Makes his mysterious birth,
To execute the glorious plan:
Angelic hosts proclaim
The Saviour's sacred name;
The Prince of Peace is born for man.
- 5 Glad tidings swell the sound
To earth's remotest bound;
He comes! he comes! with gladdening ray
The rising Sun appears,
To chase our gloomy fears,
And all his healing beams display.
- 6 Immaculate and mild,
A God, and yet a child,
He put the human nature on;
Unwearied in his race,
Benevolence and grace
In all his words and actions shone.
- 7 A servant's form he wore,
And in his body bore
Our dreadful curse on Calvary;
He like a victim stood,
And poured his sacred blood,
To set the guilty captives free.
- 8 But soon the Victor rose
Triumphant o'er his foes,
And led the conquered host in chains:
He threw their empire down,
And makes the rebels own,
That God Messiah ever reigns.
- 9 With mercy's mildest grace
He governs all our race,
And makes his love to mortals known:
Who to his sceptre yield,
His guardian care shall shield,
And lead them to his endless throne.

2. NEW YEAR'S DAY.

102

P. M.

C. WESLEY.

- C**OME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year, [pear.
And never stand still till the Master ap-
- 2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve, [love.
By the patience of hope, and the labour of
- 3 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 4 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give
me to do."

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

5 O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
"Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

103

P. M. C. WESLEY.

COME let us anew
Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise, [skies.
And press to our permanent place in the

2 Of heavenly birth,
Though wandering on earth,
This is not our place; [confess.
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we

3 At Jesus's call,
We gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.

4 No longing we find
For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above;

5 A country of joy,
Without any alloy;
We thither repair; [there.
Our hearts and our treasure already are

6 We march hand in hand
To Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near.

7 The rougher our way,
The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise [skies.
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the

8 The fiercer the blast,
The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come, [home.
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us

104

8-7's. C. WESLEY.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls:
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

2 Lo! I cumber still the ground;
Lo! an Advocate is found!
"Hasten not to cut him down;
Let this barren soul alone."
Jesus speaks, and pleads his blood!
He disarms the wrath of God!
Now my Father's bowels move;
Justice lingers into love.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
He no longer delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Let the lifted thunder drop.

There for me the Saviour stands;
Shews his wounds, and spreads his
God is love! I know, I feel; hands!
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!

105

10's & 11's.

ALL praise to the Lord, whose trumpet
we hear,
Which speaks in his word the festival year;
The loud proclamation of freedom from
thrall,
And gospel-salvation, is published to all.

2 The year of release even now is begun,
And pardon and peace, with Jesus sent
down; [tain.
Eternal redemption through him we ob-
And present exemption from passion and
pain.

3 Ye spirits enslaved, your liberty claim,
Believe, and be saved through Jesus's
name;
That infinite Lover of sinners embrace,
And gladly recover his forfeited grace.

4 With joyfulest news your prisons re-
sound, [bound:
Your fetters are loose, your souls are un-
Resume the possession for which ye were
born,
From Satan's oppression to heaven return.

106

4-6's & 2-8's. C. WESLEY.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise;
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword:
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone;"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtained the grace,
Who therefore hath bestowed
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up the fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound:
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear!

CRUCIFIXION.

107

C. M.

THINK, O my soul, another year
Of thy short stay is past;
Thou canst not long continue here,
And this may be the last.

1 Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again,
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

2 Awake, my soul! with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes? how sure, how fair?
And what thy great concern?

4 Now a new space of time begins,
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
Through Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

108

C. M.

COME, let us search our ways, and try
Have they been just and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

2 What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we still done the same?
Never delayed to pay his due—
Nor injured his good name?

3 Have we ne'er found our envy grow,
To hear another's praise?
Or robbed him of his honour due,
By sly malicious ways?

4 In all we sell, and all we buy,
Is honesty our guide?
Does thirst of gain from virtue's path
E'er draw our feet aside?

5 In vain we talk of Jesu's blood,
And boast his name in vain;
If we can slight the laws of God,
And prove unjust to man.

109

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

SING to the Great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs:
Who kindly lengthens out our days
Demands our choicest songs:

2 Whose providence has brought us
Another varied year: (through
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

3 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whatever we have or are.

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesu's steps we go
To see thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee:

6 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the great sabbatic year,
The Jubilee of heaven.

110

8's & 7's. ROBINSON.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—Oh, fix me on it!
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, now, as a fetter,
Firmly bind my heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it from thy courts above.

111

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow
Of the revolving year; (bounds
How swift the weeks complete their
rounds!

How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on;
And that important day
When all that mortal man has done
God's judgment shall survey!

3 Great God! awake this trifling heart,
My great concern to see;
That I may choose the better part,
And wholly live to thee.

4 Thus shall their course more grateful
If future years arise; (roll,
Or this shall bear my willing soul
To joy that never dies.

3. CRUCIFIXION.

112

C. M. S. WESLEY, SEN.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature
shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks;
The solid marbles rend.

CRUCIFIXION.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul," he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious
And in full glory shine: (chain,
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

113

L. M. C. WESLEY.

YE that pass by, behold the Man,
The Man of Griefs, condemned for
you!
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

2 See how His back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound!
The ploughers making long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.

3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage;
His innocence, to death pursued,
Must fully glut the utmost rage;
Hark! how they clamour for his blood!

4 "To us our own Barabbas give!
Away with him! (they loudly cry,
"Away with him, not fit to live,
The vile seducer crucify!"

5 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood;
His sacred limbs,—exposed and bare,
Or only covered with his blood.

6 See there his temples crowned with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side!

114

L. M. J. WESLEY.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence
derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown.

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes overflow;
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor how we think, of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought
To know the wonders thou hast wrought:
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

115

L. M. J. WESLEY.

EXTENDED on a cursed tree, (blood,
Besmeared with dust, and sweat, and
See there, the King of Glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God!

2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
Who could thy sacred body wound?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.

3 I, I alone, have done the deed!
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.

4 For me the burden to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid;
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay;
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.

6 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.

116

C. S. S. C. WESLEY.

WHERE shall my wondering soul
begin?

How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand plucked from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast shewed?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be called a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins for-
given,

Blest with this antepast of heaven!

3 And shall I slight my Father's love?
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallowed cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness to impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

4 No! though the ancient Dragon rage,
And call forth all his hosts to war;
Though earth's self-righteous sons en-
gage;

Them, and their god, alike I dare;
Jesus, the Sinner's Friend, proclaim;
Jesus, to sinners still the same.

5 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!
He spreads his arms to embrace you all;
Sinners alone his grace receives;
No need of him the righteous have;
He came the lost to seek and save.

CRUCIFIXION.

6 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin;
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you home:
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!

7 For you the purple current flowed
In pardons from his wounded side;
Languished for you the Son of God;
For you the Prince of Glory died:
Believe, and all your sin's forgiven;
Only believe, and yours is heaven!

117

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

SINNERS, believe the gospel-word:
Jesus is come your souls to save;
Jesus is come, your common Lord;
Pardon ye all through him may have:
May now be saved, whoever will:
This man receiveth sinners still.

2 See where the lame, the halt, the blind,
The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor,
Flock to the Friend of human kind,
And freely all accept their cure!
To whom did he his help deny?
Whom, in his days of flesh, pass by?

3 Did not his word the fiends expel,
The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead?
Did he not all their sickness heal,
And satisfy their every need?
Did he reject his helpless clay,
Or send them sorrowful away?

4 Nay, but his bowels yearned to see
The people hungry, scattered, faint;
Nay, but he uttered over thee,
Jerusalem, a true complaint;
Jerusalem, who shedst his blood,
That, with his tears, for thee hath flowed.

118

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinners, he prays for you and me:)
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive:
"They know not that by Me they live!"

2 Adam descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quickening Spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me!

3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thou—by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross, and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away!

4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears:
The story of thy love repeat [tears;
In every drooping sinner's ears:
That all may hear the quickening sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found!

5 O let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free;
That every fallen son of man [me;
May taste the grace that found out
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

119

4's & 2's.

C. WESLEY.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

3 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus, harmonious Name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze:
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free:
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion, sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

6 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

7 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all my Saviour died!

120

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffered pain;
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood:
And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Misers, his life for you he paid;
Your basest crimes he bore:
Drunkards, your sins on Him were laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That you might come to heaven:
Believe, believe in Jesu's name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

CRUCIFIXION.

- 4 Believe in him that died for thee,
And sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

121

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

O THOU eternal Victim, slain
By a sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eter al spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead;
Our everlasting Priest art thou,
And plead'st thy death for sinners now,

- 3 Thy offering still continues new;
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue;
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughtered
Lamb;
Thy priesthood still remains the same;
Thy years, O God! can never fail;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

- 5 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love!
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who died for me, for me!

122

C. M.

COWPER.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 O dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
'Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. (tongue)
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me!
- 7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

123

C. M.

WATTS.

A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred Head
For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!

124

C. M.

WATTS.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and O amazing love!
He came to our relief.

- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

- 4 Oh for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

125

L. M.

WATTS.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

126

6-7's.

TOPLADY.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

- 2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

CRUCIFIXION.

8 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

127

L. M.

NO more, my Saviour, will I boast
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause;
The world hath all its glories lost
Amidst the triumphs of the cross.

3 Thy wealth the power of thought transcends;

'Tis vast, immense, and all divine;
Thy empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends;
The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.

5 Yet (O how marvellous the sight!)
I see thee on the cross expire:

Thy Godhead veiled in sable night,
And angels from the scene retire.

4 But why from these sad scenes retreat?

Why with your wings your faces hide?
He ne'er appeared so good, so great,
As when he bowed his head and died.

5 The indignation of a God

On him avenging justice hurled;
Beneath the weight he firmly stood,
And nobly saved a fallen world.

6 These triumphs of stupendous grace,

Surprise, rejoice, and melt my heart:
Lord, at thy cross I stand and gaze,
Nor would I ever thence depart.

128

C. M.

BEFORE that God that on the tree
Our bitter burdens bore,
And loved till death a worm like me,
I bow, admire, adore.

3 That head, the crown of thorns that
With brightest radiance glows; [wore,

That face, so marred with tears and
Transcendent beauty shows. [gore

3 Those wounded hands stretched out so
Proclaim the sinner's Friend: [wide,

And freely from thy pierced side
Life-giving streams descend.

4 That furrowed back, ploughed up so
With healing stripes appears: [deep,

Those feet, fast nailed, sharp Irons keep;
I'll bathe them with my tears.

5 By men despised, rejected, scorned,

No beauty they can see;
With grace and glory all adorned,
The loveliest form to me.

129

7's & 6's.

C. WESLEY.

GOD of unexampled grace,

Redeemer of mankind,

Matter of eternal praise

We in thy passion find:

Still the choicest strains we bring,

Still the joyful theme pursue,

Thee the friend of sinners sing,

Whose love is ever new.

2 Endless scenes of wonder rise

From that mysterious tree,

Crucified before our eyes,

Where we our Maker see:

JESUS, Lord, what hast thou done?

Publish we the death divine,

Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own

There ne'er was love like thine!

3 Never love nor sorrow was

Like that which Jesus shewed:

See him stretched on yonder cross,

And crushed beneath our load!

Now discern the Deity.

Now his heavenly birth declare:

Faith cries out, 'Tis he, 'tis he,

'Tis Christ that suffers there.

130

4-6's & 2-5's. STANNETT.

COME, every pious heart,

That loves the Saviour's name,

Your noblest powers exert,

To celebrate his fame:

Tell all above and all below,

The debt of love to him you owe.

2 Such was his zeal for God,

And such his love for you,

He nobly undertook

What Gabriel could not do:

His every deed of love and grace

All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

3 He left his starry crown,

And laid his robes aside;

On wings of love came down,

And wept, and bled, and died!

What He endured, O who can tell!

To save the church from death and hell.

4 From the dark grave he rose,

The mansions of the dead,

And thence his mighty foes

In glorious triumph led:

Up through the skies the Conqueror rode,

And sits at the right hand of God.

5 From thence he'll quickly come,—

His chariot will not stay,—

And bear our spirits home

To realms of endless day:

There we shall see his lovely face,

And sing of his redeeming grace.

131

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

FATHER, whose everlasting love

Thy only Son for sinners gave;

Whose grace to all did freely move,

And sent him down a world to save:

2 Help us thy mercy to extol,

Immense, unfathomed, unconfin'd;

To praise the Lamb who died for all,

The general Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undistinguishing regard

Was cast on Adam's fallen race:

For all thou hast in Christ prepared

Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

4 A world he suffered to redeem:

For all he hath the atonement made:

For those who will not come to him

The ransom of his life was paid.

RESURRECTION AND

5 Why then, thou universal Love,
Should any of thy grace despair?
To all, to all thy bowels move,
But straitened in our own we are.

6 Arise, O God, maintain thy cause!
The fulness of the Gentiles call:
Lift up the standard of thy cross,
And all shall own thou diest for all.

4. RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

132

L. M.

WATTS.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your
Hushed a thousand drops for you, [load;
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys I see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
O'er rubic legions guard him home,
And shout him "Welcome to the
skies!"

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns!
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains.
Say—"Live for ever, wondrous King;
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy
sting?" (Grave?)
And "Where's thy victory, boasting

133

S. M.

WATTS.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here;
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

134

C. M.

GRANT.

THE Sun of Righteousness appears
To set in blood no more;
Adore the scatterer of your tears,
Your rising Lord adore

2 The saints, when he resigne
Unclosed their sleeping e
He breaks again the bands
Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he
Alone the wine-press troc
He died and suffe:ed as a m
He rises as a God.

4 In vain the stone, the watc
Forbid an early rise,
To him who breaks the gat
And opens paradise.

135

C. M.

JESUS, the rising Lord of
His love to man comm
Poor worms he blushes not
His brethren and his frie

2 Who basely all forsook the
In his distress, and fled;
To those he sent the joyful
When risen from the dea

3 "Go tell the vile deserters!
"My dearest brethren tel
Their Advocate to heaven I
To rescue them from hell

4 "Lo! to my Father I ascen
Your Father now is he;
My God, and yours, whoe'er
For endless life on me.

5 "Henceforth, I ever live ab
For you to intercede:
The merits of my dying lov
For all mankind to plead

6 "Sinners, I rose again to sl
Your sins may be forgive
And mount above the skies
May follow me to heaven

136

L. M.

YE that do seek the Lord
The Lord for sinners c
Prevent the early dawn, an
And worship at his sacred

2 Bring the sweet spices of y
Your contrite hearts and str
Your sad complaints, and h
Come and embalm him wit

3 The third auspicious morn
And calls our Saviour from
The bands of death are tor
The yawning tomb gives be

137

4's & 2's.

GOD is gone up on high
With a triumphant
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic j
Join all on earth, rejoice in
Glory ascribe to glory's K

ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

2 God in the flesh below,
For us he reigns above;
Let all the nations know
Our Jesu's conquering love!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 High on his holy seat,
He bears his righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away;
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin,
But he shall tread them down,
And bring his kingdom in;
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

5 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God,
In one great chorus join,
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

138

4-7's.

C. WESLEY.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won!
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,—
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 What though once we perished all,
Partners of our parents' fall;
Heavenly life we now receive,
In our second Adam live.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven;
Praise to thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection,—thou.

139

4-7's.

SCOTT.

ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See! he rises from the tomb,
Flowing with immortal bloom.

is the Saviour! angels raise
me's eternal trump of praise;
the earth's remotest bound
r the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise,
In full triumph, up the sky—
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heaven displays her portals wide;
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thine own.

5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs!
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains besweet and strong!

6 Every note with wonder swell;
Sin o'erthrown, and captured hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, is now thy sting?

140

L. M.

WALLIN.

WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deigned to
I see fulfilled what prophets say, [He,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquered
death;
Sweet pledge that all, who trust his
Shall rise and draw immortal breath.

3 [Our Surety freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seized;
In His release our own we see,
And shout to view Jehovah pleased.]

4 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

5 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold;
See the rich diadem he wears;
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

6 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

141

C. M.

S. WESLEY, JUN.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest;

Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

2 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, the ETERNAL Word, than when
This universe was made:

He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak a world from
'Twas greater to redeem! [nought.]

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

142 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

- 2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought;
Such wonders love can do:
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you!
- 3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.
- 4 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And through unnumbered years he
Who dwelt among the dead. [reigns,
- 5 With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

143 L. M. C. WESLEY.

YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove;
By actions shew your sins forgiven;
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp, to reign.
- 4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.
- 5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.
- 6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And, glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

144 L. M. C. WESLEY.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky;
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

- 2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in!
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

- 3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints, and angels too;
God OVER ALL, for ever blessed!

145 4-7's. C. WESLEY.

HAIL the day that saw him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.

- 2 There the pompous triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in!"
- 3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Yet he calls mankind his own.
- 4 Still for us he intercedes;
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares our place,
Lover of the human race.
- 5 Though now parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
May our souls for ever rise,
Following thee above the skies.
- 6 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.
- 7 Join thy holy, dazzling train,
When on earth thou com'st to reign;
Kings and Priests then may we be,
Trophies of thy victory.

146 C. M. WATTS.

LIFT up your eyes, behold those seats
Where our Redeemer stays;
Kind Intercessor! there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

- 2 'T was well, my soul, he died for thee,
And shed his vital blood;
Appeased stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.
- 3 Petitions now and praise shall rise,
And saints their offerings bring;
The Priest with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.
- 4 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to the Father's throne;
The gracious Lord perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.
- 5 Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the highest!
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring,
To God, and to his CHRIST.

147 4-6's & 2-8's. C. WESLEY.

REJOICE! the Lord is King;
Your God and King adore!
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!

- Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Our Saviour reigns,
Of truth and love:
And purged our stains,
Is seat above:
Heart, lift up your voice,
Ye saints, rejoice.

None cannot fail:
For earth and heaven;
Death and hell
For Jesus given:
Heart, lift up your voice,
Ye saints, rejoice.

Angels shall quell,
Our sins destroy;
Whom swell
With seraphic joy:
Heart, lift up your voice,
Ye saints, rejoice.

Glorious hope,
Judge shall come,
His servants up
To eternal home:
I hear the archangel's voice;
God shall sound, Rejoice!

DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

6-7's.

Be of seraphic fire,
Ag in thy hosts above,
Pure desire,
Celestial love!
Love to us impart,
Try drooping heart.

Be a token given,
Of love we feel,
Thy taste of heaven,
To our conscience seal:
Cordial charity,
And, we'll cleave to thee.

As thou first hast loved,
Love our God again;
From earth removed,
Our mate we obtain:
Thy glorious sight,
Abys of light.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Of Faith, come down,
All the things of God;
As the Godhead known,
Dress with the blood:
The blood to apply,
On eyes to see,
Every sinner die,
Who died for me.

Can truly say
That is the Lord,
Take the veil away,
Behold the living word:
O then, we feel
Rest in his blood;
Joy unspeakable,
To my Lord, my God!

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,
Which, whoso'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountains move,
And saves whoso'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

150

S. M.

TO thee I lift my eyes,
Thou bright and morning Star,
Whose presence cheers beclouded skies,
And chases grief afar.

2 I bear a servant's name,
But fear to say thy son,
Lest I should, too presuming, claim
The grace not yet made known.

3 My doings will not do,
They all defective prove:
I wait the power which makes me new,
The seal of pardoning love.

4 I want the witness clear
That sin is all forgiven:
The love divine that casts out fear,
And brings a present heaven.

5 Whate'er obstructs the grace,
The bars of unbelief,
Dispel by beams of righteousness,
And grant me sweet relief.

6 Thou art my great reward;
Why should my Lord delay?
Shall mercy's wings or love retard
The long-expected day?

7 O wipe my weeping eyes,
And give the promised rest;
And grant me now, with sweet surprise,
A heaven within my breast.

8 Saviour, the answer give
Which speaks me justified;
And let me hear thy voice, and live,
For thou for me hast died.

151

6-8's.

PRES. DAVIES.

ETERNAL Spirit! source of light!
Enlivening, consecrating fire!
Descend, and with celestial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire:
Our souls refine, our dross consume;
Come, *condescending* Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel:
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumbed and stupid still:
Come, *vivifying* Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home!

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

- 3 Whatever guilt and madness dare,
We would not quench the heavenly
Our hearts as fuel we prepare, [fire]
Though in the flame we should expire;
Our breasts expand to make thee room;
Come, *purifying* Spirit, come!

- 4 Let pure devotion's fervour rise;
Let every pious passion glow:
Oh let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, *condescending* Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home!

152

L. M.

LORD, 'twas a time of wondrous love,
When thou didst first draw near my
And by thy Spirit from above, [soul]
My raging passions didst control.

- 2 Guilty and self-condemned I stood,
Nor dreamt of life and bliss so near;
But he my evil heart renewed,
And all his graces planted there.

- 3 He stretched my faith to view my Lord
As hanging on the cursed tree;
Spoke peace and pardon to my heart,
And set my soul at liberty.

- 4 He will complete the work begun,
By leading me in all his ways;
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, be all praise.

153

8-8's.

THE Love of the Spirit I sing,
By whom is redemption applied;
Who sinners to Jesus doth bring,
And makes them his mystical bride.
He opens the eyes of the blind,
The beauty of Jesus to view;
He changes the bent of the mind,
The glory of God to pursue.

- 2 The stubbornest will he can bow,
The foes that dwell in us restrain;
And none can be trodden so low,
But he can revive them again.
This blest renovation begun,
He dwells in the hearts of his saints;
And willingly leaves it to none,
Nor e'er of his calling repents.

- 3 Imprest with the image divine,
The soul to redemption he seals;
And each with the Saviour shall shine,
When glory complete he reveals.
To all who obey and believe,
His love is secure to the end;
Then never, my soul, may I grieve,
So loving—so faithful a friend.

154

L. M.

TOPLADY.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come;
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.

- 2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I go,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail; (gale.)
"Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious

155

4-7's.

GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Now descends the Comforter;
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus, to his heaven restored.

- 2 Come, divine and peaceful guest,
Enter our devoted breast:
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

- 3 Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle and Lord of life;
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too.

- 4 Bid our sin and sorrow cease,
Fill us with thy heavenly peace;
Joy divine we then shall prove,
Light of truth, and fire of Love.

156

L. M. N. C. BRACKENBURY.

COME, gracious Spirit, raise our songs
To reach the wonders of this day,
When with the fiery cloven tongues
Thou didst those glorious scenes display.

- 2 O 'twas a most auspicious hour,
Season of grace, and sweet delight,
When thou didst come with mighty
power,
And light of truth, divinely bright.

- 3 By this the blest disciples knew
Their risen Head had entered heaven;
Had now obtained the Promise due,
Fully by God the Father given.

- 4 Fired with the pure baptismal flame,
They publish swift the gospel-word,
Pardon and life in Jesu's name;
And high extol their Saviour Lord.

- 5 The gazing multitude inquired, [do]
With contrite hearts, "What must we
But soon obtained what they desired,
And gladly practised what they knew.

- 6 Three thousand on that day baptized
Believed with joyfulness of heart:
The Saviour's name and precepts prized,
And in his precious love had part.

157

L. M.

C. WRELEY.

LORD, we believe, to us and ours,
The apostolic *Promise* given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from
heaven.

- 2 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine:
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow—
O dwell with us, thou Guest divine!

- 3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place!

- 4 If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind:
Great grace be now upon us all!

PRAYING FOR A BLESSING.

Id, to thee our souls aspire,
I languish thy descent to meet;
In each the living fire,
I fix in every heart thy seat.

I of faith, within us live,
I strike the crowd with fixed
amazement;
Our mouths, and utterance give
publish the Redeemer's praise.

Justify the grace of God,
To-day, as yesterday, the same;
spread through all the earth abroad
wonders wrought in Jesu's name.

8

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Can a sinner know
his sins on earth forgiven?
In my gracious Saviour show
name inscribed in heaven?
We have felt and seen,
confidence we tell;
Bless to the sons of men
signs infallible.

Who in Christ believes
He for us hath died,
His unknown peace receive,
Feel His blood applied;
As our rising soul,
ordained of her Lord,
ells, unutterably full
cry, and of God.

Love, surpassing far
ove of all beneath,
I within our hearts, and dare
pointless darts of death.
Deeper than death and hell,
mystic power we prove;
Conquerors of the world, we dwell
aven, who dwell in Love.

By His Spirit prove
know the things of God,
things which freely of His love
with on us bestowed:
Spirit to us He gave,
dwells in us, we know:
Presence in ourselves we have,
all His fruits we show.

Meek and lowly heart
in our Saviour was,
His Spirit doth impart,
signs us with His cross:
Nature's turned, our mind
transformed in all its powers;
With the witnesses are joined,
spirit of God with ours.

Behold our pardoning Lord
hands, we gladly do;
aided by His sacred word,
In His steps pursue:
Glorify our design,
Give our God to please;
We, with filial fear divine,
reflect holiness.

SECTION IV.

PRAYING FOR A BLESSING.

159

G-S's.

C. WESLEY.

FATHER of omnipresent grace,
We seem agreed to seek thy face;
But every soul assembled here
Doth naked in thy sight appear;
Thou know'st who only bows the knee;
And who in heart approaches thee.

2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made
Betwixt the living and the dead;
Thou now dost into some inspire
The pure, benevolent desire:
O that even now thy powerful call
May quicken and convert us all!

3 The sinners suddenly convince,
O'erwhelm beneath their load of sins;
To-day, while it is called to-day,
Awake, and stir them up to pray,
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.

4 Then, then acknowledge, and set free
The people bought, O Lord, by thee;
Thou shepherd for whom their Shepherd bled,
For whom we in the Spirit plead:
Let all in thee redemption find,
And not a soul be left behind.

160

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke,)
Unlock the truth, thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night:
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall
If thou within us shine; (know,
And sound with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

161

G-S's.

C. WESLEY.

SPIRIT of Truth, essential God,
Who didst thine ancient seers inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their hallowed lips with
Our God from all eternity, (fire;
World without end, we worship thee.

2 Still we believe, Almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and
heaven,

The meaning of the written word
Is by thy inspiration given:
Thou only dost thyself explain
The secret mind of God to man.

3 Come, then, divine Interpreter,
The Scriptures to our hearts apply;
And, taught by thee, we God revere,
Him in Three Persons magnify:
And still the Triune God adore,
Who was, and is, for evermore.

MOURNERS CONVINCED OF SIN.

162

C. M. C. WESLEY.

FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

- 2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.
- 4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

163

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

INSPIRER of the ancient Seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years,
To us, in our degenerate age,
The Spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the Life into our heart.

- 2 While now thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong de-
O let thy Spirit from thee proceed, (sire,
Our souls to' awaken and inspire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace!
- 3 When'er in error's paths we rove,
The living God through sin forsake,
Our conscience by thy word reprove,
Convince and bring the wanderers
back,
Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.
- 4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
Transmitted through thy word, re-
And train us up in all thy ways, (peat;
To make us in thy will complete;
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.
- 5 Furnished out of thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand
To help the souls redeemed by thee,
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love!

164

C. M.

LET me not always, Lord, appear
Among thy saints in vain;
How many sermons do I hear—
How few do I retain!

- 2 Let me not to thy temple come,
And empty thence depart;
But may I gladly carry home
Thy treasure in my heart.
- 3 A blessing, Lord, on me bestow,
Worthy thyself to give:
Let me retain it whilst below,
And on thy riches live.

PART III.

SECTION I.

MOURNERS CONVINCED OF SIN

165

8-7's & 6's. C. WESLEY

WRETCHED, helpless, and distress
Ah! whither shall I fly?

Ever gasping after rest,
I cannot find it nigh:
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
Fast bound in sin and misery,
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all, in thee!

2 I am all unclean, unclean,
Thy purity I want;
My whole heart is sick of sin,
And my whole head is faint:
Full of putrefying sores,
Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul
Looks to Jesus, help implores,
And gasps to be made whole.

3 In the wilderness I stray,
My foolish heart is blind;
Nothing do I know; the way
Of peace I cannot find:
Jesus, Lord, restore my sight,
And take, O take the veil away;
Turn my darkness into light,
My midnight into day.

4 Naked of thine image, Lord,
Forsaken, and alone,
Unrenewed and unrestored,
I have not thee put on:
Over me thy mantle spread,
Send down thy likeness from above;
Let thy goodness be displayed,
And wrap me in thy love.

5 Poor, alas! thou know'st I am,
And would be poorer still;
See my wretchedness and shame,
And all my vileness feel:
No good thing in me resides,
My soul is all an aching void,
Till thy Spirit here abides,
And I am filled with God.

6 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want;
Be the wanderer's resting-place,
A cordial to the faint;
Make me rich, for I am poor;
In thee may I my Eden find;
To the dying, health restore,
And eye-sight to the blind.

7 Clothe me with thy holiness,
Thy meek humility;
Put on me thy glorious dress,
Endue my soul with thee;
Let thine image be restored,
Thy Name and Nature let me prove;
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.

166

8-7's & 6's. C. WESLEY

JESUS, Friend of Sinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay.

MOURNERS CONVINCED OF SIN.

Speak, O speak, the kind release,
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride,
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore: Love, &c.

3 Though my sins as mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the skies,
I still may be forgiven;
Greatly do my sins increase,
But greater is thy mercy's store: Love, &c.

4 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderness, [&c.
And let me feel thy softening power: Love,

167

8's & 7's.

FRIEND of sinners, dost not thou,
Though exalted, yet retain
Thy compassion for our woe,—
Our infirmities and pain?
Lord, I wait for the reply;
Send an answer now within;
Tell me, Comforter, that I,—
I shall be redeemed from sin.

2 Hoping against hope, I wait
For redemption in thy blood:
Help me in my lost estate,
Take away my heavy load:
Save me from this tyranny,
O bring near the joyful hour;
From all sin my spirit free,
All the guilt and all the power.

3 Grant, O grant my last request;
Nothing do I ask beside:
Only give my spirit rest,
Rest from anger, lust, and pride;
Bring into thy perfect peace,
Give me faith to enter in:
Let me with thy people cease
From my own dead works of sin.

4 Power I want, a constant power
My own evil to eschew;
Till my heart can sin no more,
Till I am a creature new:
Let me in thy wounds abide,
Till the perfect grace is given;
Give me this, I ask beside
Nought, in either earth or heaven.

168

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness;
By base designs I wronged thy love,
And forced thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet would I not regard thy stroke;
But, when thou didst thy grace revoke,
And when thou didst thy face conceal,
Thy absence I refused to feel.

3 I knew not that the Lord was gone;
In my own froward will went on;
I lived to the desires of men;
And thou hast all my wanderings seen.

4 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 For this I at thy footstool wait,
Till thou again my peace create;
Fruit of thy gracious lips, restore
My peace, and bid me sin no more.

6 Far off, (yet at thy feet,) I lie,
Till thou again thy blood apply;
As far from God as hell from heaven,
Till thou repeat my sins forgiven.

7 But, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort thou wilt give me back;
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness:

8 Till, thoroughly saved, my new-born soul
Be perfectly by faith made whole,
And bright in thy full image rise,
To share thy glory in the skies.

169

4's & 3-6's.

C. WESLEY.

AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry, (die,
To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live:
Open mine eyes to see thy face,
Work in my heart the saving grace,
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy Name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the grace is only thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;
But, if on thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for ALL.

4 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,
Come unto thee and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find;
Thou bidd'st us ask thy grace, and have:
Thou canst, thou wouldst, this no-
ment save
Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to thy word!
Now let me find my pardoning Lord;
Let what I ask be given;
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven!

170

6-8's.

WHEN my relief will most display
Thy glory, in thy creature's good;
Then, Jesus, take the veil away,
Sprinkle with the atoning blood;
The power of living faith impart,
And breathe thy love into my heart.

MOURNERS CONVINCED OF SIN.

- 2 Jesus, the promised help supply ;
Support the feeble, fainting mind ;
Nor let me from thy presence fly,
But seek till I acceptance find ;
But ask, till I am saved from sin,
And knock, till mercy takes me in.

171 4's & 2's. C. WESLEY.

- 0 THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee and mourn,
On thee whom we have slain ;
Have pierced a thousand, thousand
And by reiterated crimes [times,
Renewed thy sacred pain.

- 2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The Man transfixed on Calvary,
To know thee, who thou art,
The One Eternal God and true ;
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.

- 3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
That suffered in my stead ;
That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quenched in death those flaming
And bowed that sacred head. [eyes,

- 4 The veil of unbelief remove,
And by thy manifested love,
And by thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.

- 5 Now let thy dying love constrain
My soul to love its God again,
My God to glorify :
And, lo ! I come thy cross to share,
Echo thy sacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die !

172 C.M. C. WESLEY.

- 0 THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem ;
Who gave his life that I might live
A life concealed in him !

- 2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire ;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire !

- 3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

- 4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Even now, my sins remove ;
And set my soul at liberty,
By thy victorious love.

- 5 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

173 PART I. L.M. C. WESLEY.

- WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face ?
How in thy purer eyes appear ?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace ?

- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High ?
Will multiplied oblations please ?
Thousands of rams his favour buy,
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease ?

- 3 Can these avert the wrath of God ?
Can these wash out my guilty stain ?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas ! they all must flow in vain.

- 4 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
Must take the path thy word hath
showed ;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

174 PART II. L.M. C. WESLEY.

- BUT though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone ;
Though I, O God, the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

- 2 What have I then wherein to trust ?
I nothing have, I nothing am ;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallowed up in shame.

- 3 Guilty I stand before thy face ;
On me I feel thy wrath abide ;
'Tis just the sentence should take place ;
'Tis just ;—but, O, thy Son hath died !

- 4 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled ;
He bore our sins upon the tree ;
Beneath our curse he bowed his head ;
'Tis finished ! he hath died for me !

- 5 See where, before thy throne, he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer !
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shews that I am graven there !

- 6 He ever lives for me to pray ;
He prays that I with him may reign ;
Amen, to what my Lord doth say !
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

175 C.M. C. WESLEY.

- WITH glorious clouds encompassed
Whom angels dimly see, [round,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me ?

- 2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart ?
Answer, thou Man of Grief and Love !
And speak it to my heart !

- 3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design :
What meant the suffering Son of Man,
The streaming blood divine ?

- 4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know ?

- 5 Come, then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace ;
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That much disfigured face !

- 6 Before my eyes of faith confess,
Stand forth a slaughtered Lamb ;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.

MOURNERS CONVINCED OF SIN.

Wah in thy person show,
 ho once wast crucified;
 then the pardoning God I know,
 id feel the blood applied.
 w the Lamb in his own light,
 nom angels dimly see;
 gaze, transported at the sight,
 all eternity.

'6 L. M. C. WESLEY.

ED, I despair myself to heal;
 I see my sin but cannot feel;
 mot, till thy Spirit blow,
 bid the obedient waters flow.
 shine a heart of flesh to give;
 gifts I only can receive;
 then, to thee I all resign;
 raw, redeem, and seal, are thine.
 a simple faith on thee I call,
 life, my Light, my Lord, my all:
 it the moving of the pool;
 it the word that speaks me whole.
 k, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
 e my infected nature pure:
 e, righteousness, and joy impart,
 pour thy love into my heart.

'7 S. M. C. WESLEY.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
 And force me to thy breast?
 shall my soul return again
 her eternal rest?
 ! what avails my strife,
 wandering to and fro?
 hast the words of endless life:
 ! whither should I go?
 y condescending grace
 me did freely move;
 e me still to seek thy face,
 id stoops to ask my love.
 rd, at thy feet I fall;
 roan to be set free;
 would now obey the call,
 id give up all for thee.
 rescue me from woe,
 ou didst with all things part;
 lead a suffering life below,
 gain my worthless heart.
 y worthless heart to gain,
 ie God of all that breathe
 und in fashion as a man,
 id died a cursed death.
 id can I yet delay
 y little all to give?
 r my soul from earth away,
 r Jesus to receive?
 ay, but I yield, I yield;
 an hold out no more;
 , by dying love compelled,
 id own thee conqueror.
 ough late I all forsake,
 y friends, my all resign;
 ns Redeemer, take, O take,
 d seal me ever thine!

10 Come, and possess me whole;
 Nor hence again remove:
 Settle and fix my wavering soul
 With all thy weight of love.

11 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know;
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.

12 My Life, my Portion thou,
 Thou all-sufficient art;
 My Hope, my heavenly Treasure, now
 Enter, and keep my heart.

178 C. M. C. WESLEY.

0 THAT thou wouldst the heavens rend,
 In majesty come down;
 Stretch out thine arm Omnipotent,
 And seize me for thine own!

2 Descend, and let thy lightnings burn
 The stubble of thy foe;
 My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
 And make the mountains flow!

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
 And curb my headstrong will;
 Thou only canst drive back the tide,
 And bid the sun stand still.

4 What, though I cannot break my chain,
 Or e'er throw off my load?
 The things impossible to men
 Are possible to God.

5 Is there a thing too hard for thee, [sea,
 Almighty Lord of all;
 Whose threatening looks dry up the sea
 And make the mountains fall?

6 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
 And match Omnipotence?
 Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
 Or pluck the sinner thence?

7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
 Nearer to save thou art:
 Stronger than all the powers of hell,
 And greater than my heart.

8 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye;
 Thy promised aid I claim:
 Father of Mercies, glorify
 Thy favourite Jesu's name.

9 Salvation in that Name is found,
 Balm of my grief and care;
 A medicine for my every wound,
 All, all I want is there.

179 S. M. C. WESLEY.

DROOPING soul, shake off thy fears;
 Fearful-soul, be strong, be bold;
 Tarry till thy Lord appears,
 Never, never quit thy hold!
 Murmur not at his delay,
 Dare not set thy God a time;
 Calmly for his coming stay,
 Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong;
 Wait the coming of thy Lord:
 Though it seem to tarry long,
 True and faithful is his word!

MOURNERS CONVINCED OF SIN.

On his word my soul I cast;
(He cannot himself deny;)
Surely it shall speak at last;
It shall speak, and shall not lie.

- 3 Every one that seeks, shall find;
Every one that asks, shall have;
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able, all to save:
I shall his salvation see;
I in faith on Jesus call;
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

- 4 Lord, my time is in thy hand;
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesu's Name:
Saviour in temptation thou,
Thou hast saved me heretofore;
Thou from sin dost save me now;
Thou shalt save me evermore.

180

3-7's.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, Lover of my soul
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

- 5 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 6 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

181

4-5's & 2-5's.

C. WESLEY.

THEE, Jesus, thee, the sinner's Friend,
I follow on to apprehend,
Renew the glorious strife;
Divinely confident and bold,
With faith's strong arm on thee lay
Thee, my eternal life. [bold,

- 5 Thy heart, I know, thy tender heart
Doth in my sorrows feel its part,
And at my tears relent;

My powerful sighs thou canst not bear
Nor stand the violence of my prayer,
My prayer omnipotent.

- 8 Give me the grace, the love I claim:
Thy Spirit now demands thy Name!
Thou know'st the Spirit's will:
He helps my soul's infirmity,
And strongly intercedes for me
With groans unspeakable.

- 4 Answer, O Lord, thy Spirit's groan!
O make to me thy Nature known,
Thy hidden Name impart!
(Thy Name and Nature are the same,)
Tell me thy Nature and thy Name,
And write it on my heart.

- 5 Prisoner of hope, to thee I turn,
And, calmly confident, I mourn,
And pray, and weep for thee:
Tell me thy love, thy secret tell;
Thy mystic Name in me reveal,
Reveal thyself in me.

- 6 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
O Lord of hosts, thy glorious Name,—
"The Lord, the gracious Lord,
"Long-suffering, merciful, and kind,
"The God who always bears in mind
"His everlasting word."

- 7 Plenteous he is in truth and grace;
He wills that all the fallen race
Should turn, repent, and live;
His pardoning grace for all is free;
Transgression, sin, iniquity,
He freely does forgive.

- 8 Mercy he does for thousands keep:
He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,
And brings his wanderer home:
And every soul that sheep might be:
Come, then, my Lord, and gather me,
My Jesus, quickly come.

- 9 Take me into thy people's rest;
O come, and with my sole request,
My one desire, comply:
Make me partaker of my hope;
Then bid me get me quickly up,
And on thy bosom die.

182

4-5's & 2-5's.

C. WESLEY.

STILL, Lord, I languish for thy grace:
Reveal the beauties of thy face,
The middle wall remove;
Appear, and banish my complaint;
Come, and supply my only want,
Fill all my soul with love.

- 2 O! conquer this rebellious will:
Willing thou art, and ready still,
Thy help is always nigh:
The stony from my heart remove,
And give me, Lord, O give me love,
Or at thy feet I die.

- 8 To thee I lift my mournful eye:
Why am I thus?—O, tell me why
I cannot love my God?
The hindrance must be all in me;
It cannot in my Saviour be;
Witness that streaming blood!

MOURNERS CONVINCED OF SIN.

- 4 It cost thy blood my heart to win,
To buy me from the power of sin,
And make me love again:
Come, then, my Lord, thy right assert,
Take to thyself my ransomed heart;
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

183 4-S's & 2-S's. C. WESLEY.

- O LOVE DIVINE, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I long to prove
The greatness of redeeming Love,
The love of Christ to me.

- 3 Stronger his love than death and hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

- 3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

- 4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

Wrestling Jacob.

184 PART I. 6-S's. C. WESLEY.

- COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

- 3 I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art Thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
Te me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

- 5 What though my shrinking flesh complain
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then am I strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail!

185 PART II. 6-S's. C. WESLEY.

- YIELD to me now, for I am weak;
But confident in self-despair:
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak:
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy Name is Love.

- 3 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me:
I hear thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, Universal Love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

- 3 My prayer hath power with God: the
Unspeakable I now receive: [grace
Through faith I see thee face to face:
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove:
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

- 4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

- 5 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath ris'n, with healing in his wings:
Withered my nature's strength, from
thee

- My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

- 3 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
A! helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend:
Nor have I power from thee to move:
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

- 7 Come as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'er-
I leap for joy, pursue my way, [come;
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

186 S.M. C. WESLEY.

- AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint:
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

- 3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

- 3 Jesus, the hind'rance show
Which I have feared to see;
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee!

MOURNERS CONVINCED OF SIN.

Searcher of Hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

- 4 I now believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

187

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

PAIN would I leave the world below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode;
Where shadowy joy, or solid woe,
Allures, or tears me from my God!
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
Since faith alone confirms me his.

- 3 Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
And gasp, and languish after home;
Upward I send my streaming eye,
Expecting, till the Bridegroom come:
Come quickly, Lord! thy own receive;
Now let me see thy face, and live.

- 3 Absent from thee, my exiled soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans;
Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And lab'ring silence speaks my moans:
Come quickly, Lord! thy face display,
And look my darkness into day.

- 4 Sorrow, and sin, and death are o'er,
If thou reverse the creature's doom;
Sad Rachel weeps her loss no more,
If thou, the God, the Saviour come;
Of thee possessed, in thee we prove
The light, the life, the heaven of love,

188

6-7's.

C. WESLEY.

DISCLOSE thy lovely face;
Quicken all my drooping powers;
Gasp my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers:
Haste, my Lord, no more delay,
Come, my Saviour, come away.

- 3 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee:
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me Radiance Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

189

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

MY sufferings all to thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me;
Beware my grief, regard thy own;
Jesus, remember Calvary!

- 3 O call to mind thy earnest prayers,
Thy agony, and sweat of blood,
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,
Thy mortal groan, "My God! my God!"

- 3 For whom didst thou the cross endure?
Who nailed thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy bowels answer me!

- 4 Art thou not touched with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of Man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?

- 5 Have I not heard, have I not known,
That thou, the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their Maker
Art always faithful to thy word? [own,

- 6 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

- 7 The day of small and feeble things,
I know, thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.

190

8-7's.

C. WESLEY.

O MY God, what must I do?
Thou alone the way canst shew;
Thou canst save me in this hour;
I have neither will nor power:
God if over all thou art,
Greater than my sinful heart,
Let thy power on me be shown,
Take away this heart of stone.

- 2 Take away my darling sin,
Make me willing to be clean;
Make me willing to receive
All thy goodness waits to give:
Force me, Lord, with all to part;
Tear these idols from my heart;
Now thy love almighty shew,
Make even me a creature new.

- 3 Jesus, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will and do;
Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride;
Stop the whirlwind of my will;
Speak, and bid the sun stand still;
Now thy love almighty shew,
Make even me a creature new.

- 4 Arm of God, thy strength put on;
Bow the heavens, and come down;
All mine unbelief o'erthrow;
Lay the aspiring mountain low;
Conquer thy worst foe in me,
Get thyself the victory;
Save the vilest of the race;
Let me now be saved by grace.

191

10's & 12's.

C. WESLEY.

- O** JESUS, my hope, for me offered up,
Who with clamour pursued thee to
Calvary's top; [plead,
The blood thou hast shed, for me let it
And declare thou hast died in thy mur-
derer's stead.

MOURNERS CONVINCED OF SIN.

3 Come then from above, the stony remove,
And vanquish my heart with the sense of
thy love:

Thy love on the tree display unto me,
And the servant of sin in a moment is free.

3 Neither passion nor pride thy cross can
abide, [from thy side;

But melts in the fountain that streams
Let thy life-giving blood remove all my
load, [me to God.

And purge my foul conscience, and bring
4 Now, now, let me know its virtue below!

Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than
snow; [convert,

Let it hallow my heart, and thoroughly
And make me, O Lord, in the world as
thou art.

5 Each moment applied, my weakness to
hide,

Thy blood be upon me, and always abide;
My Advocate prove with the Father above,
And speak me at last to the throne of thy
love.

192

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
S Though I have done thee such de-
Nor cast the sinner quite away, [spite,
Nor take thine everlasting night.

3 Though I have steeled my stubborn
heart,

And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who'er thy grace received;

Ten thousand times thy goodness seem,
Ten thousand times thy goodness
grieved:

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;

Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only woe I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;

Nor leave me in my lost estate;
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,

And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

193

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

O MY offended God,
If now at last I see

That I have trampled on thy blood,
And done despite to thee;

If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep;—

Into thy arms of mercy take,
And there for ever keep.

3 No other right have I
Than what the world may claim;

All, all may to their God draw nigh,
Through faith in Jesu's Name:

Thou all the debt hast paid;
This is my only plea;

The covenant, God in thee hath made
With all mankind and me.

3 Thou hast obtained the grace
That all may turn and live;

And, lo! thy offer I embrace,
Thy mercy I receive.

Whene'er the wicked man
Turns from his sin to thee,

His late repentance is not vain,
He shall accepted be.

4 Thy death hath bought the power
For every sinful soul,

That all may know the gracious hour,
And be by faith made whole;

Thou hast for sinners died,
That all may come to God;

The covenant thou hast ratified,
And sealed it with thy blood.

5 He that believes in thee,
And doth till death endure,

He shall be saved eternally;
The covenant is sure;

The mountains shall give place,
Thy covenant cannot move,

The covenant of thy general grace,
Thy all-redeeming love.

194

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it
That I shall find my all in thee? [be,

The fulness of thy promise prove;
The seal of thine eternal love?

3 A poor, blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near!

O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel-day!

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;

Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 Whom man forsakes thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive;

Though all my foolishness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known

5 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,

A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.

6 Lord, I am sick,—my sickness cure;
I want,—do thou enrich the poor;

Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up!

7 Lord, I am blind,—be thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak,—be thou my might;

A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee!

195

8-8's.

C. WESLEY.

COME, holy, celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast,

My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest!

Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelmed with his load.

The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

MOURNERS CONVINCED OF SIN.

2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
And strangely withheld from my sin,
And tried, by the lure of thy love,
My worthless affections to win,—
The work of thy mercy revive;
Thy uttermost mercy exert;
And kindly continue to strive,
And hold, till I yield thee my heart.

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sighed from myself to get free,
And groaned the unspeakable groan,
And longed to be happy in thee,—
Fulfil the imperfect desire;
Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
The sense of thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel!

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly returned,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourned,—
Most pitiful Spirit of Grace,
Relieve me again, and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more.

5 If now I lament after God,
And gasp for a drop of thy love;
If Jesus hath bought thee with blood,
For me to receive from above,—
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True Witness of mercy divine,
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine!

196

8-7's & 6's. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, take my sins away,
And make me know thy name;
Thou art now as yesterday,
And evermore the same:
Thou my true Bethesda be;
I know within thine arms is room:
All the world may unto thee,
Their House of Mercy, come.

2 See me lying at the pool,
And waiting for thy grace;
O! come down into my soul,
Disclose thy lovely face:
If to me thy bowels move,
If now thou dost my sickness feel,
Let the Spirit of thy Love
The helpless sinner heal.

3 Persons thou dost not respect;
Whoe'er for mercy call,
Thou in no wise wilt reject;
Thy mercy is for all:
Thou wouldst freely all restore,
Would all the gracious season find,
Filled with goodness, love, and power,
And with a healthful mind.

4 Mercy then there is for me,
(Away my doubts and fears!)
Plagued with an infirmity
For many tedious years.
Jesus, cast a pitying eye!
Thou long hast known my desperate case:
Poor and helpless here I lie,
And wait thy healing grace.

5 Long hath thy good Spirit strove
With my distempered soul;
But I still refused thy love,
And would not be made whole:
Hardly now at last I yield,
I yield with all my sins to part;
Let my soul be fully healed,
And thoroughly cleansed my heart.

197

L. M. C. WESLEY.

THOU Man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget,
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat:

2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load!
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
The wrath of an almighty God!

3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my feeble heart's desire;
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire!

4 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my last distress I bring;
The heightened fear of death I find:
The tyrant, with his direful sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind!

6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee!
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

198

8-7's & 6's. C. WESLEY.

LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I feebly pray:
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away!

From this bondage, Lord, release;
No longer let me be oppress:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee?
No, my God, I cannot doubt,
Thy mercy is for me:

Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possess:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

3 Worldly good I do not want,
Be that to others given;
Only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth or heaven:
This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

4 This delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my breath:
Join the happy few whose love
Was mightier far than death!
Let it not my Lord displease,
That I would die to be thy guest!
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

PRAYING FOR REPENTANCE.

199

C. M.

WATTS.

- W**HY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
The tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of its part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love;
The pledge of joys to come:
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

200

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

- S**TILL for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait;
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.
- 2 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve;
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.
- 3 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove;
They cannot change a sinful heart;
They cannot purchase love.
- 4 I do the things thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er;
To thee I then the whole resign;
And trust in means no more.
- 5 I trust in Him who stands between
The Father's wrath and me:
Jesus, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from THEE!

SECTION II.

PRAYING FOR REPENTANCE.

201

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

- O** THAT I could repent!
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart:
A heart with grief oppress'd,
For having grieved my God,
A troubled heart, that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 2 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire:
With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

202

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

- O** THAT I could reverse
My much-offended God!

O that I could but stand in fear
Of thy afflicting rod!
If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by thy threatenings move;
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love.

- 2 Shew me the naked sword
Impending o'er my head:
O let me tremble at thy word,
And to my ways take heed;
With sacred horror fly
From every sinful snare;
Nor ever, in my Judge's eye,
My Judge's anger dare.
- 3 Thou great tremendous God,
The conscious awe impart;
The grace be now on me bestowed,
The tender fleshly heart:
For Jesu's sake alone,
The stony heart remove;
And melt, at last, O melt me down,
Into the mould of Love!

203

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

- O** FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word!
O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow!
- 2 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace:
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

204

6-7s.

C. WESLEY.

- S**AVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
See me from thy lofty throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Softened this obdurate stone!
Stone to flesh, O God, convert;
Cast a look, and break my heart!
- 2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins that slew the Son of God,
Spilt again his precious blood.
- 3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee, and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn,
Till I say, by grace restored,
"Now thou know'st I love thee, Lord!"
- 4 Might I in thy sight appear,
As the publican distrest;
Stand, not daring to draw near;
Smile on my unworthy breast;
Groan the sinner's only plea,
"God, be merciful to me!"

BACKSLIDERS RETURNING.

5 O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale;
Shew me the atoning blood,
When my strength and spirit fail;
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me.

205

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of Love;
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there;
If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray;
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine!

2 Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan, my nature's weight to feel:
To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my soul,
The darkness of my carnal mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scattered o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God!

3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present, and gain;
My fulness of corruption show,
The knowledge of myself bestow;
A deeper displacement at sin,
A sharper sense of guilt within,
A stronger struggling to get free,
A keener appetite for thee!

4 O Sovereign Love, to thee I cry;
Give me thyself, or else I die;
Save me from death; from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.
Quickened by thy imparted flame,
Saved, when possessed of thee, I am;
My life, my only heaven thou art;
O might I feel thee in my heart!

206

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds

Whate'er thy every creature needs;
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
To thee I look: my heart prepare;
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say;
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
And, ere I speak, thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,
Averse to good, and prone to ill;
Thou know'st how wide my passions
rove, [love!
Nor checked by fear nor charmed by

4 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see;

Fain would I all my villainess own,
And deep beneath the burden groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.

5 Ah! give me, Lord, myself to feel;
My total misery reveal:
Ah! give me, Lord, (I still would say,)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath, be prayer.

207

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!
Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part:
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thy own mercy's sake,
The cursed thing remove;
And into thy protection take
The prisoner of thy love:
In every trying hour,
Stand by my feeble soul;
And screen me from my nature's power,
Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee:
O might I now embrace
Thine all-sufficient power;
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

SECTION III.

BACKSLIDERS RETURNING.

208

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah! when shall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

BACKSLIDERS RETURNING.

209

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

- O** 'TIS enough, my God, my God !
Here let me give my wanderings
No longer trample on thy blood, (o'er;
And grieve thy gentleness no more;
No more thy lingering anger move,
Or sin against thy light and love.
- O** Lord, if mercy is with thee,
Now let it all on me be shown;
On me, the chief of sinners, me,
Who humbly for thy mercy groan:
Me to thy Father's grace restore;
Nor let me ever grieve thee more !

- F**ountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassion, hear;
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear;
Repentance, faith, and pardon give,
O let me turn again and live !

210

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

- O** UNEXHAUSTED Grace !
O Love unspeakable !
I am not gone to my own place;
I am not yet in hell !
Earth does not open yet
My soul to swallow up ;
And hanging o'er the burning pit,
There still is room to hope.
- I** hope at last to find
The kingdom from above;
The settled peace, the constant mind,
The everlasting love ;
The sanctifying grace,
That makes me meet for home :
I hope to see thy glorious face,
Where sin can never come.
- What** shall I do to keep
The blessed hope I feel ?
Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
And serve thy pleasure still :
O may I never grieve
My kind, long-suffering Lord,
But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
And answer all his word.
- Lord**, if thou hast bestowed
On me this gracious fear,
This horror of offending God,
O keep it always here !
And that I never more
May from thy ways depart,
Enter with all thy mercy's power,
And dwell within my heart.

211

7's & 8's.

C. WESLEY.

- G**OD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe !
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive :
Full of sin, alas ! I am ;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee !
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

- Standing** now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye ;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy grace is always nigh ;
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt forever be ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

- Nothing** have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure :
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor :
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

- No** good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to buy thy grace ;
Pardon I accept unbought ;
Thy proffer I embrace ;
Coming, as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

- Saviour**, from thy wounded side
I never will depart ;
Here will I my spirit hide,
When I am pure in heart :
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

212

8-8's.

C. WESLEY.

- H**OW shall a lost sinner in pain
Recover his forfeited peace ?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release ?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare such a rebel as me ?
And, O ! can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee ?
- O** Jesus ! of thee I inquire,
If still thou art able to save,
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave ?
The help of thy Spirit restore,
And shew me the life-giving blood,
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.
- O** Jesus ! in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a lost soul :
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole !
The balm of thy mercy apply ;
(Thou seest the sore anguish I feel :)
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die !
O save, or I sink into hell !
- I** sink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show ;
Come quickly, and kindly display
The power of thy passion below !
By all thou hast done for my sake,
Thy blood let it cleanse, I implore ;
Now, now let it touch me, and make
The sinner—a sinner no more !

213

65's.

C. WESLEY.

- Y**ES, from this instant, now, I will
To my offended Father cry;
My base ingratitude I feel,
Vilest of all thy children, I,
Not worthy to be called thy son;
Yet will I thee my Father own.
- 2 Guide of my life hast thou not been,
And rescued me from passion's power?
Ten thousand times preserved from sin,
Nor let the greedy grave devour?
And wilt thou now thy wrath retain,
Nor ever love thy child again?
- 3 Ah! canst thou find it in thy heart
To give me up, so long pursued?
Ah! canst thou finally depart,
And leave thy creature in his blood?
Leave me,—out of thy presence cast,
To perish in my sins at last?
- 4 If thou hast called me to return,
If weeping at thy feet I fall,
The prodigal thou wilt not spurn,
But pity, and forgive me all,
In answer to my Friend above,
In honour of his bleeding love!

214

C. M.

NEWTON.

- A**FFLICTIONS, though they seem so—
In mercy oft are sent; [were
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And brought him to repent.
- 2 Although he no reëntings felt
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinched him sore.
- 3 "I die with hunger here," he said,
"And starve in a foreign land;—
"My father's house abounds with bread,
"And bounteous is his hand.
- 4 "I'll go, and tell him all I've done,
"And fall before his face;
"Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled;
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father, I've sinned,—but, O forgive!"
"I've heard enough," he said;
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
"For whom I mourned as dead."
- 7 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home:
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

215

C. M.

COWPER.

- O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
That drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So small my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

216

87's.

C. WESLEY

- A**FTER all that I have done,
Saviour, art thou pacified?
Whither shall my vileness run?
Hide me, earth, the sinner hide!
Let me sink into the dust,
Full of holy shame adore;
Jesus Christ, the Good, the Just,
Bids me go, and sin no more!
- 2 O confirm the gracious word,
Jesus, Son of God and Man!
Let me never grieve thee, Lord,
Never turn to sin again;
Till my all in all thou art,
Till thou bring thy nature in,
Keep this feeble, trembling heart:
Save me, save me, Lord, from sin!

217

L. M.

WATTS

- S**HEW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace!
Lord, should thy judgment be severe,
I stand condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breast
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope would rest upon thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise set
Some sure support against despair.

PART II.

- 7 Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin;
And born unholy and unclean:
Sprung from the man whose guilty sin
Corrupts the race and taints us all.

BACKSLIDERS RETURNING.

- 8 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But I'm defiled in every part.
- 9 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 10 Jesus, my Lord, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 11 While guilt disturbs, and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

PART III.

- 12 O thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 13 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 14 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore;
Uphold me, that I fall no more.
- 15 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 16 Then will I teach the worldly ways,
Sinners shall learn thy saving grace;
I'll point them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 17 O may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

218

S. M. C. WESLEY.

- AND wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.
- 2 Jesus, thy aid afford,
If still the same thou art,
To thee I look—to thee, my Lord!
Lift up my helpless heart.
- 3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The struggles of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel;
- 4 The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to thee is known;
Thou worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.
- 5 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace!
I know thou canst pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.

- 6 I long to see thy face;
Thy Spirit I implore—
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

219

7's & 6's. C. WESLEY.

- I WILL hearken what the Lord
Will say concerning me;
Hast thou not a gracious word
For one who waits on thee?
Speak it to my soul that I
May in thee have peace and power;
Never from my Saviour fly,
And never grieve thee more.
- 2 How have I thy Spirit grieved
Since first with me he strove!
Obstinately disbelieved,
And trampled on thy love!
I have sinned against the light:
Broken from thy kind embrace:
No, I would not, when I might,
Be freely saved by grace.
- 3 After all that I have done
To drive thee from my heart,
Still thou wilt not leave thine own,
Thou wilt not yet depart;
Wilt not give the sinner o'er;
Ready art thou now to save:
Bidd'st me come, as heretofore,
That I thy life may have.
- 4 O thou meek and gentle Lamb!
Fury is not in thee;
Thou continuest the same,
And still thy grace is free;
Still thine arms are open wide,
Wretched sinners to receive:
Thou hast once for sinners died,
That all may turn and live.

220

6-7's. C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
Pity my unsettled soul;
Guide, and nourish me, and keep,
Till thy love shall make me whole:
Give me perfect soundness, give,
Make me steadfastly believe.
- 2 I am never at one stay,
Changing every hour I am;
But thou art, as yesterday,
Now and evermore the same:
Constancy to me impart,
Stablish with thy grace my heart.
- 3 Lay thy gracious hand on me;
All my unbelief control;
Till the rebel cease to be,
Keep him down within my soul:
That I never more may move,
Root and ground me fast in love.
- 4 Give me faith to hold me up,
Walking over life's rough sea:
Holy, purifying hope,
Still my soul's sure anchor be:
That I may be always thine,
Perfect me in love divine.

BELIEVERS REJOICING.

221

PART I.
C. M. C. WESLEY.

MY God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art!
Whisper within, thou Love Divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Tell me again my peace is made,
And bid the sinner live;
The debt's discharged, the ransom's paid,
My Father must forgive.

5 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are opened wide:
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

222

PART II.
C. M. C. WESLEY.

O WHY did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove!
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love!

2 I forced thee first to disappear,
I turned thy face aside;
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.

3 But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.

4 O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!

5 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

6 I lost the myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be *All in All*.

223

G S's. C. WESLEY.

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A friend before the throne of Love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;

O for thy truth and mercy's
Forgive, and bid me sin no more
The ruins of my soul repair
And make my heart a house

4 The stone to flesh again conform
The veil of sin again remove
Sprinkle thy blood upon my soul
And melt it by thy dying love
This rebel heart by love subdue
And make it soft, and make it true

5 Give to mine eyes refreshment
And kindle my relenting soul
Fill my whole soul with faith
To thy sweet yoke my soul conform
Bend by thy grace, O bend
The iron sinew in my neck

6 Ah! give me, Lord, the ten
That trembles at the approach
A godly fear of sin impart;
Implant and root it deep
That I may dread thy grace
And never dare to offend thee

PART IV.

SECTION I.

BELIEVERS REJOICING.

224

L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful
Ye nations, bow with awe
Know that the Lord is God
He can create, and he des

2 His sovereign power, with
Made us of clay and form
And when like wanderin
strayed,

3 He brought us to his fold
We'll crowd thy gates wi
songs,
High as the heavens our
And earth, with her te
tongues,

4 Shall fill thy courts wi
Wide as the world is thy c
Vast as eternity thy love
Firm as a rock thy truth s
When rolling years shall c

225

C. M.

COME, let us join our che
C With angels round the
Ten thousand thousand
But all their joys are one

2 "Worthy the Lamb, that
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our
"For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divin
And blessings, more than
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

4 Let all that dwell above th
And air, and earth, and
Conspire to raise thy glori
And spread thy endless

BELIEVERS REJOICING.

- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

226

L. M. C. WESLEY.

- G LORY to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones;
Called us to stand before his face,
And raised us into Abraham's sons.
2 The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel-day,
In Jesu's lovely face displayed.

- 3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared thine arm in all our sight;
Hast made the reprobates thine own,
And claimed the outcasts as thy right.

- 4 For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice;—
We raise the happiness of heaven.

- 5 Suffice that for the season past
Hell's horrid language filled our
tongues;
We all thy words behind us cast,
And lewdly sang the drunkard's songs.

- 6 But, O! the power of grace divine!
In hymns we now our voices raise,
Loudly in strange hosannas join,
And blasphemies are turned to praise!

227

4-S's & 2-O's. C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.

- 2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,—
Thy glory, not our own:
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

- 3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
O let it never more steal in,
To offend thy glorious eyes;
To desecrate our hallowed strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice.

- 4 To magnify thy awful Name,
To spread the honours of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise;
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise.

- 5 Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch against the power of sound,
With sacred jealousy;
Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,
And music's charms bewitch and steal
Our hearts away from thee.

- 6 That hurrying strife far off remove,
That noisy burst of selfish love,
Which swells the formal song;

The joy from out our hearts arise,
And speak and sparkle in our eyes,
And vibrate on our tongue.

- 7 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join, with one accord,
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing Name.

- 8 With calmly-reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above!

228

P. M. C. WESLEY.

- M Y God, I am thine, what a comfort
divine, [mine!
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is
In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound
of his Name.

- 2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous
sound; [found:
And whoever hath found it, hath Paradise
My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below!

- 3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly
feast: [taste!
That, that is the fulness; but this is the
And this I shall prove, till with joy I re-
move

To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

229

6-S's. C. WESLEY.

- W HAT am I, O thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to thee,
That thou such mercies hast bestowed
On me, the vilest reptile, me!
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at thy boundless love.

- 2 Me in my blood thy love passed by,
And stopped, my ruin to retrieve;
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye;
Thy bowels yearned, and sounded,
"Live!"

Dying I heard the welcome sound,
And pardon in thy mercy found.

- 3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and
praise,

I render to my pardoning God;
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving Name abroad;
That only Name to sinners given,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

- 4 Jesus, I bless thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts thy Name;
Thy Name let every soul adore,
Thy power let every tongue proclaim;
Thy grace let every sinner know,
And find in thee their heaven below.

230

C. M. C. WESLEY.

- C OME, let us, who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise;
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

BELIEVERS REJOICING.

- 2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep him out no more,
Nor force him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice.
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.
- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

231

6-8's. J. WESLEY.

- THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.
 - 3 In darkness willingly I strayed;
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
Far wide my wandering thoughts were
spread;
Thy creatures more than thee I loved:
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee.
 - 4 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

232

10's & 11's. C. WESLEY.

- LET all men rejoice, by Jesus restored:
We lift up our voice, and call him our Lord:
His joy is to bless us, and free us from
From all that oppress us, he rescues us all.
- 2 Him Prophet, and King, and Priest we
proclaim;
We triumph and sing of Jesus's Name:
Poor idiots he teaches to show forth his
praise,
And tell of the riches of Jesus's grace.
 - 3 No matter how dull the scholar whom he
Takes into his school, and gives him to see:
A wonderful fashion of teaching he hath,
And wise to salvation he makes us through
faith.
 - 4 The wayfaring men, though fools, shall
not stray,
His method so plain, so easy the way:
The simplest believer his promise may
prove,
And drink of the river of Jesus's love.

- 5 Poor outcasts of men, whose souls were
despised,
And left with disdain, by Jesus are prized:
His gracious creation in us he makes
known,
And brings us salvation, and calls us his

233

10's & 11's. C. WESLEY.

- MY brethren beloved, your calling ye see
In Jesus approved, no goodness have
we;
No riches or merit, no wisdom or might;
But all things inherit, through Jesus's
right.
- 2 Yet not many wise his summons obey;
And great ones despise so vulgar a way;
And strong ones will never their help-
lessness own, [alone]
Or stoop to find favour through mercy
 - 3 And therefore our God the outcasts
hath chose, [us]
His righteousness shewed to heathens like
When wise ones rejected his offers of grace,
His goodness elected the foolish and base.
 - 4 To baffle the wise, and noble, and strong,
He bade us arise, an impotent throng;
Poor ignorant wretches, we gladly embrace
A Prophet who teaches salvation by grace.
 - 5 The things that were not, his mercy
bids live;
His mercy unbought we freely receive;
His gracious compassion we thankfully
prove,
And all our salvation ascribe to his love.

234

C. M. WATTS.

- MY GOD, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
 - 3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.
 - 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
 - 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqueror through.

235

C. M. C. WESLEY.

- TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

BELIEVERS REJOICING.

- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

236

C. M. C. WESLEY.

- 1 INFINITE, unexhausted Love!
(Jesus and Love are one):
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrained from none.
- 2 What shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise? [praise,
The length, and breadth, and height to
And depth of sovereign grace?
- 3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Throughout the world its breadth is
Wide as infinity! [known,
So wide, it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.
- 5 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise!
- 6 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel-tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!
- 7 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne!
- 8 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

237

8-7's. C. WESLEY.

- 1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze:
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!
- 2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

- 3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified:
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

- 4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above:
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his Love!

238

P. M. C. WESLEY.

- 1 ALL thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least of his servants, the saviour of
Who the victory gave, [grace.
The praise let him have,
For the work he hath done:
All honour and glory to Jesus alone!

- 2 Our conquering Lord
Hath prospered his word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
His arm he hath bared,
And a people prepared
His glory to show, [low.
And witness the power of his passion be-

- 3 He hath opened a door
To the penitent poor, [in.
Hath rescued from sin,
And admitted the harlots and publicans
They have heard the glad sound;
They have liberly found,
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

- 4 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King? [thee!
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to
Thou, Jesus, hast blessed,
And believers increased,
Who thankfully own, [alone.
We are freely forgiven through mercy

- 5 His Spirit revives
His work in our lives,
His wonders of grace,
Somightily wrought in the primitive days.
O that all men might know
His tokens below,
Our Saviour confess, [and peace!
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon

- 6 Thou Saviour of all,
Effectually call
The sinners that stray;
And, O, let a nation be born in a day!
Thy sign let them see,
And flow unto thee
For the oil and the wine,
For the blissful assurance of favour divine.

BELIEVERS REJOICING.

- 7 Our heathenish land
Beneath thy command
In mercy receive;
And make us a pattern to all that believe:
Then, then let it spread,
Thy knowledge and dread,
Till the earth is o'erflowed, [God.
And the universe filled with the glory of

239

L. M.

- NOW, in a song of grateful praise,
To thee, O Lord, my voice I'll raise;
With all thy saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
2 My soul, with joy his power confess;
His wisdom all his works express;
But, O, his love, what tongue can tell?
My Jesus hath done all things well.
3 How great, and how divinely free,
Has been the love that found out me!
Which saved me from the jaws of hell:
My Jesus hath done all things well.
4 And since my soul hath known his love,
What mercies hath he made me prove!
Mercies which do all praise excel:
My Jesus hath done all things well.
5 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
6 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

240

C. M.

WATTS.

- BEGIN, my soul, some heavenly
Awake, my voice, and sing [theme;
The mighty works, or mightier Name,
Of our eternal King.
2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men:
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
4 Engraved, as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.
5 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
6 Now shall my fainting heart rejoice,
To know thy favour sure:
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

241

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY.

- G LORIOUS Saviour of my soul,
I lift it up to thee;
Thou hast made the sinner whole,
Hast set the captive free!

Thou my debt of death hast paid;
Thou hast raised me from my fall;
Thou hast full atonement made;
My Saviour died for all.

- 2 What could my Redeemer move
To leave his Father's throne?
Pity drew him from above,
To make his mercy known:
Swift to succour sinful man,
Sinking into endless woe,
Jesus to our rescue ran,
And God appeared below.

- 3 God, in this dark vale of tears,
A man of griefs was seen:
Here for three and thirty years
He dwelt with sinful men.
Did they know the Deity?
Did they own him, who he was?
See the Friend of Sinners, see!
He hangs on yonder cross!

- 4 Yet thy wrath I cannot fear,
Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb!
By thy judgment I am clear;
Healed by thy stripes I am:
Thou for me a curse wast made,
That I might in thee be blest;
Thou hast my full ransom paid,
And in thy wounds I rest.

242

4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY.

- HOW happy, gracious Lord! are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

- 2 With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemployed,
Or unimproved below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

- 3 The winter's night, and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise:
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers
In everlasting lays.

- 4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
(A bright harmonious throng!)
We long thy praises to repeat,
And restless sing, around thy seat,
The new eternal song.

243

C. M.

WATTS.

- MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all!
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
2 [What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys;
There's nothing like my God.]
3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

BELIEVERS REJOICING.

list upon my restless bed
 get the shades I roll,
 his sweet influence shed,
 orning with my soul.
 I owe my wealth and friends,
 alth and safe abode;
 thy name for meaner things,
 ey are not my God.
 n a toy is glittering wealth,
 once compared to thee!
 's my safety, or my health,
 my friends to me?
 ossessor of the earth,
 alied the stars my own,
 thy graces and thyself
 a wretch undone.
 rs stretch their arms like seas,
 rasp in all the shore,
 e the riches of thy grace,
 desire no more.

C. M. WATTS.

Y the heart where graces reign,
 ere love inspires the breast:
 he brightest of the train,
 rengthens all the rest.
 lge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
 I in vain our fear:
 born sins will fight and reign,
 be absent there.
 that makes our cheerful feet
 ft obedience move:
 is know, and tremble too;
 tan cannot love.
 he grace that lives and sings
 faith and hope shall cease;
 shall strike our joyful strings
 sweet realms of bliss.

C. M. WATTS.

I can read my title clear
 mansions in the skies,
 dieu to every fear,
 ipe my weeping eyes.
 arth against my soul engage,
 illish darts be hurled,
 Christ I'll smile at Satan's
 ce a frowning world. [rage,
 many dangers, toils, and
 already come; [snare,
 e has brought me safe thus far,
 ace will guide me home.
 shall bathe my weary soul
 s of endless rest,
 a wave of trouble roll
 my peaceful breast.

6-8's. J. WESLEY.

have found the ground wherein
 my sou's anchor may remain;
 unds of Jesus, for my sin
 the world's foundation slain;
 nergy shall unshaken stay,
 eaven and earth are fled away.
 thine everlasting grace
 anty thought surpasses far:
 t still melts with tenderness;
 ns of love still open are

Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
 My sins are swallowed up in thee;
 Covered is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
 While Jesu's blood, thro' earth and skies,
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!
 4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
 I look into my Saviour's breast;
 Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
 Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my
 head, [friends be gone,
 Though strength, and health, and
 Though joys be withered all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn;
 On this my steadfast soul relies:
 Father, thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

247

L. M. J. WESLEY.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?
 Fully absolved through these I am
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
 Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
 For ever doth for sinners plead,
 For me, even for my soul, was shed.

4 Lord, I believe were sinners more
 Than sands upon the ocean's shore,
 Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
 For all a full atonement made.

5 When from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 Even then,—this shall be all my plea,
 Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

6 Jesus, be endless praise to thee,
 Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
 For me, and all thy hands have made,
 An everlasting ransom paid.

248

10's & 11's. C. WESLEY.

0 WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise,
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in
 grace,

So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
 The weakest believer that hangs upon
 him!

2 How happy the man whose heart is set
 free,

The people that can be joyful in thee!
 Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face:
 And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

BELIEVERS REJOICING.

3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name;
They shall as their right thy Righteous-
ness claim;
Thy Righteousness wearing, and cleansed
by thy blood, [God.
Bold shall they appear in the presence of
4 For thou art their boast, their glory and
power,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.
5 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence;
I trust in his word, none plucks me from
thence; [will do;
Since I have found favour, he all things
My King and my Saviour shall make me
anew. [own,
6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that be-
lieve.

249

10's & 11's. C. WESLEY.

MY Father, my God, I long for thy love;
O shed it abroad; send Christ from
above!
My heart, ever fainting, he only can cheer;
And all things are wanting, till Jesus is
here.
2 O when shall my tongue be filled with
thy praise;
While all the day long I publish thy grace,
Thy honour and glory to sinners forth
shew, [true.
Till sinners adore thee, and own thou art
3 Thy strength and thy power I now can
proclaim, [name;
Preserved every hour through Jesus's
For thou art still by me, and holdest my
hand; [stand.
No ill can come nigh me, by faith while I
4 My God is my guide; thy mercies abound;
On every side they compass me round;
Thou sav'st me from sickness, from sin
dost retrieve, [believe.
Still strengthen my weakness, and bid me
5 I stand, and admire thine out-stretched
arm; [harm;
I walk through the fire, and suffer no
Assaulted by evil, I scorn to submit;
The world and the devil fall under my feet.
6 I wrestle not now, but trample on sin,
For with me art thou, and shalt be within;
While stronger and stronger in Jesus's
power,
I go on to conquer, till sin be no more.

250

6-S's. C. WESLEY.

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be, [me?
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for

2 'Tis mystery all! The Incarnate dies
Who can explore his strange design
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all; let earth adore:
Let angel-minds inquire no more.
3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's help'less race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!
4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's nigh
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.
5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divin
Bold I approach the' eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ m
own.

251

4-S's & 2-S's. C. WESLEY

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.
2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"
4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry!

252

7's & 6's. C. WESLEY

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good I
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

BELIEVERS REJOICING.

3 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity:
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me.
 Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-atoning Victim died: Only, &c.

3 Turning to my rest again,
 The Saviour I adore;
 He relieves my grief and pain,
 And bids me weep no more.
 Rivers of salvation flow
 From out his head, his hands, his side;
 Only, &c.

4 Here will I set up my rest:
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart.
 Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide:
 Only, &c.

253

8-8's.

HART.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
 Whose love is as great as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end:
 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

254

6-8's.

WATTS.

HAPPY the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God! He made the sky,
 And earth and sea, with all their train;
 His truth forever stands secure:
 He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

255

C. M.

CENNICK.

THOU great Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of thee:
 No music's like thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be.

3 O may we ever hear thy voice
 In mercy to us speak;
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedeck.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay:
 We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
 When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud
 With all the favoured throng,
 Then will we sing, more sweet, more
 And Christ shall be our song. (loud.)

256

8-8's.

C. WESLEY.

THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart;
 For closer communion I pine;
 I long to reside where thou art:
 The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
 And screened from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! shew me that happiest place,
 The place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
 And hang on a soul-saving God:
 Thy love for a sinner declare;
 Thy passion and death on the tree;
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only, I covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And ne'er for a moment depart;
 Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally hid in thy heart.

257

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God, in Persons Three!
 Of thee we make our joyful boast,
 Our songs we make of thee.

3 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen;
 Thou art a Spirit pure;
 Thou from eternity hast been,
 And always shalt endure.

3 Present alike in every place,
 Thy Godhead we adore;
 Beyond the bounds of time and space;
 Thou dwell'st for evermore.

4 In wisdom infinite thou art,
 Thine eye doth all things see;
 And every thought, of every heart,
 Is fully known to thee.

5 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below
 Thou dost, in heaven above;
 But chiefly we rejoice to know
 The' Almighty God of Love.

6 Mercy, with love, and endless grace,
 O'er all thy works doth reign;
 But chiefly thou delight'st to bless
 Thy favourite creature, Man.

7 Wherefore, let every creature give
 To thee the praise designed;
 But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
 The hearts of all mankind.

258

7's & 6's.

C. WESLEY.

GOOD thou art, and good thou dost;
 Thy mercies reach to all,
 Chiefly those who on thee trust,
 And for thy mercy call:
 New they every morning are;
 As fathers when their children cry,
 Us thou dost in pity spare,
 And all our wants supply.

BELIEVERS REJOICING.

- 1 Mercy o'er thy works presides;
Thy providence displayed
Still preserves, and still provides
For all thy hands have made;
Keeps, with most distinguished care,
The man who on thy love depends;
Watches every numbered hair,
And all his steps attends.
- 2 Who can sound the depths unknown
Of thy redeeming grace?
Grace that gave thine only Son
To save a ruined race!
Millions of transgressors poor
Thou hast for Jesu's sake forgiven;
Made them of thy favour sure,
And snatched from hell to heaven.
- 4 Millions more thou ready art
To save, and to forgive!
Every soul and every heart
Of man thou wouldst receive:
Father, then, accept of mine,
Which now, through Christ, I offer thee;
Tell me, now, in love divine,
That thou hast pardoned me!

259

L. M. C. WESLEY.

- M**Y soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death I feel;
My eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from sinking into hell.
- 2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run;
My eyes on his perfections gaze;
My soul shall live for God alone;
And all within me shout his praise.

260

C. M. C. WESLEY.

- T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.
 - 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
 - 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
 - 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are;
A Rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
 - 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure.

261

C. M. C. WESLEY.

- C**OME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three;
Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost
By all mankind and me.

- 3 Thy favour, and thy nature too,
To me, to all, restore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.
- 3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.
- 4 Light in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee,
The God of pardoning love.
- 5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled!
- 6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven!

262

C. M. WATTS.

- F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand
signs,
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.
 - 3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.
 - 4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;
 - 5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.
 - 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
 - 7 O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

263

L. M. WATTS.

- E**THERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!
- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
 - 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

BELIEVERS REJOICING.

- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to hush thy name;
But, O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes, our words be few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

264

4-8's & 2-6's. J. WESLEY.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

- 2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures
I neither have nor want. [mean,
- 4 I have no babes to hold me here;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim,
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine, of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesu's Name.]
- 5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.]
- 6 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.
- 7 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.
- 8 I come,—thy servant, Lord, replies;—
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest:
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

265

4-6's & 2-8's. WATTS.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high:
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sovereign will.
- 4 And can this sovereign King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word:
Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

266

C. M. OLIVERS.

- ALL hail the powers of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.
- 3 Ye souls redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.
- 4 Sinners, whose love should ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.
- 5 Let every tribe, and every tongue,
Throughout this earthly ball,
Unite in one harmonious song,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him LORD OF ALL.

267

S. M.

- COME, all ye saints of God,
Your grateful tongues employ;
Sing of a Saviour's cleansing blood,
And shout aloud for joy.
- 2 Once were ye sunk in earth,
But now ye dwell on high,
Partakers of a glorious birth;
Then shout aloud for joy.
- 3 Though evils still arise,
And many foes annoy,
Up to the Saviour lift your eyes,
And shout aloud for joy.
- 4 View your eternal crown,
Which glitters through the sky;
Also behold your future throne,
And shout aloud for joy.
- 5 Lord, keep us still in thee,
For thee our all employ:
Settled, established may we be,
And then we'll shout for joy.

- 6 When Jesus doth reveal
His power, and sin destroy;
Such bliss, such happiness we feel,
As makes us shout for joy.

268

S. M.

- SOON will our Jesu's hand
Wipe every weeping eye;
Soon as we enter Canaan's land,
We'll shout aloud for joy.
- 2 Our Lord will shortly come,
And all his foes destroy,
And place us on his dazzling throne,
Then will we shout for joy,
- 3 He'll fix his kingdom here,
Where none can e'er annoy,
Or dare to put the saints in fear,
Who shout aloud for joy.
- 4 The Pharisees once did,
Murm'ring, to Jesus say,
"Thy noisy followers forbid,
"Who shout aloud for joy."
- 5 We will our loosened tongues
In Jesu's praise employ;
Of him who loved us make our songs,
And shout aloud for joy.
- 6 We'll make the heavens ring,
Our highest notes we'll try;
The morning stars will join to sing,
And we will shout for joy.

269

P. M.

OLIVERS.

- THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
JEHOVAH, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless thy sacred Name,
For ever blest.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God;
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.
- 4 He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

270

C. M.

- LET saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace;
Let saints in heaven proclaim his praise,
And crown him PRINCE OF PEACE.
- 2 Praise him who laid his glory by
For man's apostate race;
Praise him who stooped to bleed and die,
And crown him PRINCE OF PEACE.
- 3 Come, rebels, lay your weapons down,
Let war for ever cease;
Immanuel for your Sovereign own,
And crown him PRINCE OF PEACE.
- 4 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
To view his lovely face;
His name for ever to adore,
And crown him PRINCE OF PEACE.

271

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

- FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks,—and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 7 Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
- 8 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The LAMB OF GOD was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.
- 9 With me, by faith, ye then shall know,
Shall feel, your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

SECTION II.

FOR FAMILIES.

1. CHILDREN.

272

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

- FATHER of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is;
Who hast entrusted to our care
A candidate for glorious bliss:

CHILDREN.

2 Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,
For grace to guide what grace has given;
We ask for wisdom from on high,
To train our infant up for heaven.

3 We tremble at the danger near,
And crowds of wretched parents see,
Who, blindly fond, their children rear,
In tempers far as hell from thee.

4 Him let us tend, severely kind,
As guardians of his giddy youth;
As set to form his tender mind,
By principles of virtuous truth:

5 To fit his soul for heavenly grace;
Discharge the Christian parents' part;
And keep him, till thy love takes place,
And Jesus rises in his heart.

273

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry;
The good desired and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply:
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Answer on them the end of all
Our cares, and pains, and studies here;
On them, recovered from the fall,
Stamped with the humble character,
Raised by the nurture of the Lord,
To all their paradise restored.

3 Error and ignorance remove, [mind;
Their blindness both of heart and
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

4 Learning's redundant part, and vain,
Be here cut off, and cast aside;
But let them, Lord, the substance gain,
In every solid truth abide;
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego,
The knowledge fit for man to know.

5 Unite the pair so long disjoined,
Knowledge and vital Piety:
Learning and Holiness combined,
And Truth and Love, let all men see,
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.

6 Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide!
Thy wisdom in their lives be shewn,
Thy name confessed and glorified;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
Till all the earth is filled with God.

274

S. M. FELLOWES.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race:
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lend their souls to thee.

3 O Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed;
O bring the longed-for, happy hour,
That makes them thine indeed!

4 O let our favoured race
Surround thy sacred board!
There to adore thy sovereign grace,
And sing their dying Lord.

275

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all engaging charms:
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And takes them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
"The Lord of Angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 [Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.]

5 If orphans they be left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust:
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

276

C. M. C. WESLEY.

GOD only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright:

2 To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand;
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

3 Made apt, by thy sufficient grace,
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our rising progeny:

4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
And mortify their pride;
And lend their youth a sacred clue
To find the Crucified.

5 We would in every step look up;
By thy example taught
To' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.

6 We would persuade their hearts to' obey;
With mildest zeal proceed;
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.

7 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above,
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure, ingenuous love:

8 To watch their will, to sense inclined;
Withhold their hurtful food;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

277

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to thee,
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality;
And let them in thine image rise,
And then transplant to paradise.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

2 Unspotted from the world, and pure,
Preserve them for thy glorious cause,
Accustomed daily to endure
The welcome burden of thy cross;
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Our sons henceforth be wholly thine,
And serve and love thee all their days;
Infuse the principle divine
In all who here expect thy grace:
Let each improve the grace bestowed;
Rise every child a man of God.

4 Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread!
Or send them to proclaim thy word.
Thy gospel through the world to
Freely as they receive to give, [spread,
And preach the death by which we live!

2. BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

278

L. M. C. WESLEY.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordained by thee!
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promised presence claim,
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promised presence find.

3 Father, in these reveal thy Son;
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesus, with us thou always art;
Effectuate the sacred sign;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits Thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now!

6 O that the souls baptized herein
May now thy truth and mercy feel;
May rise, and wash away their sin!
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal!

279

7's & 6's. C. WESLEY.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In solemn power come down!
Present with thy heavenly host,
Thine ordinance to crown:
See a sinful worm of earth!
Bless to him the cleansing flood;
Plunge him, by a second birth,
Into the depths of God.

2 Let the promised inward grace
Accompany the sign;
On his new-born soul impress
The character divine!
Father, all thy name reveal!
Jesus, all thy name impart!
Holy Ghost, renew, and dwell
For ever in his heart!

3. SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

280

L. M.
Children.

AND will the God who reigns on
Who formed the earth, the sea
Make us the objects of his care,
And kindly listen to our prayer?

2 Will He—the great, eternal King,
Whose glory saints and angels sit
Regard our poor and simple lays,
While we attempt to sing his praise?

3 Yes—God, that God who reigns ab
Though great in power, is rich in
His care will all our wants supply
His ear regard our feeble cry.

4 And though, before his heavenly
Ten thousand saints and angels sit
He loves to hear the infant's voice
In humble, cheerful strains rejoice

5 Then will we trust his tender care
And bow the knee in heart-felt prayer
Then will we often seek his face,
Confess our sin, and ask his grace

6 Then will we praise his glorious name
Then will we try to spread his far
Sing of the Saviour's dying love,
And hope, through him, to dwell in

Congregation.

7 Former of earth, and sea, and sky
Receive their prayer, their wants
Almighty Sovereign, heavenly King!
Kindly accept the praise they bring

281

4's & 2's.
Children.

COME, let our voices join
To sing a song of praise;
For favours so divine,
Our grateful notes we'll raise:

Congregation.

To God alone the praise belongs,
His love demands your noblest song;

Children.

2 When wandering far astray,
In paths of vice and sin,
You kindly pointed out
The danger we were in:

Congregation.

To God alone be all the praise,
Who turns your feet from sinful ways

Children.

3 Now we are taught to read
The Book of Life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love,
And brightest glories, shine:

Congregation.

To God alone the praise is due,
Whose sacred Book is sent to you.

Children.

4 Within this sacred house
Our youthful feet are brought
Where prayer and praise abound
And heavenly truths are taught

FOR WEDDINGS.

Congregation.

To God alone your praises bring,
And in the church His glories sing.

Children.

For favours such as these,
Our grateful thanks receive;
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'Tis all that we can give:

Congregation.

Great God, accept thy infant songs,
To thee alone the praise belongs.

Chorus.

Lord, let this glorious work
Be crowned with great success;
May thousands yet unborn
This institution bless;
Then shall thy praise be sounded high,
Throughout a vast eternity.

282

C. M. COWPER.

HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and
prayer,
In heaven thy dwelling-place;
For infants made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face.

Thanks for thy word, and for thy day,
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
Thy holy Sabbaths more.

Thanks, that we hear; but oh! impart
To each designs sincere;
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.

For if vain thoughts the heart engage
Of older far than we,
What hope that, at our heedless age,
Our minds shall e'er be free?

Much hope, if thou our spirits take
Under thy gracious sway,
Who canst the wisest wiser make,
And babes as wise as they.

Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
A sun that ne'er declines;
And be thy mercies showered on those
Who placed us where it shines.

4. FOR WEDDINGS.

283

4-7s.

COME, thou everlasting Lord,
With thy presence crown the board;
Condescend to be a guest,
As thy creatures' humble feast.

Now thine own appointment grace,
With thy presence in this place;
Wedded may our spirits be,
Heavenly Bridegroom, unto thee.

May this newly-wedded pair
Learn each other's cross to bear;
Partners of each other's joy,
Every gift for thee employ.

They are now become one twain,
One in heart may they remain;
One in sentiment and will,—
All the law of love fulfil.

Glory to thy sovereign grace,
Thus to multiply our race;
May their offspring be, indeed,
To the Lord a holy seed.

May the household all, at last,
Come to the eternal feast;
Drink at large the heavenly wine,
Flowing from the living Vine.

May our every action tend
To thy glory as its end:
Our affections, Lord, refine,—
Thou canst make the water wine.

At the marriage of the Lamb,
When the ready Bride is come,
We shall at that marriage feast
Find the best is kept till last.

284

4-5s & 2-5s. C. WESLEY.

THOU God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice to approve,
Thy providence to obey;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face?
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain:
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renewed in perfect love?

Surely thou didst unite
Our kindred spirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear;
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy glorious love proclaim.

Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join, with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day;
With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away!
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast!

285

C. M. BARRIDGE.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have pledged hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

BIRTH-DAY.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed
To build their household up.

6 As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind,
O may this married couple live
And die in friendship joined!

7 On every soul assembled here
O make thy face to shine!
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer
Than richest food or wine.

5. IN A NEW HABITATION.

286

C. M.

GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.

2 To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

287

L. M.

ROBBERIDGE.

FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still, sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorn'st not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
Morn, noon, and night, present its vows:
Our servants, and our rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honour of thy glorious name;
And each succeeding race remove
To join the family above!

6. BIRTH-DAY.

288

P. M.

C. WESLEY.

A WAY with our fears!
The glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born!
From Jehovah I came,
For His glory I am,
And to Him I with singing return.

2 Thee, Jesus, alone,
The fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here;
And cheerfully sing
My Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice
In thy Fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below;
If of parents I came
Who honoured thy name,
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace,
From my earliest days
Ever near to allure and defend:
Hitherto thou hast been
My preserver from sin,
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares,
And temptations, and snares,
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
O the blessings bestowed
By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is thine,
What a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gathered into thy fold,
With thy people enrolled,
With thy people to live and to die!

7 O the goodness of God
In employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raise!
His standard to bear,
And with triumph declare
His unspeakable riches of grace!

8 O the fathomless love,
That has designed to approve
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook
I went over the brook,
And, behold, I am spread into bands!

9 Who, I ask in amazement,
Hath begotten me these?
And inquire, from what quarter I came,
My full heart it replies,
They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

10 All honour and praise
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son, I return;
The business pursue,
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

11 In a rapture of joy
My life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim;
'Tis worth living for this,
To administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's Name.

12 My remnant of days
I spend in his praise,
Who died the whole world to save;
Be they many or few,
My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him.

289

L. M.

HOW do thy mercies close
For ever be thy name
I blush in all things to abase
The servant is above his

BIRTH-DAY.

- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led:
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But, lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yes, he himself becomes my guard;
Hesmooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects, my fears, be gone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thine arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

290

4-6's & 2-8's. C. WESLEY.

- G**OD of my life, to thee
My cheerful voice I raise!
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.
- 2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy Name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings, came:
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.
- 3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live!
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.
- 4 My soul, and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.
- 5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven,
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.
- 6 Then, when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive thy favoured son,
In death's triumphant hour;
Like Moses to thyself convey,
And kiss my raptured soul away.

291

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

- F**OUNTAIN of life and all my joy,
Jesus, thy mercies I embrace;
The breath thou giv'st for thee employ;
And wait to taste thy perfect grace;

- No more forsaken and forlorn,
I bless the day that I was born.
- 2 Preserved, through faith, by power di-
A miracle of grace I stand! [viva,
I prove the strength of Jesus mine!
Jesus, upheld by thy right hand,
Though in the flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born.
- 3 Weary of life, through inbred sin,
I was, but now defy its power;
When as a flood the foe comes in,
My soul is more than conqueror;
I tread him down with holy scorn,
And bless the day that I was born.
- 4 Come, Lord, and make me pure within,
And let me now be filled with God!
Live to declare I'm saved from sin;
And if I seal the truth with blood,
My soul, from out the body torn,
Shall bless the day that I was born!

292

4-6's & 2-8's. C. WESLEY.

- Y**OUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky;
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.
- 2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and Name;
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.
- 3 In his great Name alone
All excellences meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall for ever sit:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.
- 4 Glory to God belongs;
Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth or heaven:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

293

4-8's & 2-6's. C. WESLEY.

- T**HOU great, mysterious God, unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me, if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.
- 2 If I have only known thy fear,
And followed with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.
- 3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sins forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

MASTERS.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child? [Love,—

5 What'er obstructs thy pardoning
Sin, or self-righteousness,—remove,
Thy glory to display;
My heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

6 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art:
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart.

294

8-7's.

C. WHELEST.

HAPPY man whom God doth aid!
God our souls and bodies made;
God on us, in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours;
Compasses with angel-bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands;
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestowed;
Life, and all, descend from God.

2 He this flowery carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread;
God refreshes in the air;
Covers with the clothes we wear;
Feeds us with the food we eat;
Cheers us by his light and heat;
Makes his sun on us to shine;
All our blessings are divine.

3 Give him, then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive!
Man we for his kindness love;
How much more our God above!
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honoured and adored:
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise!

295

4-7's.

FAWCETT.

I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.

2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know, concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest,—
What thy will ordains is best.

3 I my all to thee resign:
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.

4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power,
Guard me in the trying hour;
Let thy unremitting care
Save me from the lurking snare.

5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.

6 To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

7. MASTERS.

296

L. M.

C. WHELEST.

MASTER supreme, I look to thee
For grace and wisdom from above;
Vested with thy authority,
Endue me with thy patient love;

2 That, taught according to thy will
To rule my family aright,
I may be appointed charge fulfil
With all my heart, and all my might.

3 Inferiors, as a sacred trust,
I from the Sovereign Lord receive,
That what is suitable and just,
Impartial, I to all may give:

4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye;
From vice and wickedness restrain;
Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,
And govern with a looser rein.

5 The servant faithfully discreet,
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
Him would I tenderly entreat,
And scarce distinguish from a child.

6 Yet let me not my place forsake,
The occasion of his stumbling prove,
The servant to my bosom take,
Or mar him by familiar love.

7 Order if some invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,—
I hearken to the gospel sound,
And trace the providential way.

8 As far from abjectness as pride,
With condescending dignity,
Jesus, I make thy word my guide,
And keep the post assigned by thee.

9 O could I emulate the zeal
Thou dost to thy poor servants bear!
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel
Of souls entrusted to my care:

10 In daily prayer to God commend [save;
The souls whom Christ expired to
And think how soon my sway may end,
And all be equal in the grave!

297

4-8's & 2-6's.

C. WHELEST.

HOW shall I walk my God to please,
And spread content and happiness
O'er all beneath my care?
A pattern to my household give,
And as a guardian angel live,
As Jesu's messenger?

2 The opposite extremes I see,—
Remissness and severity,—
And know not how to shun
The precipice on either hand,
While in the narrow path I stand,
And dread to venture on.

3 Shall I, through indolence supine,
Neglect, betray, my charge divine,
My delegated power?
The souls I from my Lord receive,
Of each I an account must give,
At that tremendous hour!

BELIEVERS FIGHTING.

4 Lord over all, and God most high
Jesus, to thee for help I fly,
For constant power and grace:
That, by thy gracious Spirit led,
I may with confidence proceed,
And all thy footsteps trace.

5 O teach me my first lesson now!
And while to thy sweet yoke I bow,
Thy easy service prove,
Lowly and meek in heart, I see
The art of governing like thee
Is governing by Love.

298

4-5's & 3-8's. C. WESLEY.

I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first, obedient to his word
I must myself appear;
By actions, words, and tempers show,
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

3 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain;
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God,
A saint indeed, I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive!
Work in me both to will and do;
And shew them how believers true
And real christians live.

5 With all-sufficient grace supply;
And, lo! I come to testify
The wonders of thy name, [hell,
Which saves from sin, the world, and
Whose virtue every heart may feel,
And every tongue proclaim.

6 A sinner, saved myself from sin,
I come, my family to win,
To preach their sins forgiven;
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the paths of pleasantness
Conduct them all to heaven.

299

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy Book be my companion still;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

3 O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be:
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me:
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the Church above.

300

C. M.

FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There might that piercing eye survey
My faithful homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade!

3 O let thy pure celestial fire
My panting breast inflame!
That I may night and day aspire
To glorify thy name.

4 So may the visits of thy love
Me and my family bless:
And in that better house above
Our humble names confess.

5 Mercy, O Lord, is all my plea,
This is the total sum;
Mercy, through Christ, impart to me;
Lord, let thy mercy come!

SECTION III.

BELIEVERS FIGHTING.

301

C. M.

WATTS.

A M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his Name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

BELIEVERS FIGHTING.

302

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

"I THE good fight have fought!"
O when shall I declare?
The victory by my Saviour got
I long with Paul to share.
O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!

- 2 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gained,
"Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintained."
The Apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

303

C. M.

HARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's
Who first triumphant sat; [voice,
'Midst all the world's tumultuous noise,
How powerful, and how sweet!

- 2 "Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
"Nor fear the mortal blow;
"Who first in such a warfare dies,
"Shall speediest victory know."
3 "That throne of glory you shall share;
"My hands the crown shall give;
"And you the sparkling honours bear
"While God himself shall live."
4 Lord, 'tis enough, our souls are fired
With courage and with love;
Vain are the assaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fixed above.

304

L. M.

COURAGE, my soul, while God is near
What enemy hast thou to fear?
How canst thou want a sure defence,
Whose refuge is Omnipotence?

- 2 Though thickest dangers crowd my way;
My God can chase my fears away;
My feeble faith on him relies,
And all those dangers still defies.
3 Though billows after billows roll
To overwhelm my sinking soul,
Firm as a rock my soul shall stand,
Upheld by God's almighty hand.
4 In life his presence is my aid;
In death 'twill guide me thro' the shade;
Chase all my rising fears away,
And turn my darkness into day.

305

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm!

- 2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven!

306

PART I.
S. M.

C. WESLEY.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his beloved Son:
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

- 2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The Panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.
3 Stand, then, against your foes,
In close and firm array;
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day:
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.
4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

307

PART II.
S. M.

C. WESLEY.

BUT, above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repelled his every fiery dart,
And quenched with Jesu's blood.

- 2 Jesus hath died for you!
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and
Shall pluck you from his hand
Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from sin's restraints
Believe yourselves to heaven
3 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's
And watching unto prayer,
Ready for all alarms,
Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms
And use your every grace.
4 Pray, without ceasing pray
(Your Captain gives the w
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord,
To God your every want
In instant prayer display
Pray always; pray, and nev
Pray, without ceasing t

BELIEVERS FIGHTING.

308

PART III.
S. M.

C. WESLEY.

IN fellowship, alone,
To God with faith draw near:
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the power of prayer.
Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move;
Let every house his worship know,
And every heart his love.

- 2 To God your spirits dart;
Your souls in words declare;
Or groan, to him who reads the heart,
Thy unutterable prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.
- 3 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees;
And spread your heart and hands abroad,
And pray for Zion's peace:
Your Guides and Brethren bear
For ever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
In grasping all mankind.
- 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, "Come."
THU Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

309

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright;
Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

- 2 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, which was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity:
With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.
- 3 O do not let me trust
In any arm but thine!
Humble, O humble to the dust
This stubborn soul of mine!
A feeble thing of nought,
With lowly shame I own,
The help which upon earth is wrought,
Thou dost it all alone.
- 4 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.
O may I learn the art
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

310

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, my Lord, mighty to save,
What can my hopes withstand,
While thee my Advocate I have,
Enthroned at God's right hand?

- 2 And shall my sins thy will oppose?
Master, thy right maintain:
O let not these usurping foes
In me, thy servant, reign!
- 3 Come, then, and claim me for thine
Saviour, thy right assert; [own;
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart.
- 4 So shall I bless thy pleasing way,
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey;
With all my soul submit.
- 5 So shall I do thy will below,
As angels do above;
The virtue of thy passion show,
The triumphs of thy love.
- 6 Thy love the conquest more than gains;
To all I shall proclaim,
Jesus, the King, the Conqueror reigns:
Bow down to Jesu's name.
- 7 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expire beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

311

P. M.

C. WESLEY.

WORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus!
Jesus alone defends his own,
When earth and hell oppress us.
Jesus with joy we witness
Almighty to deliver;
Our seals set to, that God is true,
And reigns a King for ever.

- 2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
Our ransomed souls adore thee:
Our Saviour thou, we find it now,
And give thee all the glory.
We sing thine arm unshortened,
Brought through our sore temptation;
With heart and voice in thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.
- 3 Thine arm hath safely brought us
A way no more expected,
Than when thy sheep passed thro' the
By crystal walls protected. [deep,
Thy glory was our rear-ward,
Thy hand our lives did cover,
And we, even we, have passed the sea,
And marched triumphant over.
- 4 The world's and Satan's malice
Thou, Jesus, hast confounded;
And, by thy grace, with songs of praise
Our happy souls resounded.
Accepting our deliverance,
We triumph in thy favour,
And for the love which now we prove,
Shall praise thy name for ever.

BELIEVERS FIGHTING.

312

PART I.
S. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

2 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

3 That bloody banner see,
And, in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers, fight!
In mighty phalanx joined,
To battle all proceed;
Armed with the unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ your Head.

313

PART II.
S. M. C. WESLEY.

URGE on your rapid course,
Ye blood-be-sprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands:
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies!
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize!

2 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood ye must the entrance gain;
Yet, O disdain to fear!
"Courage!" your Captain cries,
(Who all your toil foreknew:)
"Toll ye shall have; yet all despise,
"I have o'ercome for you."

3 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is the victory!
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me:
Believe, and conquer all.

314

L. M. J. WESLEY.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?—
Or, undismayed, in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the' unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What, then, is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man, an heir of death, a slave
To sin, a bubble on the wave.

5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

6 Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry!
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

7 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

8 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach! and welcome, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

9 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name adored!

10 Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed; I can do all through thee!

315

L. M. C. WESLEY.

THE Lord is King, and earth submits,
Howe'er impatient, to his sway;
Between the cherubim he sits,
And makes his restless foes obey.

2 All power is to our Jesus given;
O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns;
He mildly rules the hosts of heaven;
And holds the powers of hell in chains.

3 In vain doth Satan rage his hour,
Beyond his chain he cannot go;
Our Jesus shall stir up his power,
And soon avenge us of our foe.

4 Jesus shall his great arm reveal:
Jesus the woman's conquering Seed:
(Though now the Serpent bruise his
HEEL.)
Jesus shall bruise the Serpent's HEAD.

5 The enemy his tares hath sown,
But Christ shall shortly root them up;
Shall cast the dire Accuser down,
And disappoint his children's hope:

6 Shall magnify the sovereign grace
Of him that sits upon the throne;
And earth and heaven conspire to praise
Jehovah, and his conquering Son.

316

PART I.
4-8's & 2-5's. C. WESLEY.

ARE there not in the labourer's day
Twelve hours, in which he safely
His calling's work pursues? [may
Though sin and Satan still are near,
Nor sin nor Satan can I fear,
With Jesus in my view.

BELIEVERS FIGHTING.

2 Not all the powers of hell can fright
A soul that walks with Christ in light:
He walks and cannot fail;
Clearly he sees, and wins his way,
Shining unto the perfect day,
And more than conquers all.

3 Light of the world! thy beams I bless!
On thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,
My faith hath fixed its eye;
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art always nigh.

4 Ten thousand snares my path beset;
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete
Which thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

5 Still will I strive, and labour still,
With humble zeal to do thy will,
And trust in thy defence:
My soul into thy hands I give;
And, if he can obtain thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence!

317

PART II.

4-S's & 2-6's. C. WESLEY.

BUT can it be, that I should prove
For ever faithful to thy love,
From sin for ever cease?
I thank thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up,
It gives me back my peace.

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just;
Thy sacred word is past;
And I, who dare thy word receive,
Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thine almighty power;
The name of Jesus is a tower,
That hides my life above:
Thou canst, thou wilt my Helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of Love.

4 While still to thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou wilt not let me sin;
And thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all thy mind brought in.

318

PART I.

L. M.

J. BYROM.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above!
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu!

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

319

PART II.

L. M.

J. BYROM.

HENCEFORTH may no profane de-
Divide this consecrated soul; light
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

2 Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

3 Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss:
To know thou tak'st me for thine own,
O what a happiness is this!

4 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast:
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

320

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

ABRAHAM, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience shewed:
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 His son the father offered up,
Son of his age, his only son,
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.

3 O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue;
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due!

4 Now, Lord, to thee our all we leave;
Our willing soul thy call obeys:
Pleasure, and wealth, and fame we give,
Freedom, and life,—to win thy grace.

5 Is there a thing than life more dear?
A thing from which we cannot part?
We can; we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

6 Jesus, accept our sacrifice;
All things for thee we count but loss;
Lo! at thy word our Isaac dies,
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

321

4-S's & 2-6's.

C. WESLEY.

O GOD, thy faithfulness I plead!
My present help in time of need,
My great Deliverer thou!
Haste to my aid, thine ear incline,
And rescue this poor soul of mine!
I claim the promise now!

2 Where is the way? Ah, show me where,
That I thy mercy may declare,
The power that sets me free:
How can I my destruction shun?
How can I from my nature run?
Answer, O Lord, for me!

BELIEVERS PRAYING.

3 One only way the erring mind
Of man, short-sighted man, can find
From inbred sin to fly:
Stronger than love, I fondly thought,
Death, only death, can cut the knot,
Which love cannot untie.

4 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace;
Thy love can find a thousand ways
To foolish man unknown:
My soul upon thy love I cast;
I rest me, till the storm be past,
Upon thy love alone.

5 Thy faithful, wise, almighty love
Shall every stumbling-block remove,
And make an open way:
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
And bear me, from the gulf beneath,
To everlasting day.

322

L. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, my King, to thee I bow,
Enlisted under thy command;
Captain of my salvation, thou
Shalt lead me to the promised land.

2 Thou hast a great deliverance wrought,
The staff from off my shoulder broke;
Out of the house of bondage brought,
And freed from the Egyptian yoke.

3 O'er the vast howling wilderness,
To Canaan's bounds thou hast me led:
Thou bidd'st me now the land possess,
And on thy milk and honey feed.

4 I see an open door of hope;
Legions of sin in vain oppose:
Bold, I with thee, my Head, march up,
And triumph o'er a world of foes.

5 Gigantic lusts come forth to fight,
I mark, disdain, and all break through;
I tread them down in Jesu's might,
Through Jesus I can all things do.

6 Passion, and appetite, and pride,
(Pride, my old, dreadful, tyrant-foe,) I see
Cast down on every side,
And, conquering, I to conquer go.

7 My Lord in my behalf appears:
Captain, thy strength-inspiring eye
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,
And makes the host of aliens fly.

8 Who can before my Captain stand?
Who is so great a King as mine?
High over all is thy right hand,
And might and majesty are thine!

323

C. M. WATTS.

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sin, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came:
They with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

SECTION IV.

BELIEVERS PRAYING.

324

C. M. NEW.

WHILE Joshua led the armed host
Of Israel forth to war,
Moses, apart, with lifted hands,
Engaged in humble prayer.

2 The armed bands had quickly failed
And perished in the fight,
If Moses' prayer had not prevailed
To put the foes to flight.

3 When Moses' hand through weak
The warriors fainter too; [d
Israel's success at once was stop'd,
And Am'lek bolder grew.

4 A people, always prone to boast,
Were taught by this suspense,
That, not a numerous armed host,
But God was their defence.

5 O let us not of numbers vaunt,
Nor make of art a snare!
But men like Moses most we want
To bless the church by prayer.

6 This engine, wisely put in use,
Does more than cannons do;
Not only walls and gates reduce,
But hardened sinners too.

7 Prayer stopped the bottles of the al
No rain on earth could fall,
Till the same power did exercise,
The blessing to recall.

8 This made the lions tame become
At Daniel's feet like lambs;
Fire could not praying saints consume
It only burnt their bands.

9 In Jesu's power and promise trust,
Stretch every nerve and vein,
Such praying breath cannot be lost
You cannot pray in vain.

325

4's & 2's. O'NEILL

O LORD, arise, thy cause maintain
Fly on the rebel sons of men,
Their stubbornness subdue;
Their stupor chase, their pride despoil,
And turn their sorrow into joy,
By making them anew.

2 Pity the state of Adam's race,
And magnify thy sovereign grace;
A little longer spare;
The hardened sinner dig around,
If happily the barren ground
A fruitful crop may bear.

BELIEVERS PRAYING.

3 Moses' rod and Jesu's cry,
Did rend the rocks and veil the sky;
The trembling earth did reel:
Poor sinners' hearts, we yet may say,
More hard than rocks, more cold than
They still refuse to feel. [clay,

4 Hast thou not, Lord, yet in reserve
A means thy purposes to serve,
Which will effectual prove
To conquer man's rebellious will,
And make him see, and taste, and feel,
That thou art only Love?

326

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest followers' call,
And O instruct us how to pray!
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face!

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire, [nought,
Till thou, who call'd'st a world from
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in thy Spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thine own.

3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all thy tempted followers here;
And now supply the common want,
And send us down the Comforter:
The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix thy Agent in our heart.

4 Come, in thy pleading Spirit, down
To us who for thy coming stay;
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray:
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

327

7's & 6's.

C. WESLEY.

COME, ye followers of the Lord,
In Jesu's service join:
Jesus gives the sacred word,
The ordinance divine:
Let us his command obey,
And ask and have what'er we want;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

2 Place no longer let us give
To the old Tempter's will;
Never more our duty leave,
While Satan cries, "Be still!"
Stand we in the ancient way,
And here with God ourselves acquaint;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

3 Be it weariness and pain
To slothful flesh and blood,
Yet we will the cross sustain,
And bless the welcome load;
All our griefs to God display,
And humbly pour out our complaint:
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

4 Let us patiently endure,
And still our wants declare;
All the promises are sure
To persevering prayer:
Till we see the perfect day,
And each wakes up a sinless saint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

5 Pray we on when all renewed,
And perfected in love;
Till we see the Saviour—God
Descending from above,
All his heavenly charms survey,
Beyond what angel minds can paint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

328

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

THE praying Spirit breathe,
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart:
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

329

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants re-
lieve, In this our evil day:
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!

3 The spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go."

5 "I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
"With all thy great salvation bless,
"And make me all like thee."

330

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

WONDROUS power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell th' almighty
grace?

God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah pray:
Let Moses in the spirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone!"

BELIEVERS PRAYING.

2 "Let me alone that all my wrath
 "May rise the wicked to consume;
 "While justice hears thy praying faith,
 "It cannot seal the sinner's doom:
 "My Son is in my servant's prayer,
 "And Jesus forces me to spare."

3 O blessed word of gospel-grace!
 Which now we for our Israel plead;
 A faithless and backsliding race,
 Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed:
 O do not them in wrath chastise,
 Nor let thy whole displeasure rise.

4 Father, we ask in Jesu's name;
 In Jesu's power and spirit pray:
 Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim!
 O turn thy threatening wrath away!
 Our guilt and punishment remove,
 And magnify thy pardoning love.

5 Father, regard thy pleading Son!
 Accept his all-availing prayer,
 And send a peaceful answer down,
 In honour of our Spokesman there;
 Whose blood proclaims our sins for-
 given,
 And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

331 7's & 6's. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, thou hast bid us pray,
 Pray always, and not faint;
 With the word a power convey
 To utter our complaint:
 Quiet we shall never know,
 Till we from sin are fully freed;
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head!

2 We have now begun to cry,
 And we will never end,
 Till we find salvation nigh,
 And grasp the Sinner's Friend;
 Day and night we'll speak our woe,
 With thee importunately plead:
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head!

3 Speak the word, and we shall be
 From all our bands released;
 Only thou canst set us free,
 By Satan long oppress:
 Now thy power almighty show;
 Arise, the Woman's conquering Seed!
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head!

4 To destroy his work of sin,
 Thyself in us reveal;
 Manifest thyself within
 Our flesh, and fully dwell
 With us, in us, here below:
 Enter, and make us free indeed:
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head!

5 Stronger than the strong man, thou
 His fury canst control:
 Cast him out, by entering now,
 And keep our ransomed soul:
 Satan's kingdom overthrow,
 On all the powers of darkness tread;
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head!

6 To the never-ceasing cries
 Of thine elect attend;
 Send deliverance from the skies,
 Thy mighty Spirit send:
 Though to man thou seemest slow,
 Our cries thou seemest not to heed;
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head!

7 Come, O come, all-gracious Lord!
 No longer now delay;
 With thy Spirit's two-edged sword
 The crooked Serpent slay!
 Bare thine arm, and give the blow,
 Root out, and kill the hellish seed;
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head!

332 S. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, I fain would find
 Thy zeal for God in me;
 Thy yearning pity for mankind,
 Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy Spirit dwell!
 In me thy bowels move!
 So shall the fervour of my zeal
 Be the pure flame of love.

333 S. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'st my prayer.
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do;
 On thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind;
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill;
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss,
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
 The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the Tempter fly;
 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care,
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease,
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or wish my sufferings less.
 This blessing, above all,
 Always to pray, I want,
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,
 (Unmoved by threatening or reward,)
 To thee and thy great name;
 A jealous, just concern
 For thy immortal praise;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify, thy grace.

BELIEVERS PRAYING.

6 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

334

4-7s.

C. WESLEY.

LORD, that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.

2 Let me cast my reeds aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride;
Not to man, but God submit,
Lay my reasonings at thy feet:

3 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Doom'd, helpless as a child;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
Spirit of truth and righteousness;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,
Life eternal, to my heart.

335

PART I.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

AH, when shall I awake
From sin's soft, soothing power,
The slumber from my spirit shake,
And rise to fall no more?
Awake, no more to sleep,
But stand with constant care,
Looking for God my soul to keep,
And watching unto prayer!

2 O could I always pray,
And never, never faint,
But simply to my God display
My every care and want!
I know that thou wouldst give
More than I can request;
Thou still art ready to receive
My soul to perfect rest.

3 I feel thee willing, Lord,
A sinful world to save:
All may obtain the gracious word,
May peace and pardon have.
Not one of all the race,
But may return to thee;—
But at the throne of sovereign grace
May fall and weep, like me.

4 Here will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer;
Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

336

PART II.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

MESIAH, Prince of Peace,
Into my soul bring in
The everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin.

Into all those that seek
Redemption through thy blood,
The sanctifying Spirit speak,
The plenitude of God.

2 Let us in patience wait
Till faith shall make us whole;
Till thou shalt all things new create
In each believing soul.
Who can resist thy will?
Speak, and it shall be done!
Thou shalt the work of faith fulfil,
And perfect us in one.

337

4-5s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY.

SAVIOUR, on me the grace bestow,
Which all who feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

2 Meeken my soul, thou heavenly Lamb,
That I in the new earth may claim
My hundred-fold reward;
My rich inheritance possess,
Co-heir with the great Prince of Peace,
Co-partner with my Lord.

3 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire;
And feast my hungry heart!
Less than thyself cannot suffice;
My soul for all thy fulness cries,
For all thou hast, and art.

4 Mercy who show shall mercy find;
Thy pitiful and tender mind
Be, Lord, on me bestowed;
So shall I still the blessing gain,
And to eternal life retain
The mercy of my God.

5 Jesus, the crowning grace impart;
Bless me with purity of heart,
That, now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God for ever see!

6 Not for my fault or folly's sake,
The name, or mode, or form, I take,—
But for true holiness,
Let me be wronged, reviled, abhorred;
And thee, my sanctifying Lord,
In life and death confess.

7 Called to sustain the hallowed cross,
And suffer for thy righteous cause,
Pronounce me doubly blest;
And let thy glorious Spirit, Lord,
Assure me of my great reward,
In heaven's eternal feast.

338

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

BELIEVERS WATCHING.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer!

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays!"

6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one
In word, and deed, and mind;
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal Throne,
For sinners intercedes.

8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

339

C. M.

MY gracious God! accept my prayer:
If e'er thy love divine
Should prosper my well-meaning care,
And wealth should e'er be mine:

2 May humble worth, without a fear,
Approach my open door;
Nor may I ever view a tear,
Regardless, from the poor.

3 O bless me with an honest mind,
Above all selfish ends;
Humanely warm to all mankind,
And cordial to my friends.

4 With conscious truth and honour still
My actions may I guide;
Nor know a fear, but that of ill,
Nor scorn, but that of pride.

5 Thee in remembrance may I bear,
To thee my tribute raise;
Conclude each day with fervent prayer,
And wake each morn with praise.

6 Thus, through my life, may I approve
The gratitude I owe;
And share at length thy bliss above,
Whose laws I keep below.

340

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

LORD, I believe thy every word,
L Thy every promise, true;
And, lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile shew forth thy praise;
Jesus, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's Name;
Let him who raised thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

341

C. M.

TO whom but thee, thou bleeding Lamb
I should I for help apply?
While in the toils of death I am,
And sin is always nigh.

2 But thou, my Lord, art nigher still
Throughout the fiery hour,
To rescue me from my own will,
Till I can sin no more.

3 My only trust is in thy blood,
Which purges every stain:
Bring in, O Lord, the purer flood,
Nor let me ask in vain.

4 In hope, believing against hope,
Till then I look to thee;
I see the Saviour lifted up,
For all mankind, and me.

5 Determined nothing else to know,
But Jesus crucified,
I will not from my Jesus go,
Nor leave his wounded side.

6 The anchor of my steadfast hope
Within the veil I cast;
Thy dying love shall hold me up,
Till all the storms are past.

SECTION V.

BELIEVERS WATCHING.

342

C. M.

WATTS.

HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light:
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Blest Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

343

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

GOD of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good!
If I have mercy found with thee,
Through the atoning blood;
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear lest I should ever grieve
The gracious Spirit divine.

BELIEVERS WATCHING.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove;
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
Or sin against thy love:
This choicest fruit of faith bestow
On a poor sojourner;
And let me pass my days below
In humbleness and fear.

3 Rather I would in darkness mourn
The absence of thy peace,
Than e'er by light irreverence turn
Thy grace to wantonness:
Rather I would, in painful awe,
Beneath thine anger move,
Than sin against the gospel law
Of liberty and love.

4 But, O, thou wouldst not have me live
In bondage, grief, or pain;
Thou dost not take delight to grieve
The helpless sons of men:
Thy will is my salvation, Lord;
O let it now take place!
But let me tremble at thy word
Of reconciling grace.

5 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict Observer see;
And thou by reverent love unite
My child-like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesu's feet abide;
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

344

C. M. C. WESLEY.

I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give;
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole!

345

4's & 2's. C. WESLEY.

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand
Throughout the evil day: [by.
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armour arm;
In each approach of sin alarm,
And shew the danger near;
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,
O save me, or I die!

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart!
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance, which
Unfaithful Peter's heart. [broke

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me like thyself below,
Unblamable in grace;
Ready prepared, and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, to' appear
Before thy glorious face.

346

L. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hovering, hides me in his wings;

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear:
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way;
"Fly back to Christ; for sin is near."

5 His sacred Unction from above
Be still my Comforter and Guide;
Till all the stony he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.

6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat:
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call:
Only by faith in thee I stand.

347

L. M. C. WESLEY.

PIERCE, fill me with a humble fear:
My utter helplessness reveal!
Satan and sin are always near;
Thine may I always nearer feel.

3 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire,
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire!

BELIEVERS WORKING.

- 8 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorred approach of ill;
Quick, as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel.
- 4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and
Humbly and confidently wait, ^{pray,}
And long to see the perfect day.

348

L. M. C. WESLEY.

- A H, Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace;
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more.
- 2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

349

S. M. C. WESLEY.

- A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:—
- O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!
- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, O! thy servant, Lord, prepare
The strict account to give:
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

350

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

- WATCHED by the world's malignant
eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame;
As servants of the Lord Most High,
As zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his ways to move,
With holy fear and humble love.
- 2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And shew them how the Christians live.

351

4-8's & 2-6's. C. WESLEY.

- B E it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.
- 2 O may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given;
And let me through thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

SECTION VI.

BELIEVERS WORKING.

352

C. M. C. WESLEY.

- SUMMONED my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart.
- 2 End of my every action thou,
In all things thee I see:
Accept my hallowed labour now;
I do it unto thee.
- 3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
He views with gracious eyes;
Jesus, this mean oblation join
To thy great Sacrifice.
- 4 Stamped with an infinite desert,
My work he then shall own;
Well pleased with me, when mine thou
And I his favoured son.

353

C. M. C. WESLEY.

- S ERVANT of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us!
- 2 Thy bright example I pursue,
To thee in all things rise;
May all I think, or speak, or do,
Be one great sacrifice.
- 3 Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with thee.

354

S. M. C. WESLEY.

- G OD of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face;
Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My faint desires receive;
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.
- 2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offered through
The ever-blessed Name.
Jesus, my single eye
Be fixed on thee alone:
Thy name be praised on earth, on high;
Thy will by all be done!
- 3 Spirit of faith, inspire
My consecrated heart;
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
With all thou hast and art;
My feeble mind transform,
And perfectly renew,
That I may all thy will perform,
In all I say or do.

355

L. M. C. WESLEY.

- F ORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

BELIEVERS WORKING.

Wisdom hath assigned,
Heerfully fulfil!
Works thy presence find,
Thy acceptable will.

Set at my right hand,
As my inmost substance see;
On at thy command,
All my works to thee.

Near thy easy yoke,
Moment watch and pray;
Things eternal look,
N to thy glorious day.

Lightfully employ [given;
Thy bounteous grace hath
Course with even joy,
Y walk with thee to heaven.

7's & 6's. C. WESLEY.

With joy to do
Thy blessed will;
Hard works pursue,
His pleasure still:
My Lord's commands,
Choose the better part:
A careful Murtho's hands,
Mary's heart.

Out care I am,
Y happy toil,
Be by Jesu's name,
By his smile:
My faith to show,
Ice my reward;
I do below,
He Lord.

d, in tender love,
Y burdens bear I
rt to things above,
Ever there:
Nult's wheel I sit,
Ultitudes, alone,
ting at thy feet,
Y will be done.

d, my portion art,
ence remove;
asure and my heart
d up above:
ll earthly things,
hands are here employed,
l the King of kings,
r talks with God.

ie art might know
thus to thee!
eaven begun below,
thy glory see!
the works prepared
reice their grace,
in their full reward,
y glorious face.

6-5's. C. WESLEY.

of Israel's host, and Guide
to seek the land above,
r shadow we abide,
of thy protecting love:

Our strength, thy grace; our rule, thy
Our end, the glory of the Lord. [word;

- 2 By thy unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way:
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

358

L. M. C. WESLEY.

0 THOU, who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

- 2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me:
- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

359

8-5's & 1-11. C. WESLEY.

COME, let us arise,
And press to the skies;
The summons obey,
My friends, my beloved, and hasten away.

- 2 The Master of all
For our service doth call,
And deigns to approve, [love,
With smiles of acceptance, our labour of
- 3 His burden who bear,
We alone can declare
How easy his yoke, [other provoke;—
While to love and good works we each
- 4 By word and by deed,
The bodies in need,
The souls to relieve,
And freely as Jesus hath given to give.
- 5 Then let us attend
Our heavenly Friend,
In his members distrest,
By want, or affliction, or sickness oppress:
- 6 The prisoner relieve,
The stranger receive;
Supply all their wants; [saints.
And spend and be spent in assisting his
- 7 Thus while we bestow
Our moments below,
Ourselves we forsake,
And refuge in Jesus's righteousness take:
- 8 His passion alone
The foundation we own;
And pardon we claim,
And eternal redemption, in Jesus's name.

BELIEVERS SUFFERING.

SECTION VII.

BELIEVERS SUFFERING.

360

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

PEACE, doubting heart, my God's I am!
Who formed me man, forbids my fear:
The Lord hath called me by my name;
The Lord protects, for ever near;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith his promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head:
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there!

3 To him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way:
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand!
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Shew forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thy arms my sure defence:
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

5 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
(Good as thou art, and strong to save,)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave,
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

6 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll;
When high the storms of trouble rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul;
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, "Peace, be still!"

7 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt, on snares and death I'll tread,
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head,
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed, in fire.

361

L. M.

WELCOME my Saviour's word to me!
The cross and crown annexed I see,
And suffer on, till pain is past
With life, and I am saved at last.

2 Master, I would no longer be
Loved by a world that hated thee,
But patient in thy footsteps go,
Entreated like my Lord below.

3 I would, (but thou must give the power,)
With meekness meet the fiery hour,
The shame despise, the cross abide,
For thou wast scourged and crucified.

4 And shall thy followers, LOAN, complain,
Unjustly doomed by sinful man?
Or patiently our lot receive,
Judged by the world not fit to live?

5 I wait in death to hear thee say,
"Arise, my love, and come away;
"Look up, for thou shalt weep no more,
"Safe landed on the heavenly shore!"

362

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee, Saviour, we adore;
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify thy power.

2 Thy power, in human weakness shown,
Shall make us all entire;
We now thy guardian presence own,
And walk unburned in fire.

3 Thee, Son of Man, by faith we see,
And glory in our guide;
Surrounded and upheld by thee,
The fiery test abide.

4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till, moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

363

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

SAVIOUR of all, what hast thou done,
What hast thou suffered on the tree?
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The mystery of thy passion shew,
The end of all thy griefs below.

2 Thy soul, for sin an offering made,
Hath cleared this guilty soul of mine:
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
To change my human to divine,
To cleanse from all iniquity,
And make the sinner all like thee.

3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding SACRIFICE expired:
But didst thou not my PAINFUL die,
That, by thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown by suffering sure?

4 Thy every suffering servant, Lord,
Shall as his perfect Master be;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conformed to thee,
Out of the grave thy saints shall rise,
And grasp, through death, the glorious prize.

5 This is the strait, the royal way,
That leads us to the courts above;
Here let me ever, ever stay,
Till, on the wings of perfect love,
I take my last triumphant flight,
From Calvary's to Zion's height.

364

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

THOU, Lord, hast blest my going out;
O bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

BELIEVERS SUFFERING.

3 To FREE for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare;
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er,
Be giving thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

365

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

MASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be!
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
Where'er thou goest, to follow thee;
Myself in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

2 What'er my sinful flesh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego;
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below;
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my thirst for creature-good.

3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray;
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee, resolved to obey;
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.

4 All power is thine in earth and heaven;
All fulness dwells in thee alone;
What'er I have was freely given;
Nothing but sin I call my own;
Other propriety disclaim;
Thou only art the great I AM.

5 Wherefore to thee I all resign;
Being thou art, and Love, and Power;
Thy only will be done, not mine!
Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth adore!
Flow back the rivers to the sea,
And let our all be lost in thee!

366

4-8's & 2-6's. C. WESLEY.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight [praise,
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

6 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And, lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall:
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravished spirits fill,
And God is All in All!

367

4-8's & 2-6's. C. WESLEY.

LORD, I adore thy gracious will;
L Through every instrument of ill
My Father's goodness see;
Accept the complicated wrong
Of Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue,
As kind rebukes from thee.

368

7's & 6's. C. WESLEY.

FATHER, in the name I pray
Of thy incarnate Love;
Humbly ask that as my day
My suffering strength may prove,
When my sorrows most increase,
Let thy strongest joys be given:
Jesus, come with my distress,
And agony is heaven!

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For good remember me!
Me, whom thou hast caused to trust
For more than life on thee:
With me in the fire remain,
Till like burnished gold I shine,
Meet, through consecrated pain,
To see the Face Divine.

369

L. M. J. WESLEY.

THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of
Peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine!

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
Through love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my
breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

BELIEVERS SUFFERING.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the winepress trod :
In me thy strength'ning grace be shewn;
O may I conquer through thy blood !

6 So when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their
King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing.

370

L. M. J. WESLEY.

O THOU, to whose all searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free !

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sink my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my brow.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill !

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

371

S-S's. NEWTON.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see !
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers

Have all lost their sweetness with me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence dispenses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes in season or place
Would make any change in my mind :

While blessed with a sense of his
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me !

4 O Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my Sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long
O drive these dark clouds from h
Thy soul-cheering presence rest
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winters and clouds are no !

372

P. M. FOR:

HEAD of thy Church triumph
We joyfully adore thee:
Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation;
And cry aloud
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire.
Thy love we praise,
Which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher;
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favour:
The love divine
Which made us thine
Shall make us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin, and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
By thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us;
The cross despise
For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right hand
To take us up to heaven.

373

7's & 6's. C. WEE

HAPPY who in Jesus live;
But happier still are they
Who to God their spirits give,
And 'scape from ear h way;
Lord, thou read'st the pouting hea
Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh:
O 'tis better to depart,
'Tis better far to die !

BELIEVERS GROANING FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

- 2 Yet, if so thy will ordain,
For our companions' good,
Let us in the flesh remain,
And meekly bear the load:
When we have our grief filled up,
When we all our work have done,
Late partakers of our hope,
And sharers of thy throne.
- 3 To thy wise and gracious will
We quietly submit,
Waiting for redemption still,
But waiting at thy feet:
When thou wilt, the blessing give,
Call us up thy face to see;
Only let thy servants live,
And let us die, to thee.

374

PART I.
S. M.

J. WESLEY.

- COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands:
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done:
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the sothest prayer.
- 3 Thine everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove;
And whatsoever thou wilt,
Thou dost, O King of kings!
What thine unerring wisdom wills,
Thy power to being brings!
- 4 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light,
When thou arise, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand?
Whate'er thy children want, thou giv'st;
Who, who shall stay thy hand?

375

PART II.
S. M.

J. WESLEY.

- GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head: (storms,
Through waves, and clouds, and
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time, so shall thy night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

- 3 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose, and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way
How wise, how strong his hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear;
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee:
Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

376

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

- THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Because I am, if thou art mine:
And, lo! from sin, and grief and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy Name.
- 2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with thy dear Name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Je-us, my All in all thou art;
My rest in toil; my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain:
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death; my heaven in hell!

SECTION VIII.

BELIEVERS GROANING FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

377

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

- 0 THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!
- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb?
The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am;
Yet still I cannot come to thee.
- 3 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of ALL, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 4 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 5 Pain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
Thy cross, all stained with blood,
The labour of thy dying love. (blood,

BELIEVERS GROANING

6 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near, the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

7 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

378

C. M. C. WESLEY.

O JESUS, at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin:
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us thoroughly clean.

3 Since thou wouldst have us free from [sin],
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of thy love fulfil;
Come quickly, gracious Lord;
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word!

5 According to our faith in thee
Let it to us be done:
O that we all thy face might see,
And know as we are known!

6 O that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffused abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever filled with God!

379

G-7's. C. WESLEY.

SINCE the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty;
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy saving grace;
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father! hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power,
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow:
Hear my Advocate Divine!
Lo! to his suit I join;
Joined to his, it cannot fail;
Bless me; for I will prevail!

4 Heavenly Father, Life Divine,
Change my nature into thine!
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole!
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but Thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay;
Come, and in thy temple stay!
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of Life, thyself impart:
Else eternal in my heart!

380

PART I.
L. M. C. WESLEY.

GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure;
Whose word, when heaven and earth
shall pass,
Remains and stands for ever sure:

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour, [clean:
To quench my thirst, and make me
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.

4 Purge me from every sinful blot;
My idols all be cast aside;
Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

5 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free:
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

6 O take this heart of stone away!
Thy sway it doth not, cannot own:
In me no longer let it stay;
O take away this heart of stone!

7 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove,
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love!

381

PART II.
L. M. C. WESLEY.

FATHER, supply my every need;
Sustain the life thyself hast given;
O grant the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from
heaven.

2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase;
Nor ever let me hunger more.

3 Let me no more, in deep complaint,
"My leanness, O my leanness!" cry:
Alone consumed with pining want,
Of all my Father's children I.

4 The painful thirst, the fond desire,
Thy joyous presence shall remove;
But my full soul shall still require
A whole eternity of love.

382

PART III.
L. M. C. WESLEY.

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye;
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorred;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord.

FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

- 4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall;
As less than nothing in thy sight;
And feel that Christ is all in all!

383

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

- 0 GOD of our forefathers, hear,
And make thy faithful mercies known;
To thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,
In whom thy smiling face we see,
In whom thou art well-pleased with me.
- 2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice,
Which brings thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.
- 3 Acceptance through his holy name,
Forgiveness in his blood, we have;
But more abundant life we claim
Through him, who died our souls to
To sanctify us by his blood, [save,
And fill with all the life of God.
- 4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
And hear the blood that speaks above!
On us let all thy grace be shown:
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and
love,—
Thy kingdom,—come to every heart,
And all thou hast, and all thou art.

384

L. M. C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
With comfortable words and kind;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.
- 3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?
- 4 Faith in thy changeless name I have;
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.
- 5 Though eighteen hundred years be past,
Since thou didst in the flesh appear,
Thy tender mercies ever last;
And still thy healing power is here!
- 6 Wouldst thou the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul thou lovest much more,
And surely thou wilt make it whole.
- 7 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.
- 8 That token of thine utmost good
Now, Saviour, now on me bestow;
And purge my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

385

4-7's. C. WESLEY.

SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole;
Finish thy great work of grace,
Cut it short in righteousness.

- 2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred sin;
Every stumbling-block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.
- 3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire:
None but Christ to me be given;
None but Christ in earth or heaven.
- 4 O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall,
Let my Lord be ALL in ALL!

386

8-7's. C. WESLEY.

LIGHT of Life, seraphic fire,
Love Divine, thyself impart,
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart!
Every mourning sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come.

- 2 Come, in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in!
Fill us with the glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace!

387

C. M. C. WESLEY.

I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power,
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.
- 3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou see'st my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.
- 4 My vehement soul cries out, oppress,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.
- 5 Art thou not able to convert?
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?
- 6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

388

4-7's.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS comes with all his grace,
Comes to save a fallen race;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up!

- 2 Let the living stones cry out;
Let the sons of Abraham shout:
Praise we all our lowly King,
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing.
- 3 He hath our salvation wrought;
He our captive souls hath bought;
He hath reconciled to God;
He hath washed us in his blood.
- 4 We are now his lawful right,
Walk as children of the light,
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart, to see his face.
- 5 We shall gain our calling's prize;
After God we all shall rise,
Filled with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfect in holiness.
- 6 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up;
Trust to be redeemed from sin,
Wait, till he appear within.
- 7 Fools and madmen let us be,
Yet is our sure trust in thee:
Faithful is the promised word,
We shall all be as our Lord.
- 8 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day!
Let thy every servant say,
"I have now obtained the power,
"Born of God, to sin no more."

389

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

ALL things are possible to him
That can on Jesu's name believe:
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in thee;
All things are possible to me.

- 2 The most impossible of all
Is, that I e'er from sin should cease;
Yet shall it be, I know it shall;
Jesus, through thy sufficient grace:
If nothing is too hard for thee,
All things are possible to me.
- 3 Though earth and hell the word gain-
The word of God can never fail; [say,
The Lamb shall take my sins away,
'Tis certain, though impossible:
The thing impossible shall be;
All things are possible to me.
- 4 When thou the work of faith hast
wrought,
I here shall in thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought;
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree;
All things are possible to me.
- 5 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath
sworn,
That I shall serve thee without fear,

Shall find the pearl which others spurn,
Holy, and pure, and perfect here:
The servant as his Lord shall be;
All things are possible to me.

- 6 All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renewed,
When I in Christ am formed again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

390

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.
- 5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good!
I want, and thee alone.
- 6 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End!
- 7 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be lost;
Let all be lost in God.

391

4-8's & 2-6's.

C. WESLEY.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.

- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favoured with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest:
Therewith the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows, and sine, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in !
Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind, remove;
The purchase of thy death divide !
And O, with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love !

392

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

0 JOYFUL sound of gospel grace !
Christ shall in me appear ;
I, even I, shall see his face ;
I shall be holy here.

2 This heart shall be his constant home ;
I hear his Spirit's cry :
" Surely," he saith, " I quickly come ;"
He saith, who cannot lie.

3 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view ;
Conqueror through him, I soon shall
And wear it as my due. [seize,

4 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exit to see ;
My hope is full (O glorious hope !)
Of immortality.

5 He visits now this house of clay ;
He shakes his future home ;
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come !

6 With me, I know, I feel, thou art ;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant Paradise.

7 My heart thou waterest from on high ;
But make it all a pool :
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry,
Spring up, within my soul !

8 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void ;
Thou only canst my spirit fill ;
Come, O my God, my God !

9 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity ;
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee !

393

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness ?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait, till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free ;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners, me.

4 From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem ;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart ;
And lo ! he saith, " I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart !"

6 Be it according to thy word !
Redeem me from all sin :
My heart would now receive thee, Lord ;
Come in, my Lord, come in !

394

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

HE wills that I should holy be ;
That holiness I long to feel ;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine ;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove thine utmost will ;
The promise, by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfil.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot
Hasten the long-expected hour, [move ;
And bless me with thy perfect love.

5 Thy loving Spirit, Lord, alone
Can lead me forth, and set me free ;
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

6 Now let thy Spirit bring me in ;
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.

7 Lord, I believe thy power the same ;
The same thy truth and grace endure ;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.

8 Come, Saviour, come, and make me
Entirely all my sins remove ; [whole ;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

395

6-7's.

C. WESLEY.

WHY not now, my God, my God ?
Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,
Take possession of my heart :
If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now ?

2 God of love, in this my day,
For thyself to thee I cry ;
Dying,—if thou still delay,
Must I not for ever die ?
Enter now thy poorest home ;
Now, my utmost Saviour, come !

396

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone ;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

BELIEVERS GROANING

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable!
And wait with arms of faith to' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish, set free:
Let all I am in thee be lost;
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven!

397 C. M. C. WESLEY.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe:
Jesus, for thee distressed I am,
I want thy love to know.

6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,
Till thou create my peace;
Till, of my Eden re-possess,
From every sin I cease.

7 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

398 S. M. C. WESLEY.

THE thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew:
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart:
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove;
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.
Soul of my soul remain!
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

399 L. M. C. WESLEY.

O JESUS, let thy dying cry
Pierce to the bottom of my heart,
Its evils cure, its wants supply,
And bid my unbelief depart.

2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin;
Prepare for thee the holiest place;
Then, O essential Love, come in!
And fill thy house with endless praise.

3 Let me, according to thy word,
A tender, contrite heart receive,
Which grieves at having grieved its Lord,
And never can itself forgive:

4 A heart thy joys and griefs to feel,
A heart that cannot faithless prove,
A heart where Christ alone may dwell,
All praise, all meekness, and all love.

400 C. M. C. WESLEY.

GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal!
Thy word, thy oath to Abraham's race,
In us, even us, fulfil.

2 Let us, to perfect love restored,
Thine image here retrieve;
And in the presence of our Lord
The life of angels live.

3 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain;
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain:

4 But is it possible that I
Should live and sin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith will bring the power.

5 On me the faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
Thy omnipotence of love.

401 G. S. J. WESLEY.

THOU hidden God of love, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man
knows:
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Only I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove:
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove:
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

8 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to
share;
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

6 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee!

402 4-6's & 2-8's. C. WESLEY.

YE ransomed sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 Let others hug their chains,
For sin and Satan plead,
And say, from sin's remains
They never can be freed:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

8 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful he is, and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near:
Again I say, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Who Jesu's sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise;
Let us give thanks, and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

403 C. M. C. WESLEY.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

404 C. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, my life! thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with thy rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.

3 More of thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

405 4-7's. J. WESLEY.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou our art, so let us be!

2 Jesus, see my panting breast!
See I pant in thee to rest!
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind;
To thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God!
Take the purchase of thy blood!

5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the' atonement now receives,
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.

- 6 See, ye sinners, see! the flame,
Rising from the slaughtered Lamb,
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.
- 7 Jesus, when this light we see,
All our soul's athirst for thee;
When thy quickening power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.
- 8 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven!

406

4-7s.

C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy work abide,
Never in thy wounds reside?
- 2 O how wavering is my mind,
Tossed about with every wind!
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart!
- 3 Jesus, let my nature feel
Thou art God unchangeable;
JAM, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy Name.
- 4 Grant that every moment I
May believe, and feel thee nigh;
Steadfastly behold thy face,
'Stablished with abiding grace.
- 5 Plant, and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in thee;
Settled peace I then shall find;
Jesus's is a quiet mind.
- 6 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still,
Meekly on my God reclined;
Jesus's is a gentle mind.
- 7 I shall suffer, and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in all alike resigned;
Jesus's is a patient mind.
- 8 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind;
Jesus's is a noble mind.
- 9 When I feel it fixed within,
I shall have no power to sin;
How shall sin an entrance find?
Jesus's is a spotless mind.
- 10 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified;
Perfectly to him be joined;
Jesus's is a loving mind.
- 11 I shall triumph evermore,
Gratefully my God adore;
God so good, so true, so kind;
Jesus's is a thankful mind.
- 12 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure;
Be no more to sin inclined;
Jesus's is a constant mind.
- 13 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord;
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesus's is a perfect mind.

407

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.
- 2 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.
- 3 Surely I shall, the sinner I
Shall serve thee without fear;
My heart no longer gives the lie
To my deceitful prayer.
- 4 I all thy holy will shall prove:
I, a weak, sinful worm,
When thee with all my heart I love,
Shall all thy law perform.
- 5 The graces of my second birth
To me shall all be given;
And I shall do thy will on earth,
As angels do in heaven.

408

7's & 6's.

C. WESLEY.

- OPEN, Lord, mine inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.
- 2 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now, and still,
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.
- 3 Thou didst undertake for me,
For me to death wast sold;
Wisdom in a mystery
Of bleeding love unfold:
Teach the lesson of thy cross,
Let me die with thee to reign;
All things let me count but loss,
So I may thee regain.
- 4 Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within;
Take me, whom thyself hast bought;
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought,
That would not stoop to thee.
- 5 Lord, my time is in thy hand,
My soul to thee convert:
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart;
Thine, in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the praise is thine;
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love,
And all thou art is mine.

09

C. M. C. WESLEY.

OTHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my Head,
rest in thee, whose powerful word
hath raised Him from the dead.

u know'st for my offence he died,
nd rose again for me,
y and freely justified,
hat I might live to thee.

rnal life to all mankind
ou hast in Jesus given;
all who seek, in him shall find
e happiness of heaven.

ope, against all human hope,
if-desperate, I believe:
quickening word shall raise me up,
ou shalt thy Spirit give.

thing surpasses all my thought:
it faithful is my Lord;
ugh unbelief I stagger not,
r God hath spoke the word.

h, mighty faith, the promise sees,
id looks o that alone;
ghs at impossibilities,
d cries, "It shall be done!"

lient faith that waits on thee,
ou never wilt reprove;
thou wilt form thy Son in me,
id perfect me in love.

0

C. M. C. WESLEY.

God, I humbly call thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
all I have is lost in thine,
d all renewed I am.

d thee with a trembling hand,
I will not let thee go,
steadfastly by faith I stand,
d all thy goodness know.

n shall I see the welcome hour,
at plants my God in me!
t of health, and life, and power,
d perfect liberty!

s, thine all-victorious love
ed in my heart abroad;
I shall my feet no longer rove,
oted and fixed in God.

only can the conquest win,
e strength of sin subdued,
e own unconquerable sin,
d form my soul anew.

it in me the sacred fire
ght now begin to glow,
up the dross of base desire,
d make the mountains flow!

it it now from heaven might fall,
d all my sins consume!
t, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
rit of burning, come!

ing fire, go through my heart,
lluminate my soul;
er thy life through every part,
I sanctify the whole.

9 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

411

C. M. C. WESLEY.

BE it according to thy word;
This moment let it be!
O that I now, my gracious Lord,
Might lose myself in thee!

2 Now, Jesus, let thy powerful death
Into my being come;
Slay the old Adam with thy breath;
The man of sin consume.

3 My old affections mortify;
Nail to the cross my will;
Daily and hourly bid me die,
Or altogether kill.

4 Jesus, my life, appear within,
And bruise the Serpent's head;
Enter my soul, extirpate sin,
Cast out the cursed seed.

5 Hast thou not made me willing, Lord?
Would I not die this hour?
Then speak the killing, quickening
Slay, raise me, by thy power. [word;

6 O let it now make haste to die,
The mortal wound receive;
So shall I live; and yet not I,
But Christ in me shall live.

412

L. M. C. WESLEY.

WHAT! never speak one evil word,
Or rash, or idle, or unkind!
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?

2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
The' abundance of a loving heart.

3 Saviour, I long to testify
The fulness of thy saving grace;
O might thy Spirit the blood apply,
Which bought for me the sacred peace!

4 Forgive, and make my nature whole;
My inbred malady remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

413

S. M. C. WESLEY.

COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.
The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

2 Hasten the joyful day,
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be passed away,
And all things new become.
The' original offence
Out of my soul erase;
Enter thyself, and drive it hence,
And take up all the place.

RELIEVERS GROANING

3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well-pleasing in thy sight.
I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

414

7's & 6's.

C. WESLEY.

FATHER, see this living clod,
This spark of heavenly fire;
See, my soul, the breath of God,
Doth after God aspire:
Let it still to heaven ascend,
Till I my principle rejoin,
Blended with my glorious end,
And lost in love divine.

2 God of all-sufficient grace,
My God in Christ thou art;
Bid me walk before thy face,
Till I am pure in heart;
Till, transformed by faith divine,
I gain that perfect love unknown,
Bright in all thine image shine,
By putting on thy Son.

3 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In council join again,
To restore thine image, lost
By frail, apostate man:
O might I thy form express,
Through faith begotten from above,
Stamped with real holiness,
And filled with perfect love.

415

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

O GOD, most merciful and true!
Thy nature to my soul impart;
'Stablish with me the covenant new,
And write perfection on my heart.

2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind!
And in the knowledge of my Lord
Fullness of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore,
With speechless wonder, at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous
grace,
I shall not in thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

5 Then every murmuring thought and vain
Expires, in sweet confusion lost;
I cannot of my cross complain;
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified!

416

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

DEEPEN the wound thy hands have
In this weak, helpless soul, (made
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descends to make me whole.

2 The sharpness of thy two-edged sword
Enable me to endure;
Till bo'd to say, My hallowing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure.

3 I see the exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one:
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

4 O that with all thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and
And depth, of perfect love! (height,

417

7's & 6's.

C. WESLEY.

GIVE me the enlarged desire,
And open, Lord, my soul,
Thy own fulness to require,
And comprehend the whole:
Stretch my faith's capacity
Wider, and yet wider still;
Then with all that is in thee
My soul for ever fill.

418

6-8's.

J. WESLEY.

JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue de-
clare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
Strange flames far from my heart re-
move;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee!

4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire:
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire!
And day and night be all my care
To guard that sacred treasure there.

419

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickenings fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come and consecrate my breast!
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there!

2 If now thine influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal;
Give me thyself, for ever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

3 Eager for thee I ask and pant;
So strong the principle divine
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallowed soul is thine;
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thine immensity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure, and my all thou art;
True witness of my sonship, now
Engraving pardon on my heart,
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

5 Come, then, my God, mark out thine heir;
Of heaven a larger earnest give!
With clearer light thy witness bear;
More sensibly within me live;
Let all my powers thine entrance feel,
And deeper stamp thyself the seal!

420

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

I WANT the Spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power, to conquer inbred sin;
Of love to thee and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter:
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with him, are mine!

3 O that the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God.

4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire;
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

5 Where the indubitable seal
That ascertains the Kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine!
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fullness of love, of heaven, of God!

421

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

WHAT shall I do my God to love,
My Saviour, and the world's to praise?
Whose bowels of compassion move
To me, and all the fallen race;
Whose mercy is divinely free
For all the fallen race and me!

2 I long to know, and to make known
The heights and depths of love divine,
The kindness thou to me hast shown,
Whose every sin was counted thine:
My Lord for me resigned his breath;
He died to save my soul from death!

3 How shall I thank thee for the grace
On me and all mankind bestowed?
O that my every breath were praise!
O that my heart were filled with God!
My heart would then with love overflow,
And all my life thy glory show.

422

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

O LOVE, I languish at thy stay!
I pine for thee with lingering smart,
Weary and faint through long delay:
When wilt thou come into my heart?
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And swallow up my soul in thee.

2 Come, O thou universal Good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wandering pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwrecked in,
My everlasting rest from sin!

3 Be thou, O Love, what'er I want;
Support my feebleness of mind;
Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint
Revive, illuminate the blind;
The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.

4 Come, O my comfort and delight!
My strength and health, my shield and
My boast, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown;
My gospel hope, my calling's prize;
My tree of life, my paradise.

5 The secret of the Lord thou art,
The mystery so long unknown;
Christ in a pure and perfect heart,
Thename inscribed on the whitestone;
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven.

423

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads!
The day of liberty draws near;
Jesus, who on the Serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear:
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove;
Surely we shall thy mercy find;
Who a-k, shall all receive thy love;
Nor canst thou it to me deny;
I ask, the chief of sinners, I!

4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!
Ye shall not be forgotten long;
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove,
And cannot fail, if God is love!

BELIEVERS GROANING

- 5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold;
Cast of your doubts, disdain to fear!
Dare to believe: on Christ lay hold!
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;
Tell him, "We will not let thee go,
"Till we thy name, thy nature know."
- 6 The promise stands for ever sure,
And we shall in thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine;
In spirit joined to thee the Son,
As thou art with thy Father One.

424

4-7's. C. WESLEY.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee!
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise!

- 2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below;
On y evaded by thy light;
Only mighty in thy might!
- 3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.
- 4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

425

PART I.
7's & 6's. C. WESLEY.

- 0 GREAT Mountain, who art thou,
Immense, immovable!
High as heaven aspires thy brow,
Thy foot sinks deep as hell!
There, as I long have known,
Long have I felt thee fixed within;
Still beneath thy weight I groan;
Thou art *Indwelling Sin*.
- 2 Thou art darkness in my mind;
Perverseness in my will;
Love inordinate and blind,
That always cleaves to ill;
Every passion's wild excess;
Anger, lust, and pride, thou art;
Thou art sin and sinfulness,
And unbelief of heart.
- 3 Not by human might or power
Canst thou be moved from hence;
But thou shalt flow down before
Divine Omnipotence:
My Zerubbabel is near;
I have not believed in vain;
Thou when Jesus doth appear,
Shalt sink into a plain.
- 4 Christ the Head the Corner-stone,
Shall be brought forth in me;
Glory be to Christ alone!
His grace shall set me free:
I shall shout my Saviour's name;
Him I evermore shall praise;
All the work of grace proclaim,
Of sanctifying grace.

- 5 Christ hath the foundation laid,
And Christ shall build me up;
Surely I shall soon be made
Partaker of my hope:
Author of my faith he is,
His *Finisher* shall be:
Perfect love shall seal me his
To all eternity.

426

PART II.
7's & 6's. C. WESLEY.

WHO hath slighted or contemned
The day of feeble things?
I shall be by grace redeemed;
'Tis grace salvation brings:
Ready now my Saviour stands;
Him I now rejoice to see
With the plummet in his hands,
To build and finish me.

- 2 I right early shall awake
And see the perfect day;
Soon the Lamb of God shall take
My inbred sin away:
When to me my Lord shall come,
Sin for ever shall depart;
Jesus takes up all the room
In a believing heart.
- 3 Son of God, arise, arise,
And to thy temple come!
Look, and with thy flaming eyes
The man of sin consume;
Slay him with thy Spirit, Lord;
Reign thou in my heart alone;
Speak the sanctifying word,
And seal me all thine own.

427

C. M. C. WESLEY.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

- 2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word,
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.
- 5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above,
Thy goodness thankfully adores;
And sure I taste thy love.
- 6 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height;
To comprehend the Eternal mind,
And grasp the Infinite.
- 7 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of Paradise possess,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

- 3 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.
- 9 Thou only know'st, who didst obtain,
And die to make it known;
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one!

428

8's & 7's. C. WESLEY.

- LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that Second Rest;
Take away the bent of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more, thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

429

L. M. C. WESLEY.

- ARM of the Lord, awake, awake! [on!]
Thine own immortal strength put
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom
shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down!
- 2 As in the ancient days appear;
The sacred annals speak thy fame:
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now;
It wants not now the power to save;
Still present with thy people, thou
Bear'st them thro' life's parted wave.
- 4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Sion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.
- 5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

- 6 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall
raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

430

L. M. BEDDOME.

- MY rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires;
With steady steps would tread the road
That leads to heaven, that leads to God.
- 2 I thirst to drink unmingled love
From the pure Fountain-head above:
My gracious Lord, I long to be
Emptied of sin, and full of thee.
- 3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn:
Art thou withdrawn? again return;
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

431

4's & 2's. WATTS.

- JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak thy worth,
Too mean to set thee, Saviour, forth.
- 2 But, O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me!
- 3 Arrayed in mortal flesh,
Lo! the great Angel stands;
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands;
Commissioned from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.
- 4 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 5 Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side:
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!
- 6 I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eye shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.
- 7 Jesus, my great High-Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

BELIEVERS SAVED.

- 8 O thou Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reign of grace, I sing!
Thine is the power: behold, I sit
In willing bonds before thy feet.
- 9 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the Tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.
- 10 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Superior power, and guardian grace.

SECTION IX.

BELIEVERS SAVED.

432 7's & 6's. C. WESLEY.

- THOSE who climb thy holy hill,
A general blessing make:
Let the world their influence feel,
Their gospel-grace partake:
Grace to help in time of need,
Pour out on sinners from above;
All thy Spirit's fullness shed,
In showers of heavenly love.
- 2 Make our earthly souls a field
Which God delights to bless;
Let us in due season yield
The fruits of righteousness:
Make us trees of paradise,
Which more and more thy praise may
Deeper sink, and higher rise, [show,
And to perfection grow.

433 L. M. C. WESLEY.

- THE Voice that speaks Jehovah near,
That still small voice I long to hear;
O might it now my Lord proclaim,
And fill my soul with holy shame!
- 2 Ashamed I must for ever be,
Ashamed the God of love to see,
If saints and prophets hide their face,
And angels tremble while they gaze!

434 S. M. C. WESLEY.

- LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.
- 2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

435 8's. C. WESLEY.

- GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compelled,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield:

Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

- 2 Meet it is, and just, and right,
That we should be wholly thine,
In thine only will delight,
In thy blessed service join:
O that every work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art;
"Holiness unto the Lord"
Still be written on our heart.

436 C. M. C. WESLEY.

- LET him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies!
- 3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfill our hearts' desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

437 6's. C. WESLEY.

- BEHOLD the servant of the Lord!
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will;
Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.
- 2 Me, if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Meanest of all thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner choose
Let all my fruit be found of thee;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.
- 3 My every weak, though good design,
O'errule, or change, as seems thee me
Jesus, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in thy Father's sight;
Thou only hast done all things right.
- 4 Here then to thee thine own I leave
Mould as thou wilt thy passive cl
But let me all thy stamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey;
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

438 6's. J. WESLEY.

- O GOD, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice;
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More shouldst thou have, if I ha

BELIEVERS SAVED.

- 2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul;
No longer mine, but thine I am;
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame:
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.
- 3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will;
Here let thy light for ever shine;
This house still let thy presence fill;
O Source of Life,—live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love!
- 4 O never in these veils of shame,
Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be!
Clothe with salvation, through thy
name,
My soul, and let me put on thee!
Be living faith my costly dress,
And my best robe thy righteousness.
- 5 Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.
- 6 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am called by thy great name;
In thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim;
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise!

439

C. M. C. WESLEY.

- FATHER, into thy hands alone
I have my all restored;
My all, thy property I own,
The steward of the Lord.
- 2 Hereafter, none can take away
My life, or goods, or fame;
Ready at thy command to lay
Them down I always am.
- 3 Confiding in thine only love,
Through Jesus strengthening me,
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to thee.
- 4 Take when thou wilt into thy hands,
And as thou wilt require;
Resume by the Chaldean bands,
Or the devouring fire.
- 5 Determined all thy will to obey,
Thy blessings I restore;
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praise thee evermore!

440

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

- GIVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love,
Which longs to build thy house again;
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.
- 2 I want an even, strong desire,
I want a calmly-fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

- 3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known,
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe thy love.
- 4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word;
And let me to thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the Sinners' Friend.
- 5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine;
And lead them to thine open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

441

4-7's. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.

- 2 Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature-happiness.
- 4 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee I know!
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art All in all to me.
- 5 All my treasure is above;
All my riches is thy love;
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite, unsearchable!
- 6 Thou, O love, my portion art:
Lord, thou know'st my simple heart;
Other comforts I despise,
Love be all my paradise.
- 7 Nothing else can I require:
Love fills up my whole desire;
All thy other gifts remove,
Still thou giv'st me all in love!

442

C. M. C. WESLEY.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
My soul on thee depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

BELIEVERS INTERCEDING.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace;
His blood's availing plea
Obtained the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is all in all!

443

L. M. C. WESLEY.

A WAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall no more in me take place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear;
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the Tempter yield?
No—in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil;
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil;
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off, I see,
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me:
In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord and God, I claim:
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesu's name.

444

C. M. NEWTON.

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
What are its charms to me?
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee:
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will:
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

445

L. M. CENWICK.

JESUS, my ALL, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I slipped and stumbled but the more:
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come, hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin to thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And cry, "Behold the way to God!"

446

L. M. C. WESLEY.

QUICKENED with our immortal Head
Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee,
Redeemed from sin, and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we seek the things above;
And all thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 Power o'er the world, the fiend, and sin,
We through thy gracious Spirit feel;
Full power the victory to win,
And answer all thy righteous will.

4 Pure love to God thy members find,
Pure love to every soul of man;
And in thy sober, spotless mind,
Saviour, our heaven on earth we gain.

5 Author and Sum of heavenly bliss,
Thou let our souls and bodies prove;
Implung'd in that unknown abyss,
That ocean of redeeming love.

SECTION X.

BELIEVERS INTERCEDING.

447

G-S's. C. WESLEY.

LET God, who comforts the distressed,
Let Israel's Consolation hear!
Hear, Holy Ghost, our joint request,
And show thyself the Comforter;
And swell the unutterable groan,
And breathe our wishes to the Throne!

2 We weep for those who weep below,
And, burdened for the afflicted, sigh;
The various forms of human woe
Excite our softest sympathy,
Fill every heart with mournful care,
And draw out all our souls in prayer.

BELIEVERS INTERCEDING.

3 We wrestle for the ruined race,
By sin eternally undone,—
Unless thou magnify thy grace,
And make thy richest mercy known,
And make thy vanquished rebels find
Pardon in Christ for all mankind.

4 Father of everlasting Love,
To every soul thy Son reveal,
Our guilt and sufferings to remove,
Our deep, original wound to heal;
And bid the fallen race arise,
And turn our earth to Paradise.

448

PART I.
L. M.

MOORE.

FATHER, if justly still we claim
To us and ours the promise made,
To us be graciously the same,
And crown with living fire our head.

2 Our claim admit, and from above
Of holiness the Spirit shower,
Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power.

3 The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative, impart;
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart:

4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind:

5 The Spirit of faith, in this thy day,
To break the power of cancelled sin,
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its
sway,
And add the conquest more than win.

6 The spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy laws may
write;
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife;
'Tis tranquil all, and all delight.

449

PART II.
L. M.

MOORE.

ON all the earth thy Spirit shower;
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
Its richer energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God and true!
The ancient Seers thou didst inspire;
To us perform the promise due:
Descend, and crown us now with fire!

450

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face
For all who feel thy work begun;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st
their names,
Be mindful of thy youngest care;
Be tender of the new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 The lion roaring for his prey,
With ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,
If found one moment from their Guide.

4 Satan his thousand arts essays,
His agents all their powers employ,
To blast the blooming work of grace,
The heavenly offspring to destroy.

5 Baffle the crooked Serpent's skill,
And turn his sharpest dart aside;
Hide from their eyes the devilish ill,
O save them from the demon, Pride!

6 In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure;
And set their feet upon the rock
And make in thee their goings sure.

451

S. M. C. WESLEY.

FOR THE FALLEN.

SHEPHERD of Israel, hear
Our supplicating cry:
And gather in the souls sincere,
That from their brethren fly.

2 Scattered through devious ways,
Collect thy feeble flock;
And join by thine atoning grace,
And hide them in the Rock.

3 O wouldst thou end the storm,
That keeps us still apart!
The thing impossible perform,
And make us of one heart,—

4 One spirit, and one mind,
The same that was in Thee:
O might we all again be joined
In perfect harmony!

5 One body and one fold,
We then shall sweetly prove,
And live in thee, like them of old,
The life of spotless love.

452

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

LET the prisoners' mournful cries
As incense in thy sight appear!
Their humble wallings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home thy banished ones!
Lead captive their captivity!

3 Shew them the blood that bought their
peace,
The anchor of their steadfast hope;
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransomed prisoners up.

4 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear!

5 Pity the day of feeble things;
O gather every halting soul!
And drop salvation from thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.

SOCIETY MEETING.

- 6 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
Their feebleness of mind defend;
And in their weakness shew thy power,
And make them patient to the end.
- 7 O satisfy their soul in drought!
Give them thy saving health to see;
And let thy mercy find them out;
And let thy mercy reach to me.
- 8 Hast thou the work of grace begun,
And brought them to the birth, in vain?
O let thy children see the Sun!
Let all their souls be born again!
- 9 Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,
For whom thy suffering members
mourn;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer;
Bid every struggling child be born!

453

6-7s.

C. WESLEY.

- L**AMB of God, who bear'st away
All the sins of all mankind,
Bow a nation to thy sway;—
While we may acceptance find,
Let us thankfully embrace
The last offers of thy grace.
- 2 Thou thy messengers hast sent,
Joyful tidings to proclaim,
Willing we should all repent,
Know salvation in thy Name,
Feel our sins by grace forgiven,
Find in thee the way to heaven.
- 3 Jesus, roll away the stone;
Good Physician, show thy art;
Make thy healing virtue known;
Break the unbelieving heart:
By thy bloody cross subdue;
Tell them, "I have died for you!"
- 4 Let thy dying love constrain
Those who disregard thy frown;
Sink the mountain to a plain;
Bring the pride of sinners down;
Soften the obdurate crowd;
Melt the rebels with thy blood.

454

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY.

- J**ESUS, from thy heavenly place,
Thy dwelling in the sky,
Fill our church with righteousness,
Our want of faith supply:
Faith our strong protection be;
And godliness, with all its power,
'Stablish our posterity,
Till time shall be no more.
- 2 Let the Spirit of grace o'erflow
Our re-converted land;
Let the least and greatest know
And bow to thy command:
Wisdom, pure religious fear,
Our Queen's peculiar treasure prove,
Blest with piety sincere,
Inspired with humble love.

455

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

- G**OD of unspotted purity,
Glorious and our works canst thou behold!
Justly we are abhorred by thee
For we are neither hot nor cold.

- 2 We live in pleasure, and are dead,
In search of fame and wealth we live;
Commanded in thy steps to tread,
We seek sometimes, but never strive.
- 3 A lifeless form we still retain;
Of this we make our empty boast,
Nor know the name we take in vain;
The power of godliness is lost.
- 4 Better that we had never known
The way to heaven through saving
Than basely in our lives disown, [grace,
And slight and mock thee to thy face.
- 5 Thou rather wouldst that we were cold,
Than seem to serve thee without zeal;
Less guilty if, with those of old,
We worshipped Thor and Woden still.
- 6 Less grievous will the judgment day
To Sodom and Gomorrah prove,
Than us, who cast our faith away,
And trample on thy richer love.
- 7 O let us our own works forsake,
Ourselves, and all we have, deny;
Thy condescending counsel take,
And come to thee, pure gold to buy.
- 8 O might we, through thy grace, attain
The faith thou never wilt reprove;
The faith that purges every stain,
The faith that always works by love!
- 9 O might we see in this our day,
The things belonging to our peace,
And timely meet thee in thy way
Of judgment, and our sins confess!
- 10 Thy fatherly chastisements own;
With filial awe revere thy rod;
And turn, with zealous haste, and run
Into the outstretched arms of God.

456

4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY.

- A** NATION God delights to bless,
Can all our raging foes distress,
Or hurt whom they surround?
Hid from the general scourge we are,
Nor see the bloody waste of war,
Nor hear the trumpet's sound.
- 2 O might we, Lord, the grace improve,
By labouring for the rest of love,
The soul-composing power!
Bless us with that internal peace,
And all the fruits of righteousness,
Till time shall be no more.

PART V.

SECTION I.

SOCIETY MEETING.

457

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

- A** ND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace!
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

SOCIETY MEETING.

3 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we past,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last !
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love ;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more :
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain ;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

458

L. M.

NEWTON.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give !

3 To you and me by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,—
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love !

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When christians meet together thus ;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffered for us here below ;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten to the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

459

8-7's.

C. WESLEY.

PEACE be on this house bestowed,
Peace on all that here reside !
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide :
Let the Spirit now come down ;
Let the blessing now take place !
Son of Peace, receive thy crown,
Fullness of the gospel grace.

3 Christ, my Master and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be ;
O be mindful of thy word ;
Visit them, and visit me !
To this house, and all herein,
Now let thy salvation come :
Save our souls from inbred sin ;
Make us thine eternal home.

3 Let us never, never rest,
Till the promise is fulfilled ;
Till we are of thee possessed,
Pardoned, sanctified, and sealed ;
Till we all, in love renewed,
Find the pearl that Adam lost,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

460

8-7's.

C. WESLEY.

GLORY be to God above,
God from whom all blessings flow ;
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below :
Called together by his grace,
We are met in Jesu's Name ;
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

3 Let us then sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure ;
Our election how to make
Past the reach of hell secure.
Build we each the other up ;
Pray we for our faith's increase,
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

3 More and more let love abound :
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possest :
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back, from Eden driven ;
To his image here restored,
Soon he'll take us up to heaven.

461

10's & 11's.

C. WESLEY.

ALL thanks to the Lamb, who gives us
to meet :

His love we proclaim, his praises repeat :
We own him our Jesus, continually near
To pardon and bless us, and perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace, in him we have
power, [hour ;
Preserved by his grace throughout the dark
in all our temptation he keeps us to prove
His utmost salvation, his fullness of love.

3 Through pride and desire unhurt we
have gone ; [on ;
Through water and fire in him we went
The world and the devil through him we
o'ercame,
Our Jesus from evil, for ever the same.

4 When we would have spurned his mercy
and grace,
To Egypt returned, and fled from his face,
He hindered our flying, (his goodness to
show,) [go?"
And stopped us by crying, "Will ye also

5 O what shall we do our Saviour to love ?
To make us anew, come, Lord, from above !
The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness, give :
Give us the salvation of all that believe.

6 Come, Jesus, and loose the stammerer's
tongue,
And teach even us the spiritual song :
Let us without ceasing give thanks for
thy grace, [praise,
And glory, and blessing, and honour, and

7 Pronounce the glad word, and bid us
be free ;
Ah ! hast thou not, Lord, a blessing for
me ? [import.

The peace thou hast given, this moment
And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart.

SOCIETY MEETING.

462

S. M. C. WESLEY.

SAVIOUR of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy name:
Thy mighty name hath been
Our safeguard and our tower;
Hath saved us from the world, and sin,
And all the Accuser's power.

2 Jesus, take all the praise,
That still on earth we live,
Unspotted in so foul a place,
And innocently grieve!
We shall from Sodom flee,
When perfected in love;
And haste to better company,
Who wait for us above.

3 Awhile in flesh disjoined,
Our friends that went before
We soon in Paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more.
In yon thrice happy seat,
Waiting for us they are;
And thou shalt there a husband meet!
And I a parent there!

4 O what a mighty change
Shall Jesu's sufferers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe!
No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound;
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.

5 There all our griefs are spent!
There all our sorrows end!
We cannot there the fall lament
Of a departed friend,—
A brother dead to God,
By sin, alas! undone:—
No father there, in passion loud,
Cries, "O my son, my son!"

6 No slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy:
In that eternal day
No clouds nor tempests rise:
There gushing tears are wiped away
For ever from our eyes.

463

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, to thee our hearts we lift,
(May all our hearts with love o'er-
flow!)
With thanks for thy continued gift,—
That still thy precious name we know,
Re-ain our sense of sin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.

2 What mighty troubles hast thou shown
Thy feeble, tempted followers here!
We have through fire and water gone,
But saw thee on the floods appear,
But felt thee present in the flame,
And shouted our Deliverer's name.

3 When stronger souls their faith forsook,
And, lulled in worldly, hellish peace,
Leaped desperate from their Guardian-
rock,

And headlong plunged in sin's abyss;
Thy strength was in our weakness
shown,
And still it guards and keeps thine own.

4 All are not lost, or wandered back;
All have not left thy church and thee:
There are who suffer for thy sake,
Enjoy thy glorious infamy,
Esteem the scandal of the cross,
And only seek divine applause.

5 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
O keep us faithful to the end!
When, robed with majesty and power,
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and confessors to own,
And seat us on his glorious throne.

464

10's & 11's. C. WESLEY.

APPOINTED by thee, we meet in thy
name,
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb,
To trace thy example, the world to disdain,
And constantly trample on pleasure and
pain.

2 Rejoicing in hope, we humbly go on,
And daily take up the pledge of our crown:
In doing and bearing the will of our Lord,
We still are preparing to meet our reward.

3 O Jesus, appear! No longer delay
To sanctify here, and bear us away:
The end of our meeting on earth let us see,
Triumphantly sitting in glory with thee!

465

S. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget:
We meet, the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel!
O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

466

C. M. C. WESLEY.

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

SOCIETY GIVING THANKS.

- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us thou art assembled here;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive!"
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus, the Crucified,
Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou, who for us hast died.
- 6 Cause us the record to receive:
Speak, and the tokens shew:
"O be not faithless, but believe
"In me, who died for you!"

467

7's & 8's. C. WESLEY.

- T**WO are better far than one
For counsel or for fight:
How can one be warm alone,
Or serve his God aright?
Join we then our hearts and hands;
Each to love provoke his friend;
Run the way of his commands,
And keep it to the end.
- 2 Woe to him whose spirits droop,
To him who falls, alone!
He has none to lift him up,
To help his weakness on:
Happier we each other keep;
We each other's burdens bear;
Never need our footsteps slip,
Upheld by mutual prayer.
 - 3 Who of twain hath made us one,
Maintains our unity;
Jesus is the Corner-Stone,
In whom we all agree;
Servants of one common Lord,
Sweetly of one heart and mind,
Who can break a three-fold cord,
Or part whom God hath joined?
 - 4 O that all with us might prove
The fellowship of saints!
Find supplied, in Jesu's love,
What every member wants:
Grasp we our high calling's prize,
Feel our sins on earth forgiven,
Rise, in his whole image rise,
And meet our Head in heaven!

SECTION II.

SOCIETY GIVING THANKS.

468

4's & 2's. C. WESLEY.

- C**OME, all who'er I ave set
Your faces Sion-ward,
In Je-us let us meet,
And praise our common Lord;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before his throne.

- 2 Nearer, and nearer still,
We to our country come:
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The New Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.
- 3 The ransomed sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn;
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return:
From strength to strength we still proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.
- 4 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel;
Redeemed from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our elder Brother there.
- 5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our All in All, is he;
And in his steps who tread,
We soon his face shall see;
Shall see him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

469

P. M. C. WESLEY.

- H**OW happy are we,
Who in Jesus agree
To expect his return from above!
We sit under his vine,
And delightfully join
In the praise of his excellent love.
- 2 How pleasant and sweet,
In his name when we meet,
Is his fruit to our spiritual taste!
We are banqueting here
On angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.
 - 3 Invited by him,
We drink of the stream
Ever flowing in bliss from the throne:
Who in Jesus believe,
We the Spirit receive
That proceeds from the Father and Son.
 - 4 The unspeakable grace
He obtained for our race,
And the Spirit of faith he imparts:
Then, then we conceive
How in heaven they live,
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.
 - 5 True believers have seen
The Saviour of men,
As his head he on Calvary bowed:
We shall see him again,
When, with all his bright train,
He descends on the luminous cloud.
 - 6 We remember the word
Of our crucified Lord,
When he went to prepare us a place;
"I will come in that day,
And transport you away,
And admit to a sight of my face."
 - 7 With earnest desire
After thee we aspire,
And long thy appearing to see;
Till our souls thou receive
In thy presence to live,
And be perfectly happy in thee.

SOCIETY GIVING THANKS.

8 Come, Lord, from the skies,
And command us to rise,
Ready made for the mansions above;
With our Head to ascend,
And eternity spend
In a rapture of heavenly love.

470

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

HOW good and pleasant 'tis to see,
When brethren cordially agree,
And kindly think and speak the same;
A family of faith and love,
Combined to seek the things above,
And spread the common Saviour's fame.

2 The God of grace, who all invites,
Who in our unity delights,
Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless;
Revives us with refreshing showers,
The fulness of his blessing pours,
And keeps our minds in perfect peace.

3 Jesus, thou precious Corner-Stone,
Preserve inseparably one,
Whom thou didst by thy Spirit join:
Still let us in thy Spirit live,
And to thy church the pattern give
Of unanimity divine.

4 Still let us to each other cleave,
And from thy plenitude receive
Constant supplies of hallowing grace;
Till to a perfect man we rise,
Overtake our kindred in the skies,
And find prepared our heavenly place.

471

4-6's & 2-5's. C. WESLEY.

BEHOLD, how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace;
How pleasing to our King,
This fruit of righteousness;
When brethren all in one agree,
Who knows the joys of unity!

2 When all are sweetly joined,
(True followers of the Lamb,)
The same in heart and mind,
And think and speak the same;
And all in love together dwell;
The comfort is unspeakable.

3 Where unity takes place,
The joys of heaven we prove;
This is the gospel grace,
The unction from above,
The Spirit on all believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our Head.

4 Where unity is found,
The sweet anointing grace
Extends to all around,
And consecrates the place;
To every waiting soul it comes,
And fills it with divine perfumes.

5 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
For us the gift received;
For us and all the rest,
Who have in him believed:
Forth from our Head the blessing goes,
And all His seamless coat o'erflows.

6 On all His chosen ones
The precious oil comes down:

It runs, and as it runs,
It ever will run on;
Even to his skirts, (the meanest name
That longs to love the bleeding Lamb.)

7 From Aaron's beard it rolls,
(Those nearest to His face,)
The humble, trembling souls
Who feebly sue for grace:
I know the grace for all is free,
For, lo! it reaches now to me.

8 Even now our Lord doth pour
The blessing from above,
A kindly gracious shower
Of heart-reviving love;
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God and love of man.

9 In him, when brethren join,
And follow after peace,
The fellowship divine
He promises to bless,
His choicest graces to bestow,
Where two or three are met below.

10 The riches of his grace
In fellowship are given
To Zion's chosen race,
The citizens of heaven;
He fills them with the choicest store,
He gives them life for evermore.

472

4-6's & 2-5's. C. WESLEY.

COME away to the skies,
My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love
And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeemed of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.

3 With singing we praise
The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestowed;
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are,
Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine;
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath joined us in Jesus's Name;
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet,
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

SOCIETY GIVING THANKS.

7 Hallelujah we sing
To our Father and King,
And His rapturous praises repeat:
To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah again
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!

8 In assurance of hope,
We to Jesus look up,
Till His banner unfurled in the air
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out "It is He!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

473

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

THE people that in darkness lay,
The confines of eternal night,
We have seen a gospel-day,
The glorious beams of heavenly light;
His Spirit in our hearts hath shone,
And showed the Father in the Son.

2 Father of everlasting grace,
Thou hast in us thine arm revealed,
Hast multiplied the faithful race,
Who, conscious of their pardon sealed,
Of joy unspeakable possessed,
Anticipate their heavenly rest.

3 In tears who sowed, in joy we reap,
And praise thy goodness all day long;
Him in our eye of faith we keep,
Who gives us our triumphal song,
And doth his spoils to all divide,
A lot among the sanctified.

4 Thou hast our bonds in sunder broke,
Took all our load of guilt away;
From sin, the world, and Satan's yoke,
(Like Israel saved in Midian's day,
Redeemed us by our conquering Lord,
Our Gideon, and his Spirit's sword.

5 Not like the warring sons of men,
With shouts, and garments rolled in blood,
Our Captain doth the fight maintain;
But, lo! the burning Spirit of God
Kindles in each a sacred fire;
And all our sins as smoke expire!

474

6-8's.

J. WESLEY.

O! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Whoknow his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises
bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering
tongue.

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
O take, O seal them for thine own!

Thou art the God, thou art the Lord:
Be thou by all thy works adored.

4 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

5 In thee we move—all things of thee
Are full, thou Source and Life of all;
Thou vast, unfathomable Sea!
(Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,
Ye sons of men, for God is man!)
All may we lose, so thee we gain.

6 As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thine every ray,
So may thine influence us inspire;
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam!
Thou purging Fire, thou quickening
Flame.

475

10's.

YE heavens, rejoice, in Jesus's grace,
Let earth make a noise, and echo his
praise;
Our all-loving Saviour hath pacified God,
And paid for his favour the price of his
blood.

2 Ye mountains and vales, in praises
abound,
Ye hills and ye dales, continue the sound,
Break forth into singing, ye trees of the
wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God.

3 Attonement he made for every one;
The debt he hath paid, the work he hath
done;
Shout all the creation, below and above,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus's love.

4 His mercy hath brought Salvation to all:
Who take it unbought, he frees them from
thrall;
Throughout the believer, his glory dis-
plays,
And perfects for ever the vessels of grace.

476

P. M.

C. WESLEY.

COME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above:
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath:
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home;
By hope we the rapture improve;
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

SOCIETY GIVING THANKS.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live,
In the palace of God, the great King?
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing.

5 What a rapturous song
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join;
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is "Mercy divine."

6 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky;
To the Great Everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

7 The Lamb on the throne,
Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads!
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the sight of his face,
Our beatified spirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name;
Our bodies his glory display:
A day without night
We feast in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day.

477 C. M. C. WESLEY.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 Even now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree;
Concentred all, through Jesu's name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!

478 L. M. WATTS.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truths attend thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

479 C. M. WATTS.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
*Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb forever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.*

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound:

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

480 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 O may thy grace still cheer my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
When speechless, clasp me in thy arms,
My joy in life and death.

481 S. M. HAMMOND.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name;

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues,
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

SOCIETY PRAYING.

482

S. M. DODDRIDGE.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man:
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 [Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
And when I sought, to me did say,
"In peace, poor sinner, go."]

5 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the PRAISE.

483

S. M. FAWCETT.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

SECTION III.

SOCIETY PRAYING.

484

4-3's & 2-5's. C. WESLEY.

O SAVIOUR, cast a gracious smile!
Our gloomy guilt, and selfish guile,
And shy distrust, remove;
The true simplicity impart,
To fashion every passive heart,
And mould it into love.

2 Our naked hearts to thee we raise;
Whate'er obstructs the work of grace,
For ever drive it hence:
Exert thine all-subduing power,
And each regenerate soul restore
To child-like innocence.

3 Soon as in thee we gain a part,
Our spirit purged from nature's art
Appears, by grace forgiven;
We then pursue our sole design,
To lose our melting will in thine,
And want no other heaven.

4 O that we now the power might feel,
To do on earth thy blessed will,
As angels do above!
In thee the Life, the Truth, the Way,
To walk, and perfectly to obey
Thy sweet constraining love.

5 Jesus, fulfil our one desire,
And spread the spark of living fire
Through every hallowed breast;
Bless with divine conformity,
And give us now to find in thee
Our everlasting rest.

485

C. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep;
For, oh! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

486

C. M. C. WESLEY.

COME, thou omniscient Son of Man,
Display thy sifting power;
Come with thy Spirit's winnowing fan,
And thoroughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, the accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven!
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Look through us with thine eyes of flame,
The clouds and darkness chase;
And tell me what by sin I am,
And what I am by grace.

4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove;
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by thy love.

5 Then let us all thy fulness know,
From every sin set free:
Saved to the utmost,—saved below,
And perfectly like thee.

SOCIETY PRAYING.

487

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

- T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our Hiving Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.
- 6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

488

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

- J**ESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy Name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.
- 4 To thee inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!
- 5 This is the bond of perfectness,
Thy spotless charity;
O let us (still we pray) possess
The mind that was in thee!
- 6 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove;
Our souls the change shall scarcely know
Made perfect first in love!
- 7 With ease our souls through death shall
Into their paradise; [glide,
And thence, on wings of angels, ride
Triumphant through the skies.
- 8 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

489

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

- U**NCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way!

- 2 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who seek redemption in thy blood:
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God!
- 3 Thou only canst our wills control,
Our wild, unruly passions bind;
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.
- 4 Speak but the reconciling word, [side;
The wind shall cease, the waves sub-
We all shall praise our common Lord,
Our Jesus, and him crucified.
- 5 Giver of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.
- 6 We all shall think and speak the same
Delightful lesson of thy grace;
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.
- 7 O let us take a softer mould;
Blended and gathered into thee;
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony!
- 8 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down;
To us thy Father's Name declare;
Unite and perfect us in one!
- 9 So shall the world believe and know,
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

490

4-7s.

C. WESLEY.

- G**OD of love, that hear'st the prayer,
G Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end.
- 2 Save us, in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering Tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.
- 3 Cut off our dependence vain
On the help of feeble man;
Every arm of flesh remove;
Stay us on thy only love.
- 4 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join,
Poison our simplicity,
Draw us from our trust in thee.
- 5 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tame to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honours at thy feet.
- 6 Never let the world break in;
Fix a mighty gulf between;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.
- 7 Let us still to thee look up;
Thee, thy Israel's Strength and Hope,
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and him crucified.
- 8 Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings;
Taste our glorious liberty,
Find our happy all in thee!

SOCIETY PRAYING.

491

4-7s. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars for ever cease.

- 1 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each, unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness!
- 6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Shew how true believers die.

492

6-7s. C. WESLEY.

CENTRE of our hopes thou art,
End of our enlarged desires;
Stamp thine image on our heart;
Fill us now with heavenly fires;
Cemented by love divine,
Seal our souls for ever thine.

- 1 All our works in thee be wrought,
Levelled at one common aim;
Every word, and every thought,
Purge in the refining flame:
Lead us, through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.
- 3 Let us altogether rise,
To thy glorious life restored;
Here regain our paradise,
Here prepare to meet our Lord;
Here enjoy the earnest given,
Travel hand in hand to heaven!

493

8-7s. C. WESLEY.

FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual, fervent prayer;
Hear, and our petitions seal,
Let us now the answer feel.
Still our fellowship increase;
Knit us in the bond of peace;
Join our new-born spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine.

- 1 Build us in one body up,
Called in one high calling's hope;
One the Spirit whom we claim;
One the pure baptismal flame;
One the faith and common Lord;
One the Father lives adored,
Over, through, and in us all,
God incomprehensible.

- 3 One with God, the source of bliss,
Ground of our communion this:
Life of all that live below,
Let thine emanations flow;
Rise eternal in our heart:
Thou our long-sought Eden art;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost.

494

8-7s. C. WESLEY.

OTHER ground can no man lay;
Jesus takes our sins away;
Jesus the foundation is,
This shall stand, and only this:
Fittingly framed in him we are,
All the building rises fair;
Let it to a temple rise,
Worthy Him who fills the skies.

- 2 Husband of thy church below,
Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
Unto thee, betrothed in love,
Always let us faithful prove;
Never rob thee of our heart,
Never give the creature part;
Only thou possess the whole;
Take our body, spirit, soul.
- 3 Steadfast let us cleave to thee;
Love the mystic union be;
Union to the world unknown,
Joined to God, in spirit one:
Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
Till the Lamb shall take us home,
For his heaven, the bride prepare,
Solemnize our nuptials there.

495

4-7s. C. WESLEY.

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.

- 2 Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine;
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all!
- 3 Closer knit to thee, our Head;
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.
- 4 Jesus, we thy members are;
Cherish us with kindest care;
Of thy flesh, and of thy bone,
Love, for ever love thine own!
- 5 Move, and actuate, and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil;
- 6 Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove;
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.
- 7 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy,
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.

SOCIETY PRAYING.

8 Wounded by the grief of one,
Now let all the members groan;
Honoured if one member is,
All partake the common bliss.

9 Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on:
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee!

10 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

496

4-7's. C. WESLEY.

CHRIST, our Head, gone up on high,
Be thou in thy Spirit nigh:
Advocate with God, give ear
To thine own effectual prayer!

2 One the Father is with thee;
Knit us in like unity;
Make us, O uniting Son,
One,—as Thou and He are one.

3 Still, O Lord, (for thine we are,) Still to us his name declare:
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the world cannot receive.

4 Fill us with the Father's love;
Never from our souls remove:
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

497

C. M.

HOW very pleasant to behold,
Delightful 'tis to see,
The sheep and lambs of Jesu's fold,
Combined in unity!

2 For when thy saints together dwell,
In pure celestial love,
Soul-ravishing delights they feel,
And heaven below they prove.

3 Come, gracious Jesus, and remove
Thy people's sad complaints,
Enter the chariot of thy love,
And ride among thy saints.

4 O drive our discords all away;
Sprinkle our hearts with blood;
And may we evermore agree
To seek each other's good.

5 Jesus, our eye is now to thee;
On every spirit shine;
Then, O, how tender we shall be,
To every child of thine.

6 May we in heavenly kindness grow,
And to fair Canaan move;
Then shall we all for ever know
That God indeed is Love.

498

2-5's & 1-11. C. WESLEY.

COME, Lord, from above, the mountains
remove, (love;
Overturn all that hinders the course of thy
My bosom inspire, in kindle the fire, [sire.
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of de-

2 I languish and pine for the comfort
divine;

O when shall I say, My Beloved is mine!
I have chos'n the good part; my portion
thou art.

O Love; let me find thee, O God, in my heart.

3 For this my heart sighs; nothing else
can suffice; (great price?

How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of
It cannot be bought, and thou know'st I
have nought, (thought.

Not an action, a word, or a truly good
4 But I hear a voice say, "Without money
ye may

"Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay.
Who on Jesus relies, without money or
price,

The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys:

5 The blessing is free:—"So, Lord, let it be;
I yield that thy love should be given to me:
I freely receive what thou freely dost give,
And consent in thy love, in thy Eden, to live.

6 The gift I embrace; the Giver I praise;
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace:
It comes from above; the foretaste I prove:
And I soon shall receive all the fullness of
love.

499

4-7's. MADAM.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
I poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be;
Rooted in humility.

2 From the time that thee I know,
Nothing would I seek below;
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both in heart and eye.

3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides:
Weaned from all the world besides.

4 Father, fix my soul on thee:
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

5 O that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined:
Him let Israel still adore;
Trust him, praise him, evermore.

500

7's & 6's. C. WESLEY.

FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good;

O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood!

Give us that for which he prays:
Father, glorify thy Son!

Shew his truth, and power, and grace,
And send the Promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness thou,
O Christ, thy Spirit give!

Hast thou not received him now,
That we might now receive?

Art thou not our living Head?

Life to all thy limbs impart:
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed

In every waiting heart.

LOVE-FEAST.

- 3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come;
Glowe our heart to find thee near,
And swells to make thee room;
Present with us, thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell,
To all eternity.

SECTION IV.

LOVE-FEAST.

501

8-7's.

C. WESLEY.

- COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine:
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above;
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God;
We may like them live and love;
Called we are their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.
- 3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full, for all, of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land;
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesu's witnesses.
- 4 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
We with him are crucified,
Christ hath burst the bands of death;
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe:
Christ is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wishes fly:
Sits at God's right hand above;
There with him we reign in love!

502

8-7's.

C. WESLEY.

- COME, thou high and lofty Lord,
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word!
Humbly stoop to earth again;
Come and visit abject man!
Jesus, dear expected guest,
Thou art hidden to the feast;
For thyself our hearts prepare;
Come, and sit, and banquet there!
- 2 Jesus, we thy promise claim:
We are met in thy great name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here!
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
Thou thyself within us move;
Make our feast a Feast of Love.
- 3 Let the fruits of grace abound;
Let us in thy bowels sound;
Faith, and love, and joy increase,
Temperance, and gentleness;

Plant in us thy humble mind;
Patient, pitiful, and kind,
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.

- 4 Make us all in thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet to appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light,
Call, O call us each, by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb!
Let us lean upon thy breast;
Love be there our endless feast!

503

8-7's.

C. WESLEY.

- LET us join, ('tis God commands,)
Let us join our hearts and hands;
Help to gain our calling's hope;
Build we each the other up:
God his blessings shall dispense;
God shall crown his ordinance;
Meet in his appointed ways;
Nourish us with social grace.
- 2 Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully his gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life;
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind,
Tow'rd the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.
- 3 Plead we thus for faith alone,
Faith which by our works is shown:
God it is who justifies;
Only faith the grace applies—
Active faith that lives within,
Conquers earth, and hell, and sin,
Sanctifies, and makes us whole,
Forms the Saviour in the soul.
- 4 Let us for this faith contend;
Sure salvation is its end:
Heaven already is begun,
Everlasting life is won.
Only let us persevere,
Till we see our Lord appear;
Never from the Rock remove,
Saved by faith, which works by love.

504

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

- OUR friendship sanctify and guide:
Unmixt with selfishness and pride,
Thy glory be our single aim!
In all our intercourse below,
Still let us in thy footsteps go,
And never meet but in thy name.
- 2 Fix on thyself our single eye;
Still let us on thyself rely,
For all the help that each conveys,
The help as from thy hand receive,
And still to thee all glory give, [praise,
All thanks, all might, all love, all
- 3 What'er thou dost on one bestow,
Let each the double blessing know;
Let each the common burden bear;
In comforts and in griefs agree;
And wrestle for his friends with thee,
In all the omnipotence of prayer.

LOVE-FEAST.

4 Our mutual prayer accept and seal;
In all, thy glorious Self reveal;
All with the fire of love baptize;
Thy kingdom in our souls restore;
And keep till we can in no more,
Till all in thy whole image rise.

5 Witnesses of the' all-cleansing blood,
Long may we work the works of God,
And do thy will like those above;
Together spread the gospel sound,
And scatter peace on all around,
And joy, and happiness, and love.

6 True yoke-fellows, by love compelled
To labour in the gospel-field,
Our all let us delight to spend,
In gathering in thy lambs and sheep;
Assured that thou our souls wilt keep,
Wilt keep us faithful to the end.

505 4-8's & 2-8's. C. WESLEY.

COME, Wisdom, Power, and Grace
Divine,
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
A happy chosen band;
Who fain would prove thy utmost will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil,
In love's benign command.

3 If pure essential Love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving Self, inspire:
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our centre tend,—
To spread thy praise our common end,
To help each other on;
Companions through the wilderness,
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.

4 Jesus, our tendered souls prepare!
Infuse the softest social care,
The warmest charity,
The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wondrous name,
The heart that was in thee.

5 Supply what every member wants;
To found the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply;
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

506 8-7's. C. WESLEY.

HOLY Lamb, who thee confess,
Followers of thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask, "What shall we do?"
Governed by thy only will,
All thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all thy footsteps go,
Walk, as Jesus walked below.

2 While thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love.

Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity;
Works of love on man bestowed,
Secret intercourse with God.

3 Early in the temple met,
Let us still our Saviour greet;
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there.
There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again:
Power his image to retrieve,
Power like thee, our Lord, to live.

4 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days
"Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good;
Glad to pray and labour on,
Till our earthly course is run,
Till we, on the sacred tree,
Bow the head and die like thee.

507 8's & 7's. C. WESLEY

COME, thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart!
Bought for us by Jesu's merit,
Now thy blissful Self impart:
Sign our uncontested pardon;
Wash us in the' atoning blood!
Make our hearts a watered garden,
Fill our spotless souls with God.

2 If thou gav'st the' enlarged desire
Which for thee we ever feel,
Now our panting souls inspire,
Now our cancelled sin reveal:
Claim us for thy habitation;
Dwell within our hallowed breast;
Seal us heirs of full salvation,
Fitted for our heavenly rest.

3 Give us quietly to tarry,
Till for all thy glory meet,
Waiting, like attentive Mary,
Happy at the Saviour's feet;
Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to thyself devoted,
Fixed to live and die for thee.

4 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let thee go,
Till thou all thy mind declare,
All thy grace on us bestow;
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy, and perfect love, impart,
Present, everlasting heaven,
All thou hast, and all thou art!

508 C. M. C. WESLEY
COVENANT.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual Covenant join
Ourselves to CHRIST the LORD:

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesu's power,
His name to glorify,
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to LIVE and DIE.

LORD'S SUPPER.

3 The Covenant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind :—
We will no more our God for-ake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow :—
And if Thou art well-pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now !

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive ;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give !

6 To each the Covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away :
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day !

509

P. M.

ATTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And feel this blessed Union.

2 When first he saw me from on high,
He saw my soul in ruins lie,
And looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he passed by,
With God thou hast no Union.

3 Then I began to weep and cry,
I looked this way and that to fly,
It grieved me sore that I must die,
I sought salvation for to buy ;
Yet still I had no Union.

4 But when I left off all my sin,
My blest Redeemer took me in,
And by his blood he washed me clean,
And a sweet season I have seen,
Through this delightful Union.

5 I praised the Lord, both night and day,
From house to house I went to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
My heart and soul were fired to say
Something about this Union.

6 I wonder why the saints don't sing,
And praise the Lord upon the wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
With loud hosannas to their King,
Who brought their souls to Union.

7 With confidence I now can pray,
With joy behold that glorious day,
Urging with vigour on my way,
Towards a bright eternity,
My prize is this Union.

8 O come, backsliders, come away,
And bear your cross from day to day,
And mind to do as well as say,
And learn to watch as well as pray,
And then you'll feel this Union.

9 We soon shall break all nature's ties,
On wings of love our souls shall rise,
And gain the mark, and win the prize,
And shout salvation through the skies,
And feel a heavenly Union.

10 There we the Lamb of God shall see,
Who spilt his blood for you and me,
Expired upon the shameful tree,
That we might his salvation see,
And feel an endless Union.

510

L. M. C. WESLEY.

Admission into Society.

BRETHREN in Christ, and well-be-
loved,

To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter, and show yourselves approved ;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth : lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give !
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And you in Jesu's name receive.

3 Say, are your hearts resolved as ours ?
Then let them burn with sacred love ;
Then let them taste the heavenly powers,
Partakers of the joys above.

4 Jesus, attend, thyself reveal !
Are we not met in thy great name ?
Thee, in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the cleansing flame.

5 Thou God, that answerest by fire,
The Spirit of burning now impart ;
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.

SECTION V.

LORD'S SUPPER.

511

S. M. C. WESLEY.

COME, all who truly bear
The Name of Christ your Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep his kindest word.
Here by your faith approve
In Jesus crucified :
" In memory of my dying love,
" Do this,"—He said,—and died.

2 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honoured Name ;
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb.
In proof that such we are,
His saying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.

3 Part of his Church below,
We thus our right maintain ;
Our living membership we show,
And in the fold remain,—
The sheep of Israel's fold,
In England's pastures fed ;
And fellowship with all we hold,
Who hold it with our Head.

512

S's & 7's. C. WESLEY.

COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind,
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind :
True recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart,
Now reveal his great salvation,
Preach his gospel to our heart.

LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Come, thou witness of his dying:
Come, Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul and mine;
Let us groan, the inward groaning:
Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
All receive the grace atoning;
All the sprinkled blood receive.

513

7's & 6's. C. WESLEY.

LAMB of G'd, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee;
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

- 2 By thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary, &c.

- 3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary, &c.

- 4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give!
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfected in holiness;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

514

C. M. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, at whose supreme command
We now approach to G'd,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood!
Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
Commemorate thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

- 2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.
The tokens of thy dying love,
O let us all receive;
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe!

- 3 The cup of blessing, blessed by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.
The grace which sure salvation brings
Let us herewith receive;
Satisfy the hungry with good things,
Thy hidden manna give.

- 4 The living bread sent down from heaven
In us vouchsafe to be;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.
Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
'Till all our souls are filled below
With all the life of God.

515

C. M. C. WESLEY.

COME, Holy Ghost, thine influence
And realize the sign; (shed,
Thy life infuse now with the bread,
Thy power with the wine.

- 2 Effectual let the tokens prove,
And made, by heavenly art,
Fit channels to convey thy love
To every faithful heart.

516

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

VICTIM Divine, thy grace we claim,
While thus thy precious death we
Once offered up, a spotless Lamb, (show;
In thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

- 2 Thou standest in the holy place,
As now for guilty sinners slain;
The blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays
All prevalent for helpless man;
Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.

- 3 The smoke of thy atonement here
Darkened the sun, and rent the veil,
Made the new way to heaven appear,
And shewed the great Invisible;
Well pleased in thee, our God looked
And calls his rebels to a crown. (down,

- 4 He still respects thy Sacrifice;
Its savour sweet doth always please;
The Offering smokes through earth and
skies,

Diffusing life, and joy, and peace;
To these, thy lower courts, it comes,
And fills them with divine perfumes.

- 5 We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour
Thou art to all already given, (down;
Thou dost even now thy banquet crown:
To every faithful soul appear,
And shew thy real presence here!

517

C. M.

YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

- 2 The love which all his bosom filled
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught,
Inspired by love, he died.

- 3 And do you love him? do you feel
Your warm affections move?
This is the proof which he demands,
That you each other love.

SOCIETY PARTING.

- 4 Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.
- 5 Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honoured name;
But by a near resemblance, *prove*,
The title which they *claim*.

SECTION VI.
SOCIETY PARTING.

518 4-6's & 2-3's. C. WESLEY.

LORD, we thy will obey,
And in thy pleasure rest;
To thee submit, and say,
"What thou appoint'st is best;"
Joyful to meet, willing to part,
Convinced we still are one in heart.

2 Hereby we sweetly know
Our love proceeds from thee,—
We let each other go,
From every creature free,
And cry, in answer to thy call,
"Thou art, O Christ, our all in all!"

3 Our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Our Counsellor Divine!
Thy chosen ones depend
On no support but thine:
Our everlasting Comforter!
We cannot want, if thou art here.

4 Still let us, gracious Lord,
Sit loose to all below;
And to thy love restored,
No other portion know;
Stand fast in glorious liberty,
And live and die wrapt up in thee!

519 C. M. C. WESLEY.

BEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,—
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And shew his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesu's Crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more!

520

S. M. C. WESLEY.

AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair,—
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are:
Jesus, the Corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below;
And following our triumphant Head
To farther conquests go!
The vineyard of their Lord
Before his labourers lies;
And, lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

3 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labours end;
Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

4 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet:
The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crowned with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

5 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.
Abraham and Isaac there,
And Jacob, shall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.

6 We shall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.
To gather home his own
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumph end.

521

4-6's & 2-3's. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, accept the praise
That to thy name belongs;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs:
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit joined,
To embrace the happy toll,
Thou hast to each assigned:
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

SOCIETY PARTING.

- 3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And armed with patience, run
With joy the appointed race:
Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.
- 4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.
- 5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we shall view, and heaven, destroy-
And shout above the fiery void. (ed,
- 6 These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars, and skies!
These eyes shall see them all
Out of their ashes rise!
These lips his praises shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe.
- 7 According to his word,
His oath to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruined earth and heaven;
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.
- 8 Then let us wait the sound,
That shall our souls release;
And labour to be found
Of him in spotless peace,
In perfect holiness renewed,
Adorned with Christ, and meet for God.

522

C. M.

C. WHELEBY.

GOD of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace!
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

- 2 Through thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.
- 3 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And, each to each in Jesus joined,
We hand in hand go on.
- 4 All joined in Christ, we're as one soul,
No power can make us twain;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us, in vain.
- 5 Our life is hid with Christ in God:
Our life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
In all his members here.
- 6 The heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay;
But he shall to the utmost save,
And keep us to that day.
- 7 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill!

- 8 Him eye to eye we there shall see:
Our face like his shall shine:
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

- 9 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

- 10 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

523

C. M.

C. WHELEBY.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his Name:
To Jesu's name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend!

- 2 We, for his sake, count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.
O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,
By holy purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love!

- 3 Love us, though far in flesh disjoined,
Ye followers of the Lamb;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same:
You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jesus bow;
Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
And, lo! we reach you now.

- 4 The blessings all on you be shed,
Which God in Christ imparts;
We pray the Spirit of our Head
Into your faithful hearts.
Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

- 5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live!
Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home:
Go on;—we'll meet you there.

524

P. M.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing!
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase;
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise!
Hallelujah!

DEATH.

PART VI. SECTION I. DEATH.

525

L. M. S. WESLEY, JUNR.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,

And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 But worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

526

C. M. WATTS.

DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away,
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell;
Let stubborn sinners fear:
You must be driven from earth, and
A long *non-esse* there. [dwell]

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face:
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recovering grace.

5 He is a God of sovereign love,
That promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand:
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

527

C. M. WATTS.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

528

P. M. POPE.

DYING SAINT.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying!
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirit; draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death!

3 The world recedes; it disappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

529

C. M. WATTS.

THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the
To push us to the tomb; [ground.
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortal's home.

DEATH.

- 5 Great God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things :
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's leebie strings !
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath ;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road !
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God !

530

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

- A**ND am I born to die ?
To lay this body down ?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown ?
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought ;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot.
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me ?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be :
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.
 - 3 How shall I leave my tomb ?
With triumph, or regret ?
A fearful, or a joyful doom,
A curse, or blessing, meet ?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar ?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there ?
 - 4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast ?
Shall I be with the damned cast out,
Or numbered with the blest ?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell ;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell.
 - 5 O thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who didst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery !
Shew me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe ;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear !
 - 6 Thou art thyself the Way ;
Thyself in me reveal :
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will ;
So shall I love my God,
Because he first loved me,
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

531

4-8's & 2-6's. C. WESLEY.

- A**ND am I only born to die ?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree ?

What after death for me remains ?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity !

- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprove,
And props the house of clay !
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day !
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone :
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne !
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery, or joy ;
But, oh ! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place ?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend ?
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies ;
How make mine own election sure :
And, when I fall on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies !
- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray ;
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness !
Ah, write the pardon on my heart,
And, whencesoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

532

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

- S**HRINKING from the cold hand of
I too shall gather up my feet : [death,
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my fathers' God to meet.
- 2 Numbered among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see ;
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me !
 - 3 O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive ;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live !

533

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

- P**ASS a few swiftly-fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.
- 2 But all, before they hence remove,
For heavenly mansions may prepare,
In that eternal house above :
And, O my God, shall I be there ?

534

L. M.

BARNARD.

- H**OW blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast,

DEATH.

- 3 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys:
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell! [pears!
How bright the unchanging morn ap-
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!

535

8-8's.

C. WESLEY.

- R**EJOICE for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gained,
Out-flying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace.
And sorrow and sin are no more.
 - 3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

536

8 7's.

C. WESLEY.

- H**ARK! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed.
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest:
Jesus is their great Reward,
Jesus is their endless Rest.
- 2 Followed by their works, they go
Where their Head is gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace had opened mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.
 - 3 Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceased?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblest:

When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

- 4 Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet;
Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done,
"Good and faithful servant thou!
"Enter, and receive thy crown,
"Reign with me triumphant now."
- 5 Angels catch the approving sound,
Bow, and bless the just award;
Hail the heir with glory crowned,
Now rejoicing with his Lord:
Fuller joys ordained to know,
Waiting for the general doom,
When the archangel's trump shall blow
"Rise, ye dead, to judgment come."

537

S. M.

- I**S it a thing so small,
So easy to comply,
When summoned by the sudden call,
To get me up and die!
- 2 For those who humbly keep
The faith by Christ bestowed,
To die, is but to fall asleep
In the soft arms of God.
 - 3 O could I thus sink down
To everlasting rest,
Without a lingering sigh or groan,
On my Redeemer's breast!
 - 4 Jesus, thy blood apply,
Thy mind and Spirit give;
Then shall I get me up and die;
Then shall I truly live.

538

8-8's.

C. WESLEY.

ON THE DEATH OF A WIDOW.

- G**IVE glory to Jesus our Head,
With all that encompass his throne;
A widow, a widow indeed,
A mother in Israel is gone!
The winter of trouble is past;
The storms of affliction are o'er;
Her struggle is ended at last,
And sorrow and death are no more.
- 2 The soul hath o'ertaken her mate,
And caught him again in the sky:
Advanced to her holy estate,
And pleasure that never shall die;
Where glorified spirits, by sight,
Converse in their happy abode,
As stars in the firmament bright,
And pure as the angels of God.
 - 3 Behold, what a triumph is there!
Where all in his praises agree;
His beautiful character bear,
And shine with the glory they see:
The glory of God and the Lamb
(While all in the ecstasy join.)
Darts into their spiritual frame,
And gives the enjoyment divine.

DEATH.

- 4 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
And harmony echoes his praise:
When, lo! the celestial King
Pours out the full light of his face:
The joy, neither angel nor saint
Can bear, so ineffably great;
But, lo! the whole company faint,
And heaven is found—at his feet.

539

C. M. WATTS.

WHY do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

- 2 Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow;
To keep us from our Love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a sweet perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shewed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

540

L. M.

AH, what is death? 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more,
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all-renewed again.

- 2 And have I measured half my days,
Yet not obtained Jesu's grace?
And have I half my journey run,
Yet not my work for heaven begun?
- 3 The morning of my life is past,
Noon too;—and night approaches fast:
Arise, my soul, nor sluggish stay:
But work while it is called to-day.

541

8's & 7's. C. WESLEY.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!

- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shews the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

542

8's.

HOSANNAH to Jesus on high!
Another has entered his rest,
Another has 'scaped to the sky,
And lodged in Immanuel's breast;
The soul of our brother is gone
To heighten the triumph above,
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
And clasped in the arms of his love.

- 2 What fulness of rapture is there,
While Jesus his glory displays,
Refreshes the heavenly air,
And scatters the odours of grace!
He looks,—and his servants in light
The blessing ineffable meet;
He smiles,—and they faint at the sight,
And fall, overwhelmed, at his feet.
- 3 How happy the angels that fall,
Transported at Jesus's name;
The saints whom he soonest shall call
To share in the feast of the Lamb!
No longer imprisoned in clay,
Who next from his dungeon shall fly?
Who first shall be summoned away?
My merciful God, is it I?
- 4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart,
Thy counsel of mercy fulfil,
And whisper the call to my heart:
O give me a signal to know,
If soon thou wouldst have me remove;
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

543

C. M. C. WESLEY.

AND let this feeble body fall,
And let it droop and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:

- 2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
On the Redeemer's breast.
- 3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
- 4 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 5 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise.
- 6 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

DEATH.

- 7 O what are all my sufferings here,
If Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!
- 8 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

544

C. M.

DEATH! how important is thy stroke,
How solemn is thy voice,
How awful is thy every look!
And yet the saints rejoice.

- 2 Rejoice and sing with their last breath,
Saved from their every fear;
For Jesus died and conquered death,
The dying saint to cheer.
- 3 How truly blest are all the dead,
That do in Jesus die!
From every sorrow they are freed,
And mount above the sky.
- 4 They rest from all their toil and care:
To them the crown is given;
Their holy works will follow there,
And speak their praise in heaven.

545

S's & 7's.

C. WESLEY.

ONE more precious saint's ascended
To the lofty throne of God;
Praising him who condescended
To redeem her by his blood:
Now she sounds Immanuel's merits,
Through the heavenly plains above;
Joy celestial she inherits,
Swimming in redeeming love.

- 2 Face to face she sees her Saviour,
Freed from all obscuring veils;
Nothing, nothing can deprive her
Of the rapturous bliss she feels.
See, by faith, O see her yonder,
Gazing on the bleeding Lamb,
And her soul grows big with wonder,
While his glories on her stream.
- 3 See her now in glory shining,
Brighter than the noonday sun;
On the Saviour's breast reclining:
She eternal life hath won.
Now, ye saints on earth still living,
O press forward to the prize;
Still to Christ be ever cleaving,
And you'll also mount the skies.
- 4 Oh, ye pilgrims, cease from sighing,
Cast your cares on Jesus' breast;
On the wings of time you're flying
To your everlasting rest.
There you'll join the heavenly songsters,
Praising God on harps of gold,
With the noble host of Martyrs, [bold.
Who 'midst racks and flames were

546

S's.

HOW happy believers who die
In possession of Jesus's love!
Bright angels their spirits convey
To Abraham's bosom above:

Our sister has taken her flight
From all her afflictions and pains:
She's now in the regions of light,
And to earth we commit her remains.

- 2 Her years of probation were few,
But Jesus had taught her to pray,
And Jesus her Saviour she knew,
Before she was summoned away:
She frequently longed to be gone,
To join the blest spirits above;
To sit on Immanuel's throne,
And feel all the transports of love.
- 3 Her soul out of love with this earth,
She longed for a better abode;
The right of her heavenly birth,
The promised gift of her God.
Her language was, "Let me possess
The kingdom he promised to me,
And rest in his lovely embrace,
Who suffered and bled on the tree.
- 4 There sickness I never shall know,
Temptation and pain shall out-wing;
Shall leave all those evils below,
And go to my God and my King.
This world it is nothing to me,
I long for a better above;
Where sorrow I never shall see,
But swim in the ocean of love."

- 5 "Come Jesus, come quickly," she cried,
And then to the world bade adieu;
With christian composure she died,
To Abraham's bosom she flew.
Amidst a bright host she now shines,
Enthroned in the kingdom of God:
Now with her Redeemer she reigns,
Who washed her clean in his blood.

547

PART I.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

HOW happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven.

- 2 A country far from mortal sight
Ev'n now by faith I see—
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.
- 3 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear.
- 4 Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But, O, the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.
- 5 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.
- 6 There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.
- 7 What is there here to court my stay,
Or keep me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?

DEATH.

- 8 Shall I regret my parted friends,
Still in the vale confined?
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
They will not stay behind.

548

PART II.
C. M.

C. WESLEY.

THE race we all are running now;
And if I first attain,
They too their willing heads shall bow,
They too the prize shall gain.

- 2 Now on the brink of death we stand;
And if I pass before,
They all shall soon escape to land,
And hail me on the shore.
- 3 Then let me suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share:
I shall not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there.
- 4 There we in Jesu's praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize, in songs divine,
The marriage of the Lamb.
- 5 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.
- 6 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.
- 7 O would he more of heaven bestow
And let the vessel break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek!

549

PART I.
C. M.

C. WESLEY.

COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 If thousands to their endless home
This solemn moment fly,
Sure we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

550

PART II.
C. M.

C. WESLEY.

HIS militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

- 2 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity.

- 2 Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

- 4 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound,

- 5 O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

551

C. M.

BODDIDGE.

DEATH OF A PASTOR.

NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should these eyes be drowned in
Which view a Saviour nigh? [grief]

- 2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade;
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead:
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue;
- 4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 5 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;
"For I will ne'er forsake my own,
"Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Though changing scenes on earth we
The promise still is sure, [meet,
Eternal bliss the saints awaits,
Who to the end endure.

552

S's & 7's.

MARY.

SONS of God by blest adoption,
View the dead with steady eyes;
What is sown thus in corruption
Shall in incorruption rise;
What is sown in death's dishonour
Shall revive to glorious light;
What is sown in this weak manner
Shall be raised up in might.

- 2 Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
We commit our brother's dust;
Keep it safely, softly sleeping,
Till our Lord demands thy trust;
Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus,
Thou with us shalt wake from death;
Hold, he cannot, though he seize us;
We his power defy by FAITH.

JUDGMENT.

- 3 Jesus, thy rich consolations
To thy mourning people send:
May we all, with faith and patience,
Wait for our approaching end:
Keep from courage vain or vaunted;
For our change our hearts prepare;
Give us confidence undaunted,
Cheerful hope, and godly fear.

SECTION II. JUDGMENT.

553

7's & 6's.

C. WESLEY.

HEARKEN to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry!
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And see the Bridegroom nigh:
Lo! he comes to keep his word,
Light and joy his looks impart;
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet him in your heart.

2 Ye who faint beneath the load
Of sin, your heads lift up;
See your great redeeming God,
He comes, and bids you hope:
In the midnight of your grief,
Jesus doth his mourners cheer:
Lo! he brings you sure relief;
Believe, and feel him here.

3 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,
Whose lamps are burning bright;
Worthy, in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with him in white;
Jesus bids your hearts be clean;
Hids you all his promise prove:
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.

4 Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Christ, the Judge, shall come;
We shall soon be all caught up
To meet the general doom:
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down,
With all his saints in light.

5 Happy he whom Christ shall find
Watching to see him come!
Him the Judge of all mankind
Shall bear triumphant home:
Who can answer to his word?
Which of you dares meet his day?
"Rise, and come to judgment!"—Lord,
We rise, and come away.

554

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear:
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day.
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown;
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,

The' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
To' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come;
"Arise, and meet him in the sky,
"And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we then be found
Obedient to his word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound
And looking for our Lord!
O may we all ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

555

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

WOE to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the' Almighty's frown;
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down!

2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers:
To meet your God prepare!
For, lo! the seventh angel pours
His vial on the air.

3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap;
The mountains are not found;
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drowned.

4 Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and
O where shall I appear? [gone,

5 Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide:

6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For, lo! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

556

S. 7. 4.

NEWTON.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound.

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken,
Heaven and earth before him flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee!

JUDGMENT.

4 Though now Satan tries to please thee,
Lest thou timely warning take,
In that fearful day he'll seize thee—
Plunge thee in the burning lake:
Think, poor sinner,
Thine eternal all's at stake.

5 To poor sinners how confounding,
When they hear the trumpet sound,
And the sea beneath resounding,
Earth and skies in flames around;
Where now, sinner,
Is deliverance to be found?

6 Canst thou see the Judge's presence?
Or oppose his mighty power?
Or companions change thy sentence,
When the raging flames devour?
Stop, poor sinner;
Stop and think, and sin no more.

7 With unutterable wailing,
Groans and cries, they rend the air;
To the rocks and mountains calling,
Hide us from his wrath severe;
Endless burnings,
Endless burnings, who can bear?

8 But to those who have confessed,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
Take the kingdom I bestow;
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

557

C. M. C. WESLEY.

TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
Who may be saved—shall I—
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive;

3 Shall I,—amidst a ghastly band—
Dragged to the Judgment-seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?

4 Ah! no;—I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

5 I will accept his offers now,
From every sin depart,
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with him in heaven.

558

4-S's & 2-C's. C. WESLEY.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-wakened child of man;
An heir of endless bliss or pain;
A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou in clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to ensure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

559

L. M. C. WESLEY.

THE great Archangel's trump shall
sound, [roar]
(While twice ten thousand thunders
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness,
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains
hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth, and all the works therein,
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruined world look down:
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

560

C. M. C. WESLEY.

BY faith we find the place above,
The Rock that rent in twain;
Beneath the shade of dying love,
And in the cleft remain.

HEAVEN.

- 3 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee,
We sink into thy side;
Assured that all who trust in thee
Shall evermore abide.
- 4 Then let the thundering trumpet sound;
The fiercest lightnings glare;
The mountains melt; the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air:
- 4 The huge celestial bodies roll,
Amidst the general fire,
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire!
- 5 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
When nature is destroyed,
And no created thing remains
Throughout the flaming void.
- 6 Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks the Almighty word:
His fiat is obeyed; 'tis done;
And Paradise restored.
- 7 So be it! let this system end,
This ruinous earth and skies;
The New Jerusalem descend,
The New Creation rise.
- 8 Thy power omnipotent assume;
Thy brightest majesty!
And when thou dost in glory come,
O Lord, remember me!

561 4-6's & 2-8's. C. WESLEY.

- YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heavenly bridegroom nigh."
- 2 He comes, he comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are:
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
 - 3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend:
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.
 - 4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
Obedient to his love,
Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
Rejoice with all the sanctified!
 - 5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above you angel powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.
 - 6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found;
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found—*as, Lord, thou find'st us now!*

562

P. M.

RHODES.

- THE hour will quickly come
When earth shall hear its doom;
At his command the flames shall rise;
Ten thousand thunders roar,
And rage from shore to shore;
While all dissolve, both earth and skies.
- 2 See, see the Judge appear!
His last great mandate hear,
"To Judgment, all ye nations come!"
The nations all obey,
And, trembling, haste away
To meet their everlasting doom.
 - 3 Now all the human race
Appear before the face
Of Sovereign Majesty divine:
Ye guilty and impure,
How will ye then endure
Your dreadful destiny to hear?
 - 4 Great day, that shall descry
To every wondering eye
The secret deeds of day and night!
The sacred volume large
Its records shall discharge,
And bring our every thought to light.
 - 5 The bold blasphemer there
Will tremble and despair;
No way to shun impending ire;
Where shall the guilty hide,
Or the fierce day abide,
When he appears revealed in fire?
 - 6 With pangs unfelt before,
Too late they now implore
A refuge from tremendous wrath;
With what stupendous awe
They hear the fiery law
Consign them to eternal death!

SECTION III.

HEAVEN.

563

C. M.

WATTS.

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

- THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
 - 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jew- old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
 - 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
 - 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes!

HEAVEN.

- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

564

2-6's & 4-7's. C. WESLEY.

HOW weak the thoughts, and vain,
Of self-deluded men !
Men, who, fixed to earth alone,
Think their houses shall endure,
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their distant heirs secure.

2 How happy then are we,
Who build, O Lord, on thee !
What can our foundation shock ?
Though the shattered earth remove,
Stands our city on a rock,
On the Rock of heavenly love.

3 A house we call our own,
Which cannot be o'erthrown :
In the general ruin sure,
Storms and earthquakes it defies ;
Built immovably secure ;
Built eternal in the skies.

4 High on Immanuel's land
We see the fabric stand ;
From a tottering world remove
To our steadfast mansion there ;
Our inheritance above
Cannot pass from heir to heir.

565

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

THOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end ;
I trust thy truth, and love, and power,
Shall save me to the latest hour ;
And, when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

2 Jesus, in thy great name I go
To conquer death, my final foe !
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ hath for his saints prepared,
Who conquer through their Saviour's
might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

4 Dost thou desire to know and see
What thy mysterious name shall be ?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome ;
Till then thou searchest out in vain,
What only conquest can explain.

566

8-8's. C. WESLEY.

I LONG to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above,
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love :
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus has fixed his abode :
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God !

2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
(For Jesus hath spoken the word,)
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord,
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above !
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give ;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

567

6-8's. C. WESLEY.

LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely ;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place ;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight ;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind ;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find ;
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast
borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Sion we return,
Contending for our native heaven ;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of Love Divine,
We urge our way with strength re-
newed ;
The Church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God ;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

568

8-8's. C. WESLEY.

AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home,
The city of saints shall appear ;
The day of eternity come :
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode ;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

HEAVEN.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new City descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:
The city, so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air:
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there!

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,
And, lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

5 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in heaven they live;
They reign in the smile of their Lord;
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

569

S. M. C. WESLEY.

WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below
In ruinous decay,
We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm, as our Redeemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure!
O were we entered there,
To perfect heaven restored!
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord!

3 For this in faith we call,
For this we weep and pray:
O might the tabernacle fall!
O might we 'scape away!
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife.
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

4 Absent, alas! from God,
We in the body mourn,
And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languish to return.
Jesus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight;
And clothe us with our nobler house
Of empyrean light.

5 O let us put on thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright unclouded face!
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven.

570

8-7s. C. WESLEY.

1 LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels joined in one:
What a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne!
Each before his Saviour stands;
All in milk-white robes arrayed,
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints begin the endless song,
Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
Glory doth to God belong;
God, the glorious Saviour, praise:
All salvation from him came;
Him who reigns enthroned on high;
Glory to the beeding Lamb,
Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel-powers the throne surround,
Next the saints in glory they;
Lulled with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay;
Prostrate on their face before
God and his Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for all!

4 Be it so, they all reply,
Him let all our orders praise;
Him that did for sinners die,
Saviour of the favoured race!
Render we our God his right,
Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,
Honour, majesty, and might;
Praise him, praise him evermore!

571

8-7s. C. WESLEY.

WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne;
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the Lamb of God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more;
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder climate they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

HEAVEN.

- 4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead:
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

572

P. M.

2XODOS.

- Y**E happy sons of light,
Victorious in the fight,
Who steadfast to the end endured;
Now view the great reward
Messiah hath prepared,
And to his faithful saints ensured.
- 2 The Lord of life appears,
To wipe away their tears,
And lead them to his endless rest;
He bids them share his joy;
No pain, no base alloy,
Shall e'er disturb their peaceful rest:
- 3 There saints and angels join
In fellowship divine,
And raptures swell the solemn lay!
They see him as he is,
The fount of all their bliss,
And sure of everlasting rest.
- 4 Salem, behold thy King;
Ye tribes, your tribute bring,
And bend to him your trembling knee:
Confess the bleeding Lamb,
'Tis he, the great I AM,
Enthroned in all his majesty.
- 5 Salem, secure above,
Thy joys when shall I prove,
And to thy holy hill attain;
Where weary pilgrims rest,
And in thy glories blest,
With God Messiah ever reign?
- 6 Can I but find the grace
To fill a humble place
In that inheritance above,
I'll stretch my utmost string,
And loud hosannahs sing,
To spread thy fame, redeeming Love.
- 7 Reign, true Messiah, reign;
Thy kingdom shall remain,
When stars and sun no more shall shine;
Mysterious One in Three,
Who ne'er began to be,
To sound thy endless praise be mine.

573

4-8's & 2-6's.

- T**HOU God of harmony and love,
Whose name transports the saints
above,
And lulls the ravished spheres;
On thee in feeble strains I call,
And mix my humble voice with all
The heavenly choristers.
- 2 O might I with thy saints aspire,
The meanest of that dazzling choir
Who chant thy praise above;
Mix'd wit' the bright musician-band,
May I a heavenly harper stand,
And sing the song of love.

- 3 What ecstasy of bliss is there,
While all the angelic concert share,
And drink the floating joys!
What more than ecstasy, when all,
Struck to the golden pavement, fall
At Jesu's glorious voice!

- 4 Jesus! the heaven of heavens he is,
The soul of harmony and bliss!
And while on him we gaze,
And while his glorious voice we hear,
Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
And silence speaks his praise.

- 5 O might I die that awe to prove,
That prostrate awe, which dares not
Before the great Three-One! (move
To about by turns the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ
In songs around the throne.

574

8-8's.

C. WESLEY.

- T**HE thirsty are called to their Lord,
His glorious appearing to see;
And, drawn by the power of his word,
The promise, I know, is for me:
I thirst for the streams of thy grace,
I gasp for the Spirit of Love;
I long for a glimpse of thy face,
And then to behold it above.
- 2 As soon as in him we believe,
By faith, of his Spirit we take;
And freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jesus's sake:
We gain a pure drop of his love;
The life of eternity know;
Angelic happiness prove;
And witness a heaven below.
- 3 Thy call I exult to obey,
And come, in the spirit of prayer;
Thy joy in that happiest day,
Thy kingdom of glory, to share;
To drink the pure river of bliss,
With life everlasting o'erflowed,
Implunged in the crystal abyss,
And lost in the ocean of God!

575

C. M.

STEELE.

- F**AR from the narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair, distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.
- 3 There pain and sickness never come!
There grief no more complains!
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.
- 4 No malice, strife, or envy there
The sons of peace molest:
But harmony, and love sincere,
Fill every happy breast.
- 5 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

MISCELLANEOUS.

6 There, no alternate night is known,
No sun's faint sickening ray :
But glory from the' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day !

7 O may this heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love !
May lively faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above !

MISCELLANEOUS.

576

M's & 11's. C. WESLEY.

THE earth is the Lord's, and all it contains;
The truth of his word for ever remains;
The saints have a mountain of blessings
in him; [stream.]
His grace is the fountain, his peace is the
2 To him our requests we now have made known,

Who sees what is best for each of his own:
Our heathenish care, we cast it aside;
He heareth the prayer, and he will provide.

3 The modest and meek the earth shall possess:
The kingdom who seek of Jesus's grace,
The power of his Spirit shall joyfully own,
And all things inherit in virtue of one.

577

P. M. THORNTON.

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to
the mountain, [fountain:]
For Adam's lost race Christ has opened a
For sin and uncleanness, and every trans-
gression, [salvation.]
His blood flows so freely in streams of

*Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who hath bought us our pardon,
We'll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.*

2 This fountain's so wide, ye may all find
salvation, [tion:]
In Jesus's side there is plenteous redemp-
If your sins be increased so high as a
mountain, [the fountain]
His blood can remove them; it flows from
Hallelujah, &c.

3 In Jesus rejoice, triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than
victorious; [passion.]
With shouting proclaim it: O trust in his
We all may be saved with a certain
salvation !
Hallelujah, &c.

4 On Zion we shall stand; when escaped to
the shore, [the more:]
With palms in our hands, we'll praise him
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks
of the river,
And sing of salvation, for ever and ever !
Hallelujah, &c.

578

7's & 8's. CENNICK.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
R Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place:

Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course:
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
Thus a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn:
Press onward to the prize:
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and ye know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

579

L. M. C. WESLEY.

THE Spirit of the Lord our God,
I (Spirit of Power, and Health, and
Love,)

The Father hath on Christ bestowed,
And sent him from his throne above:

2 Prophet, and Priest, and King of Peace.
Anointed to declare his will,
To minister his pardoning grace,
And every sin-sick soul to heal.

3 Sinners, obey the heavenly call;
Your prison doors stand open wide;
Go forth, for he hath ransomed ALL,
For every soul of man hath died.

4 'Tis his the drooping soul to raise,
To rescue all by sin oppress,
To clothe them with the robes of praise
And give their weary spirits rest.

5 To help their grovelling unbelief,
Beauty for ashes to confer,
The oil of joy for abject grief,
Triumphant joy for sad despair.

6 To make them trees of righteousness,
The planting of the Lord below,
To spread the honour of his grace,
And on to full perfection grow.

580

C. M. C. WESLEY.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
I Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice,
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But shew us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper ?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee ?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree ?

4 Convince him now of unbelief;
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

5 Speak with that voice which wakes the
And bid the sleeper, "Rise!" [dead,
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

6 Extort the cry, "What must be done
"To save a wretch like me?
"How shall a trembling sinner shun
"That endless misery?

7 "I must this instant now begin
"Out of my sleep to awake:
"And turn to God, and every sin
"Continually forsake:

8 "I must for faith incessant cry,
"And wrestle, Lord, with thee:
"I must be born again, or die
"To all eternity!";

581

C. M. C. WESLEY.

LONG have I seemed to serve thee,
With unavailing pain: [Lord,
Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,
And heard it preached in vain.

2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near thine altar drew:
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law;
Nor knew its deep design:
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height, of love divine.

4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove;
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?

5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

7 Where am I now, or what my hope;
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up;
'Tis thou must make it new.

582

L. M. GREGG.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless
days?

2 Ashamed of JESUS! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of JESUS! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of JESUS! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend:
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of JESUS! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That CHRIST is not ashamed of me.

7 His blest commandments would I prize;
Take up my cross, the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

583

6-7a. NEWTON.

HASTE again, ye days of grace,
When, assembled in one place,
Signs and wonders marked the hour;
All were filled and spoke with power;
Hands uplifted; eyes overflowed;
Hearts enlarged; self destroyed:
All things common now we'll prove,
All our common stock be love.

2 Jesus now his work revives;
Now his quickening Spirit strives;
Oh, let preachers, people—all
Listen to the glorious call;
Join the simple, lively throng,
Catch the fire, and swell the song;
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
Spread the life through all the land.

3 Satan, filled with hellish spite,
Veiled with robes of borrowed light,
Strives to scatter ruin wide;
Disunite, and then divide:
Still his utmost skill shall fail;
Patient love shall still prevail;
Closer to each other cleave,
Show how true believers live.

4 Pilgrims, soon the journey's done;
Warriors, soon the battle's won; [fears?
Where's your doubts, your cares, your
See! the glittering crown appears;
Hark! the angels, shouting cry,
"Welcome! welcome to the sky!
Jesus calls, and calls for thee,
"Faithful servant, come to Me."

584

C. M. WATTS.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise;
Thee the creation sings: [scars
With thy loved Name, rocks, hills and
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run:
There the pole planet rules the night;
The day obeys the sun.

4 If down I turn my wondering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 5 The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the [air
To make thy chariot way.
- 6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunders shake our coast;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.
- 7 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around;
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.
- 8 Lo ! here thy wondrous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green;
A thousand herbs thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.
- 9 There the rough mountains of the deep
Obey thy strong command:
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.
- 10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid
Wit, terror and delight. (ground,
- 11 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through thy works abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the Builder, God.
- 12 But the mild glories of thy grace
Our softer passions move:
Pity divine in Jesu's face
We see, adore, and love.

585

P. M.

MY soul's full of glory,
Which inspires my tongue;
Could I meet with angels,
I would sing them a song;
I would sing of my Jesus,
And tell of his charms,
And beg them to bear me
To his loving arms.

- 2 O Jesus, O Jesus,
Thou balm of my soul,
'Twas thou, my dear Saviour,
That mad'st my heart whole;
O bring me to view thee,
Thou precious, sweet King,
In oceans of glory
Thy praises to sing.
- 3 Sweet spirits attend me
Till Jesus shall come,
Protect and defend me,
Till I am called home:
Though worms my poor body
May claim as their prey,
'Twill outshine, when rising,
The sun at mid-day.
- 4 The sun may be darkened,
The moon turned to blood,
The mountains all melt
At the presence of God;
While lightnings are flashing,
And thunders do roar;
All this cannot daunt me
On Canaan's blest shore.

- 5 A glimpse of bright glory
O'erpowers my soul;
I sink in sweet vision
To view the bright goal:
My soul while I'm singing
Is leaping to go:
This moment for heaven
I'd leave all below.
- 6 Farewell, my dear brethren,
My Lord bids me come;
Farewell, my dear children,
I'm now going home;
Bright angels are whispering
So sweet in my ear,
"Away to the Saviour
"Thy spirit we'll bear."

586

6-8's.

HARVEST.

- THIS is the field, the world below,
In which the sowers came to sow,
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the word of truth declares:
But soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.
- 2 Most awful truth !—and is it so ?
Must all the world the harvest know ?
Is every man the wheat or tare ?
Then for the harvest, O prepare:
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.
- 3 To love my sins, a saint to' appear,
Grow with the wheat, and be a tare,
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow,
But soon the reaping time will come,
Which will discover what I am.
- 4 Well may I tremble when I see
How many hypocrites there be,
Who name thy Name, and call thee, Lord,
And yet will not obey thy word;
As though no reaping time would come,
Or judgment to pronounce their doom.
- 5 Great Sovereign of the Universe,
Arise, maintain thy righteous cause,
Purge me, and make me pure within,
From wrinkle, spot, and every sin;
And when the reaping time shall come,
May angels shout me welcome home.
- 6 Though in the outward church below
The wheat and tares together grow,
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up:
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

587

PART II.

6-8's.

- WILL it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here,
How much they heard, how much they
knew,
How long amongst the wheat they grew.
When of them bundles angels make,
And plunge them in the fiery lake ?
- 2 Oh ! this will aggravate their case:
They perished under means of grace:
To them the word of life and faith
Became the instrument of death:

MISCELLANEOUS.

- For soon the reaping time will come,
And fix the proud deceiver's doom.
- 3 When in the house of God we meet,
We seem as though we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise;
And will to all, when harvest's come,
And wheat alone is carried home.
- 4 The tares are spared for various ends;
Some for the sake of praying friends,
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil;
But soon the reaping time will come,
And each receive a righteous doom.
- 5 But though the tares grow tall and strong,
The wheat will not be teased long;
When Jesus gathers home his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown;
Angels and saints shall join in one,
To shout aloud the harvest home.
- 6 The ripened saints to heaven ascend,
With Jesus their beloved Friend,
Angels rejoicing as they fly
To the sweet regions of the sky:
The harvest of the earth is come,
A goodly crop is gathered home.
- 7 The saints shall now admitted be
The kingdom of their Lord to see,
Shine like the sun for ever there;
He that hath ears now let him hear;
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout us welcome home.

588

L. M.

- 0 THOU, our condescending God,
Hast sent a harvest rich and good;
No cankering worm, nor hostile band,
Has spoiled the produce of the land.
- 2 With kindly rays thy favours smile
On Britain's long be-friended isle;
O let this favoured isle at large
Her work of gratitude discharge!
- 3 We bless thy name for sun and showers,
And all the good that nature pours;
But thy enriching stores of grace
Transcend our highest notes of praise.
- 4 Pour out thy gracious Spirit, Lord,
And spread the influence of thy word,
Until a richer harvest rise,
To fill the garner of the skies.

589

L. M.

WATTS.

- PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 3 Sling to the Lord; exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

590

C. M.

C. WHELEY.

- JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
"Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

591

S. M.

C. WHELEY.

- HARK, how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround;
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!
- 2 See, on the mountain-top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesu's name I lift it up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh!
He bore the cross for all.
- 3 Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory:
All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesu's name.

MISCELLANEOUS.

4 Only have faith in God;
In faith your foes assail;
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell:
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurled,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule this lower world.

592

PART II.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

ANGELS your march oppose,
A Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible:
With rage that never ends,
Their hellish arts they try,
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
And spirits enthroned on high.

2 On earth the usurpers reign,
Exert their baneful power;
O'er the poor fallen sons of men
They tyrannize their hour:
But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?

Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy?

3 Jesu's tremendous Name
Puts all our foes to flight:
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A lion is in fight.
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them, through Jesu's
We on to conquer go. [blood,

4 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize:
"Be faithful unto death;
"Partake my victory;
"And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
"And thou shalt reign with me."

593

P. M.

PILGRIM'S HYMN.

COME, O my brother travellers,
Who're bound to Canaan's land,
Take courage, and fight heartily,
March up with sword in hand;
Our Captain goes before us,
The Father's only Son;
So, pilgrims dear, pray do not fear,
But boldly travel on.

2 We trace a howling wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight go;
A land of drought, of pits, and snares,
Where chilling winds do blow;
But Jesus goes before us,
And opens all the way;
If enemies examine us,
He teaches what to say.

3 Good morning, brother traveller,
Pray tell to me your name;
What country you are travelling to;
Likewise from whence you came?
My name it is Bold Pilgrim,
To Canaan I am bound;
I'm from the howling wilderness,
And the enchanted ground.

4 Pray what is that upon your head,
That shines so clear and bright?
And what's that covering on your breast,
So dazzling to my sight?
What kind of shoes are those you wear,
On which you boldly stand?
And what's that shining instrument
You hold in your right hand?

5 Upon my head is glorious hope;
Upon my breast my shield;
With this bright sword I mean to fight,
Until I win the field:
My feet are shod with gospel peace,
On which I boldly stand,
Resolved to fight until I die,
And gain fair Canaan's land.

6 You'd better stay with me, young man,
And give your journey o'er;
Your Captain he is out of sight,
His face you'll see no more:
My name it is Apollyon,
This land belongs to me,
And, for thy arms and pilgrim's dress,
I'll give it all to thee.

7 No, no, replied bold pilgrim,
Thy offers I disdain.
For crowns more glittering far than gold
I shortly shall obtain:
Laid up for faithful souls they are,
Who love their Lord's command;
And soon I shall be with them there,
To enjoy fair Canaan's land.

594

4-8's & 2-6's.

THE Lord into his garden came:
The spices yield a sweet perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing streams of grace divine,
From Jesus flows that living stream,
Which makes the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground
With springs of water may abound,
And fruitful soil become!
The desert blooms, the Lord is come,
To make his people join in one,
And party-zeal be gone.

3 That glorious day is rolling on,
That glorious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is:
I taste, I know that grace is free,
And all mankind, as well as me,
May come to Christ and live.

4 If sinners did but know the Lord,
And taste the sweets of Jesu's word,
His sweet forgiving love, [kind,
They'd break through storms of every
And leave all worldly cares behind,
To gain a crown above.

5 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive,
If they sincerely will repent;
Out of one sinner legion went,
The Lord did him relieve.

6 Come, brethren dear, who know the
Lord,
And taste the sweets of Jesu's word,
In Jesu's ways go on.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Our poverty and trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

- 7 I feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the' eternal throne,
From Jesu's throne on high;
It comes in floods we can't contain;
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.
- 8 But when to that bright world we come,
And all surround the' eternal throne,
We'll drink a full supply:
Jesus will lead his ransomed forth,
To living streams of richer worth,
That never will run dry.
- 9 There we shall shine, and shout, and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
When all the saints get home:
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
We soon shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.
- 10 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim a mansion there:
So here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

595

4-8s & 2-8s. TOPLADY.
THE CHRISTIAN MARINER.

JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

- 2 What though the seas are broad;
What though the waves are strong;
What though temptation loud
Distress me all along!
Yet what are seas and stormy wind,
Compared with Christ, the sinner's friend?
- 3 Christ is my Pilot wise:
My compass is his word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord:
I trust his faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
The' haven of endless rest;
My soul, thy wings expand,
And fly to Jesu's breast!
Oh, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and seas distress no more!
- 5 Come, heavenly Wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft from all below,
To heaven my destined place;
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

596

C. M.

O FOR a breeze of heavenly love
To waft my soul away,
To the celestial world above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay!

- 2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be
My Pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
Where stormy winds do blow.
- 3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair,
O guide me safe to Canaan's land,
Through every latent snare.
- 4 Anchor me in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.

597

C. M. COWDER.

- GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with Mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
 - 3 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

598

L. M. C. WHEAT.

- GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath
Or turned aside the fatal hour, (led,
Or lifted up my sinking head.
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.
 - 3 Oft hath the sea confessed thy power,
And given me back at thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thy hand.
 - 4 Oft from the margin of the grave
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden, I found thee near to save;
The fever owned thy touch, and fled.
 - 5 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.
 - 6 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my Wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me, where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay;
The crooked then shall straight become;
The darkness shall be lost in day.

599

C. M. ADDISON.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

3 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
It gently cleared my way, [deaths,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

7 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

8 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

9 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

600

C. M. WESLEY.

A PRAYER FOR THE HANOMETANS.

SUN of unclouded Righteousness,
With healing in thy wings arise,
A sad benighted world to bless,
Which now in sin and error lies;
Wrapt in Egyptian night profound;
With chains of hellish darkness bound.

3 The smoke of the infernal cave, [spread,
Which half the Christian world o'er-
Disperse, thou heavenly Light, and save
The souls by that Impostor led,
That Arab thief, as Satan bold,
Who quite destroyed thy Asian fold.

3 O might the blood of sprinkling cry
For those who spurn the sprinkled
Assert thy glorious Deity, [blood!
Stretch out thy arm, thou triune God!
The Antichristian fiend expel,
And chase his doctrine back to hell.

4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thou Three in One, and One in Three!
Resume thine own, for ages lost;
Finish the dire apostasy;
Thy universal claim maintain,
And Lord of the creation reign.

601

P. M. C. WESLEY.

MILLENNIUM.

COME, thou Conqueror of the nations,
On thy great white horse appear;
Earthquakes, dearths, and desolations
Signify thy kingdom near,
True and faithful!
'Stablish thy dominion here.

3 Thine the kingdom, power, and glory;
Thine the ransomed nations are;
Let the heathen fall before thee,
Let the Isles thy power declare;
Judge and conquer
All mankind in righteous war.

3 Thee let all mankind admire,
Object of our joy and dread!
Flame thine eyes with heavenly fire,
Many crowns upon thy head:
But thine essence
None, except thyself, can read.

4 Yet we know our Mediator,
By the Father's grace bestowed,
Meanly clothed in human nature,
Thee we call the Word of God:
Flesh thy vesture,
Dipt in thine own sacred blood.

5 Followed by the host of heaven, [white)
(White their robes, their coursers
Come, and let the word be given;
Let thy word the nations smite;
With thy judgments,
With thine iron sceptre, fight.

6 Captain, God of our salvation,
Thou who hast the wine-press trod,
Borne the' Almighty's indignation,
Quenched the fiercest wrath of God,
Take the kingdom,
Claim the purchase of thy blood.

7 On thy thigh and vesture written,
Shew the world thy heavenly name,
That with loving wonder smitten,
All may glorify the Lamb;
All adore thee,
All the Lord of lords proclaim.

8 Honour, glory, and salvation,
To the Lord our God we give;
Power, and endless adoration,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Reign triumphant,
King of kings, for ever live!

MISCELLANEOUS.

602

4-7's.

C. WESLEY.

COME, Desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come, and take us to thy side.

- 2 Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward:
Then with all thy saints descend;
Then our earthly trials end.
- 3 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days;
Who for full redemption groan,
Hear us now, and save thine own.
- 4 Now destroy the man of sin;
Now thine ancient flock bring in;
Filled with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransomed world for thine.
- 5 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Glorious in thy saints appear;
Speak the sacred number sealed;
Speak the mystery revealed.
- 6 Take to thee thy royal power;
Reign, when sin shall be no more;
Reign, when death no more shall be;
With thine ancients gloriously.

603

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

THE Church in her militant state
Is weary, and cannot forbear;
The saints in an agony wait
To see him again in the air:
The Spirit invites, in the bride,
Her heavenly Lord to descend,
And place her, enthroned at his side,
In glory that never shall end.

- 2 The news of his coming I hear,
And join in the catholic cry:
O Jesus, in triumph appear;
Appear in the clouds of the sky!
Whom only I languish to love,
In fulness of majesty come,
And give me a mansion above,
And take to my heavenly home.

604

P. M.

RISE, ye dearly purchased sinners,
Filled with Faith's assurance rise;
Through the loss of Jesus winners,
Lord of all below the skies:
Sing, and triumph
In his bleeding sacrifice.

- 2 To his meritorious passion
All our happiness we owe,
Pardon, holiness, salvation,
Heaven above, and heaven below:
Grace and glory
From that open fountain flow.
- 3 Blest in our returning Saviour,
When he hath prepared our place,
We shall reign with him for ever,
Folded in his love's embrace;
Come, Redeemer,
Shew us all thy heavenly face.

- 4 Now reveal thy full salvation,
Let thy brightest lightnings shine;
In the thundering acclamation
While both saints and angels join,
Sounds the trumpet,
Flames unfurled the crimson sign.
- 5 With thine army of cross-bearers,
Lo! we wait, we long to rise,
In the royal triumph sharers,
In the joys beyond the skies:
Come the kingdom;
Saviour, bring the immortal prize.
- 6 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom,
The new earth and heaven to inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All Creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

605

4-8's & 2-8's.

C. WESLEY.

HOW happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian
In all commotions rest! [Rock,
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesu's breast.

- 2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered unto thee,
Before the floods descend;
And while the bursting cloud comes
down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.
- 3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up
To meet thee in the skies.
- 4 Thy tokens we with joy confess:
The war proclaims thee Prince of Peace;
The earthquake speaks thy power;
The famine all thy fulness brings;
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And Nature's final hour.
- 5 Whatever ill the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call;
A sign of Jesus near:
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
"Triumphant Lord, appear."
- 6 Appear with clouds on Zion's hill,
The word and mystery to fulfil,
Thy confessors to approve,
Thy members on thy throne to place,
And stamp thy name on every face,
In glorious heavenly love!

606

8's & 7's.

C. WESLEY.

RIGHTEOUS God, whose vengeful vials
All our fears and thoughts exceed,
Big with woes and fiery trials,
Hanging, bursting o'er our head;
While thou visitest the nations,
Thy selected people spare;
Arm our cautioned souls with patience,
Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 If thy dreadful controversy
With all flesh is now begun,
In thy wrath remember mercy:
Mercy first and last be shown;
Plead thy cause with sword and fire,
Shake us till the curse remove,
Till thou com'st, the world's desire,
Conquering all with sovereign love.
- 3 Every fresh alarming token
More confirms the faithful word;
Nature (for its Lord hath spoken)
Must be suddenly restored:
From this national confusion,
From this ruined earth and skies,
See the times of restitution,
See the new creation rise!
- 4 Vanish, then, this world of shadows;
Pass the former things away:
Lord, appear! appear to glad us
With the dawn of endless day.
O conclude this mortal story,
Throw this universe aside!
Come, eternal King of Glory,
Now descend, and take thy Bride!

607

P. M. C. WESLEY.

- LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain:
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 The dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!
- 4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlasting God! come down.

608

L. M. C. WESLEY.

- HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash; his thunders roll:
How welcome to the faithful soul.
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the Almighty Jesus crowned!
Girt with omnipotence and grace;
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout, all the people of the sky;
And all ye saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

609

7's & 6's. C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend;
All heaven's host their glorious Lord
Shall joyfully attend:
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud;
With the great Archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.
- 2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
Then we that yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
And see our Lord again;
We shall meet him in the air,
All rapt up to heaven shall be;
Find, and love, and praise him there,
To all eternity.
- 3 Who can tell the happiness
This glorious hope affords?
Joy unuttered we possess
In these reviving words:
Happy while on earth we breathe;
Mightier bliss ordained to know;
Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
To the third heaven we go.

610

8's 7's & 4's. WILLIAMS.

- GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand!
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee!

611

P. M.

- OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one:
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun:
Our hearts did burn while Jesus spake,
And glowed with heavenly fire;
Hestopped and talked, and fed, and blest,
And filled the enlarged desire.
- A SAVIOUR! let creation sing;
A SAVIOUR! let all heaven ring;
He's GOD WITH US, we feel him ours,
His fulness in our souls he pours:
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost done,
We're joining them who've gone before,
We soon shall reach the heavenly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

- 3 We're soldiers fighting for our King;
Let trembling cowards fly;
We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fixed,
For Christ to live and die;
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through;
Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown, our due.

A SAVIOUR, &c.

- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain;
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour the mighty floods;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

A SAVIOUR, &c.

- 4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own;—
May we a little band of love,
Be sinners saved by grace;
From glory into glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

A SAVIOUR, &c.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

612

7's & 6's.

HE HER

MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

613

6-5's.

C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.
- 2 Thou hast pronounced the mourner
blest;
And, lo! for thee I ever mourn:
I cannot,—no, I will not rest,
Till thou, my only Rest, return;
Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.
- 3 Where is the blessedness, bestowed
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God;
See the poor fainting sinner, see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness!
- 4 Ah, Lord, if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray;
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry;
Mark what my labouring soul would
Answer the deep, unuttered groan, (say:
And show that thou and I are one.
- 5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom!
Light in thy light I then shall see;
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come;
"Glory divine is risen on thee:
"Thy warfare's past; thy mourning's
o'er:
"Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."
- 6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay:
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay;
Into thy hands my all resign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

614

8's & 7's.

NEWTON.

HYMN FOR A REVIVAL.

- SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
- 2 Surely, once thy garden flourished,
Every plant looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen;
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
- 3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Filled with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth?
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below:
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

4 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
Covered thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipped them in the bud!
Blessed Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares;
Break the Tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

615

6-S's.

C. WESLEY.

TO thee, great God of Love! I bow,
And prostrate in thy sight adore:
By faith I see thee passing now;
I have, but still I ask for more;
A glimpse of love cannot suffice;
My soul for all thy fulness cries.

2 The fulness of my vast reward
A blest eternity shall be:
But hast thou not on earth prepared
Some better thing than this for me?
What,—but one drop!—one transient
I want a sun,—a sea of light. [sight!]

3 Moses thy backward parts might view,
But not a perfect sight obtain;
The Gospel doth thy fulness shew
To us, by the commandment slain:
The dead to sin shall find the grace;
The pure in heart shall see thy face.

4 More favoured than the saints of old,—
Who now by faith approach to thee,
Shall all with open face behold
In Christ the glorious Deity;
Shall see and put the Godhead on,
The nature of thy sinless Son!

5 This, this is our high-calling's prize!
Thine image in thy Son I claim;
And still to higher glories rise,
Till all transformed I know thy name,
And glide to all my heaven above,
My highest heaven in Jesu's love!

616

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite;
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright:

2 To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above;
And one thrice-holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of Holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky:

4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

5 By faith the upper choir we meet;
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah, on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.

6 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our nobler strain;
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man!

7 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us, poor ransomed worms, look down,
For heaven's superior praise.

8 The King, whose glorious face ye see;
For us his crown resigned;
That fulness of the Deity,
He died for all mankind!

617

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom One in Three we know;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
The universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess;
Thee, Holy Son, adore;
Thee, Spirit of Truth and Holiness,
We worship evermore.

4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God, receive,
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied, give.

5 Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs are long shall join,
To sing thy praise above.

6 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be,)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

618

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

GREAT God! to me the sight afford,
To him of old allowed;
And let my faith behold its Lord
Descending in a cloud!

2 In that revealing Spirit come down,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.

3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be!
Fountain of being, and of power,
And great in majesty.

4 The Lord, the mighty God, thou art;
But let me rather prove
That name in-spoken to my heart,
That favourite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast;
Mercy is thy distinguished name,
And suits a sinner best.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

6 Our misery doth for pity call,
Our sin implores thy grace;
And thou art merciful to all
Our lost apostate race.

619

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Opprest by sin, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stayed.

3 What'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

620

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

FATHER of me, and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love:—

2 To know thy nature, and thy name,
One God in Persons Three;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come, with power and
To every heart of man: [grace,
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.

4 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin,
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in:

5 The kingdom of established peace,
Which shall no more remove;
The perfect power of Godliness,
The omnipotence of Love.

621

8-7's & 6's.

C. WESLEY.

NONE is like Jeshurun's God,
So great, so strong, so high:
Lo! he spreads his wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky:
Israel is his first-born son:
God, the Almighty God, is thine;
See him to thy help come down,
The excellence divine.

2 Thee, the great Jehovah deigns
To succour and defend;
Thee the eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend:
Israel, what hast thou to dread?
Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

3 God is thine; disdain to fear
The enemy within:
God shall in thy flesh appear,
And make an end of sin:
God the man of sin shall slay,
Fill thee with triumphant joy;
God shall thrust him out, and say,
"Destroy them all, destroy!"

4 All the struggle then is o'er,
And wars and fightings cease;
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace:
All his enemies are gone;
Sin shall have in him no part;
Israel now shall dwell alone,
With Jesus in his heart.

5 In a land of corn and wine
His lot shall be below;
Comfort there, and blessings join,
And milk and honey flow:
Jacob's well is in his soul,
Gracious dews his heavens distil,
Fill his soul, already full,
And shall forever fill.

6 Blest, O Israel, art thou:
What people is like thee?
Saved from sin, by Jesus, now
Thou art and still shalt be:
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield;
Jesus is thy flaming sword:
Earth and hell, and sin, shall yield
To God's almighty Word.

622

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

GOD is in this and every place;
But, O, how dark and void
To me!—'Tis one vast wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O thou, who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

5 Now, Jesus, now, the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

623

6-8's.

C. WESLEY.

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort my people, saith your God!
Ye soon shall see his smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not his rod;
And own, when now the cloud's removed,
He only chastened whom he loved.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

2 Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap;
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn;
Who now go on their way and weep,
With joy they doubtless shall return,
And bring their sheaves with vast in-
crease,
And have their fruit to holiness.

624 2-5's & 4-7's. C. WESLEY.

A GAIN we lift our voice,
And shout our solemn joys;
Cause of highest rapture this,
Raptures that shall never fall;
See a soul escaped to bliss,
Keep the Christian Festival.

2 Our Friend is gone before
To that celestial shore;
He hath left his mates behind,
He hath all the storms outrode;
Found the rest we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.

3 And shall we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free?—
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the haven of the skies?
Can we weep to see the tears
Wiped for ever from his eyes?

4 No, dear companion, no;
We gladly let thee go,
From a suffering church beneath,
To a reigning church above:
Thou hast more than conquered death;
Thou art crowned with life and love.

5 Thou, in thy youthful prime,
Hast leaped the bounds of time;
Suddenly from earth released,
Lo! we now rejoice for thee;
Taken to an early rest,
Caught into eternity.

6 Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliss to share;
We shall see the welcome day,
We shall to the summons bow:
Come, Redeemer, come away;
Now prepare, and take us now!

625 P. M. BURDER.

L ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Beign with Christ in endless day.

INDEX TO THE SUBJECTS OF THE HYMNS.

- Abraham's Faith,** 320
 — **God** 309
Adoption, 140, 351, 293, 419
Adoration, 474, 616
All things possible to him that Believeth,
 389
Ambassadors, 79
Atonement, the, 247, 516
Attributes of God, 253, 280, 203

Backsliders, 206—223
 Backsliders, Danger of, 348
 Baptism, 278, 279
 Believers Rejoicing, 224—271, 585
 Birth-Day, 288—294
 Building on Christ, 404

Canaan, a Type of Heaven, 563
Chapel, Laying the Foundation of, 82—84
 — Opening of, 38—45
Children, 273—277
Christ, a Conqueror, 312, 313, 315, 590, 593
 — a Corner-Stone, 407, 470, 520
 — an Advocate, 191
 — All in all, 222, 243, 252, 376, 445
 — Ascension of, 144—147
 — Atonement of, 113, 115, 131, 141, 246,
 247, 251, 253
 — Birth of, 91—101
 — Compassion of, 118, 124
 — Condescension of, 96, 175
 — Confessing of, 582
 — Crucifixion of, 112—131
 — Dwelling in Believers, 307, 309
 — Friend of Sinners, 116, 185, 311
 — Life of Believers, 187, 234, 500
 — Believed in His afflicted members,
 23, 31
 — Resurrection and Ascension of,
 132—147
 — Sufficient to save, 271, 577
Christ's Divinity, 92, 94, 93, 101, 120, 121,
 123, 125, 127, 123, 129
Christianity, Primitive, 85—87
Church, Prosperity and Safety of, 85, 372
Communion with God, 235
Confidence in God, 80, 116, 181, 246, 304,
 316, 300, 443
Conscience, tender, 343, 344
Coronation Hymn, 293, 270
Covenanting with God, 434, 508
Cross taken up, 533, 361

Deadness to the world, 318, 319
Death, 525—553
Deceitfulness of Sin, 106

Dedication to God, 200, 401, 434—438
Deliverance from sin, 310, 446
Dismissal, 524, 625

End of the World, 550, 552
Exhorting Sinners, 61—80

Faith, 179, 307, 409
 — Prayer for, 149
Faithfulness of God, 74, 189, 240, 402, 423
Fallen, prayer for, 451, 452
Family Devotion, 287
 — in Heaven and Earth, 540, 550
Feast of the Gospel, 62—70
Fellowship of Saints, 85, 86, 308, 403, 473
Formal Religion, 581
Fountain for Sin, 122, 577
Funerals, 535—552
Freedom from Sin, 373, 379, 397, 403

Goodness of God, 253, 260
Grace and Glory, 84
Growing in Grace, 437, 405, 502

Harvest, 580—589
Heart, New, 307—309
Heaven described, 504, 505
 — desired, 550, 559
Holliness, 298, 303, 394, 412, 415
Holy Spirit, the Comforter, 155, 420, 447
 — Deity of, 161
 — Descent of, 156, 157
 — Influences of, 154
 — Witness of, 149, 158
 — Universal outpouring of, 443
 449
Humility, 424

Inspiration, 151, 160—163
Intercession of Christ, 135, 146, 174, 205, 251
 — of Believers, 447—456

Jubilee, 3, 13, 109
Judgment, 553—563
Justification, 120, 250, 251

Kingdom of Grace, 84, 356, 630
Knocking at the door of the Heart, 230

Liberty from Sin, 413
Life hidden, 172, 522
Light of the Gentiles, 226
 — Spiritual, 393
Living to Christ, 350, 434, 436, 536

INDEX TO THE SUBJECTS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Lord's Day, 133 | Pardon, 79, 122, 245, 247, 250, 251 |
| — Supper, 511—517 | Parting, 518—524 |
| Loveseast, 501—510 | Pentecost, 155—157, 583 |
| Lukewarmness, 455 | Perfection, 378, 380, 382, 389, 406, 412, 415, 416, 428 |
| Mahometans, Prayer for, 600 | Pilgrims, 264, 593 |
| Masters, 296—300 | Pool of Bethesda, 176, 196 |
| Millennium, 601—609 | Prayer, power of, &c., 324, 341 |
| Ministers, 1—8 | Prodigal's Return, 77, 213, 214 |
| Missionary exertion, 9—26, 612 | Revival, 454, 614 |
| Missionaries, Collection for, 27—31, 612 | Sailors, 95, 595—597 |
| Mountain Sin, 425 | Scriptures, Knowledge of, 163 |
| Mourners, 165—200 | — searching the, 200 |
| Mystery of Redemption, 250 | Spread of the Gospel, 25—26 |
| — of Providence, 597 | Union, 509 |
| Name of Christ, dear to sinners, 95, 119, 184, 276, 590 | Unity, 484, 485, 487—487 |
| Nation, Prayer for, 453 | Watchfulness, 342—351 |
| New-Birth, 190, 407, 590 | Weddings, 283, 285 |
| New Habitation, 236, 287 | Working, 352—359 |
| New Year's Day, 102—111 | |
| Obedience of Believers, 118, 367 | |
| Offices of Christ, 146, 232, 251, 310, 431, 579, 591 | |

A TABLE
OF THE
TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE
ILLUSTRATED IN THIS VOLUME.

GENESIS.		DEUTERONOMY.		1 CHRONICLES.		C. V.		
C. V.	H.	C. V.	H.	C. V.	H.	C. V.		
1 26	414	8 27	391, 392	20 5	434	45 2		27
2 7	414	6 7	252, 259	14	31, 35	51	7	191, 221, 224
2 18-24	285	8 2	599			11	12	194, 223
3 15	315, 331	26 15	35	2 CHRONICLES.		13	13	213
23, 24	490	30 6	394	6 18	20, 43	55 23	13	49
5 24	215	32 3	50	20-31	37	65 1	490, 527	266
12 8	286, 287	39	416	NEHEMIAH.		9-13		529
15 1	269	40, 50	537			60 16-20		530
17 1	269, 414	33 26-39	621	3 20	20	68 1		535
18 19	297	27	239	5 9	350	4-6		544
22 1-19	320	34 1-3	391, 563			11		15
8, 14	80	JOSHUA.		JOB.		13		124
27 33	461	5 13, 14	322	1 21	429	60 9		423
28 16, 17	474	7 13	196, 207	10 21, 22	530	72 17		493
33 10	238	23 14	240, 533	14 14	543	73 24		512, 520
24-31 184, 185, 329		24 15	298	16 22	529	25	345, 512, 521	441
40 33	532	JUDGES.		22 10	293	26		263
EXODUS.		5 31	1	25 6	529	77 19		527
3 3	360	10 20	108	28 28	350, 551	79 11		527
13 21, 22	357	1 SAMUEL.		34 29	455	81 10		517
14 13	240	7 12	110, 295	43 5, 6	553	84 10		41, 123
19, 20	357	2 SAMUEL.				1-12		44
21, 22	311	7 18	229	PSALMS.		85 2		243
17 11-13	324	16 5-10	367	1 1	90	6		614
20 24	30	1 KINGS.		3	433	8		229
32 10	350	8 23	240	4 6	261	86 13		266
33 18-23	615	8 27	43	8 2	230, 231	90 2		266
34 5, 6	618	18 44, 45	257	16 11	430	1-5		267
6	260	19 11, 12	408, 433	17 15	268	5		267
6, 7	181	2 KINGS.		18 1, 2	23	12		267
LEVITICUS.		3 23	240	19 1	262	91 4		264
6 13	354, 355	8 37	43	23 4	234	11, 12		264
8 35	318	18 44	611	24 7-10 132, 144, 145	304	93 3, 4		270
25 9	18			27 1-3	304	95 9-11		270
NUMBERS.				14	43	98 1-4		270
6 24-26	261			5	364	100 1-5		284
13 27-30	323			8	235	101 2		285
30 28	532			26 9	180, 180, 361	102 20		285
				27 27	534	103 8		412
				40 1	450, 453	104 1-3		286
				42 1, 2	352	1-15		286

INDEX TO THE TEXTS.

C. V.	H.	C. V.	H.	LAMENTATIONS.	C. V.	H.
107 22-31	595	12	437, 443	C. V.	12 10	171
110 1	310	19	140	3 22, 23	13 1	34, 123, 191
116 15	542	27 4, 5	219			403, 576
8, 9	359	13	13	EZEKIEL.		
119 38	52	28 9	334	11 19	223	
96	416	30 1	345	15 6	229	
121 130	162	30 5, 6	454	16 62, 63	216, 415	
122 4	45	17	505	18 23	75	
126 5, 6	633	34 1	15	31	75	
127 1	33	35 6	371	23 11	75, 75	
130 7	213	8	333, 445	19	193	
7, 8	180	10	420, 468, 507	24 2-23	83	
123 9	1, 207, 208	40 6-8	535	15	256	
15	45	11	83, 450	27	433	
133 1	497	42 10	14	30 25-27	330, 367	
1-3	470, 471	16	508	37 11	403	
130 1	257	31	340	47 1-5	594	
1-4	300	43 1-3	300, 403	DANIEL.		
23, 24	136, 370, 437	2	373	3 25	362	
143 4	24	44 3	374	27	334	
144 1	309	23	475	4 35	337	
2-5	178	45 8	150	6 23	334	
13	39, 377	22	371	9 24	336	
15	51	48 4	233	HOSEA.		
145 8, 9	257	50 2	311	4 6	24	
146 1-10	354	51 9	439	6 8	57, 188	
5-10	294	53 3	24	11 8	104	
148 1-12	589	7	27	14 1-4	68, 166	
12, 13	292	8	2		168, 223	
140 4, 5	267, 268	10	25	JOEL.		
	438	53 2, 3	113, 114	2 23, 29	19	
		3-6	115	AMOS.		
PROVERBS.			171	4 13	555	
3 13-18	83, 438	4	127, 341	MICAH.		
7 3	344, 347	55 1	498	4 4	40	
14 32	526	1-3	61, 73	6 6-8	173	
18 10	462	57 1-3	634	9	302	
23 6	273, 278	17-19	168, 198	7 18, 19	231	
ECCLESIASTES.			507	20	400	
1 14	342	58 11	439	HABAKKUK.		
4 9-12	467	59 1	193	2 3	179	
5 1, 2	263	60 1	613	3 3	195	
SOLOMON'S SONG			600	17-19	246, 443	
1 7	256	3, 4	54	HAGGAI.		
2 3, 4	400	13-23	9	2 7	100	
11, 12	594	61 1-3	26, 579	ZECHARIAH.		
16	238	63 3	105	2 3	116, 212, 440	
5 16	231	64 5	300	4 7	425	
8 5	625	64 1	178, 408	10	425	
ISAIAH.			238	11	453	
1 5, 6	165	66 8	453	12	181, 423	
13	191	66 30	13			
2 2, 3	591	JEREMIAH.				
4 5, 6	22					
5 4	76	17 5	490			
6 3	616, 617	14	190			
6 6	51	23 9	194			
9 2	226	23 29	301			
2-5	478	31 3	245			
6	96, 270, 431	15	187			
24 14, 15	340	33	308			
25 9	179	44 4	308			
26 3	239	50 5	508			

INDEX TO THE TEXTS.

C. V.	H.	C. V.	H.	C. V.	H.	2 CORINTHIANS.	
1 06	134	24 45	123	13 7, 8	350	C. V.	H.
23 2	130	25 406	13 20	130, 174	612	1 5, 6	350
18-30	143	31, 33 335	16 9	612	371	2 16	33
19	17	33 453, 611	25	371	100	3 14	100
	378		30, 80	190, 580	100	4 17	413
MARK.		JOHN.	23	100		15	400
7 37	230	1 14	101		ROMANS.	4 6	176
8 84-88	351	16	85	1 16	583	5 7	330
9 23	350	17	501	2 5	60	5 1-4	540
10 14	276	20 118, 271, 453	500	3 10	130, 200	14	62, 112, 314
27	178	2 1-11	258	4 12-25	409	17	413, 433
20, 30	330	3 8	434	5 18	341, 410	18-20	71, 79
11 34	337	5 16	54, 90	6 5	416	7 5	407
16 6	138	8 33	130, 151	10, 11	405	8 9	127, 130, 176
7	135	4 10-15	130, 303	6 1, 2	343	10 5	405
		34	531	4-6	404, 501	12 9	405
		5 2-16	170, 196	7 23	405	13 15	409
1 53	311	26	405	7 15	445	13 14	80
2 6-14	91, 92, 94	30	103	8 1	350		
	90, 97	30	76	15, 16	140, 158		
9-14	99, 100, 101	6 37	194	18	190, 351, 440		
4 18, 19	98, 105	6 37	461	21	543		
5 5, 6	47	7 27	77	26	181, 306, 336		
6 13	243	7 27-33	67	16-30	143		
6 11	108	8 12	316	9 23	335		
7 7	170	9 4	540	10 12-15	10, 27		
23	73	10 11-14	435	13 1	100, 354		
34	74, 106	10 11-16	53		435, 435		
38	118	16	431	2	355		
8 15	53	28	523	4-6	405		
18	164	13 8, 9	408	5	504		
10 5, 6	450	15	37	12	464		
18	15	36	517	13 15	447		
20	245	14 2, 3	460	13 11	468		
20	183	8, 4	145	17, 13	111		
41, 43	356, 441	16	78	13	306		
11 1	336	16, 17	155, 500	14 8	200, 434		
12 2, 3	563	10-26	135		435, 436		
23	605	26	430	17	84, 176, 333		
35-43	563	15 5	443		630		
40	337, 338	16	383		1 CORINTHIANS.		
13 6-9	104, 106	16 14	153, 158	1 26-28	31		
14 16-23	177	24	379	2 26-29	233		
17	64, 67	33	56	3 1	114, 253		
23-24	65, 77	17 31	430, 460	9	341, 519		
15 2	67, 116, 117	30	519		505		
4	181	19 1-15	113		140, 158		
4-7	83	34	130	8 13	404		
20-23	77, 313, 314	20 1	136	9 20	436		
16 23	541, 546, 565	17	135	9 14	27		
18 1	337	27	406	10 4	577		
1-3	333			16-18	515		
7	331	ACTS.		31	353, 353		
10-14	304	1 9	137, 130	13 3	140		
19 9	430	2 1, 2	583	13 13	458		
41, 43	117	1-4	156	26	405		
23 19, 20	511	33, 39	187, 440	13 1	244		
23	514	43-47	85	13 13	244		
29	114, 345	8 22	451	14 15	227		
43	360	4 13	110, 174, 376	15 45-47	118		
43-44	197	5 31	304, 300	15 53, 54	552		
23 16-23	118	6 55	372	15 55	533		
34	118	8 3	530	15 66	197		
43	123	9 11	353	16 1-3	23		
				9	34		

C. V.	H.	C. V.	H.	C. V.	H.	3 CORINTHIANS.	
1 5, 6	350	1 16	583	1 16	583	C. V.	H.
2 16	33	2 5	60	2 5	60	1 5, 6	350
3 14	100	3 10	130, 200	3 10	130, 200	2 16	33
4 17	413	4 12-25	409	4 12-25	409	3 14	100
15	400	5 18	341, 410	5 18	341, 410	4 17	413
4 6	176	6 5	416	6 5	416	15	400
5 7	330	10, 11	405	10, 11	405	4 6	176
5 1-4	540	6 1, 2	343	6 1, 2	343	5 7	330
14	62, 112, 314	4-6	404, 501	4-6	404, 501	5 1-4	540
17	413, 433	7 23	405	7 23	405	14	62, 112, 314
18-20	71, 79	7 15	445	7 15	445	17	413, 433
7 5	407	8 1	350	8 1	350	18-20	71, 79
8 9	127, 130, 176	15, 16	140, 158	15, 16	140, 158	7 5	407
10 5	405	18	190, 351, 440	18	190, 351, 440	8 9	127, 130, 176
12 9	405	21	543	21	543	10 5	405
13 15	409	26	181, 306, 336	26	181, 306, 336	12 9	405
13 14	80	16-30	143	16-30	143	13 15	409
		9 23	335	9 23	335	13 14	80
		10 12-15	10, 27	10 12-15	10, 27		
		13 1	100, 354	13 1	100, 354		
			435, 435		435, 435		
		2	355	2	355		
		4-6	405	4-6	405		
		5	504	5	504		
		12	464	12	464		
		13 15	447	13 15	447		
		13 11	468	13 11	468		
		17, 13	111	17, 13	111		
		13	306	13	306		
		14 8	200, 434	14 8	200, 434		
			435, 436		435, 436		
		17	84, 176, 333	17	84, 176, 333		
			630		630		

C. V.	H.	C. V.	H.	C. V.	H.	4 CORINTHIANS.	
1 13, 14	419	1 26-28	31	1 26-28	31	C. V.	H.
2 4-7	134	2 26-29	233	2 26-29	233	1 13, 14	419
8	100, 433	3 1	114, 253	3 1	114, 253	2 4-7	134
14	633	9	341, 519	9	341, 519	8	100, 433
20-23	479		505		505	14	633
31, 23	404		140, 158		140, 158	20-23	479
8 9	90		404		404	31, 23	404
15	540, 580		533		533	8 9	90
17	230		552		552	15	540, 580
17-20	280		583		583	17	230
18, 19	416, 431		612		612	17-20	280
4 4-6	405		641		641	18, 19	416, 431
5 30	158		677		677	4 4-6	405
5 1	516		713		713	5 30	158
14	305, 559		750		750	5 1	516
25, 27	58, 57, 58		787		787	14	305, 559
6 11-18	300, 307		818		818	25, 27	58, 57, 58
	305, 503, 508		853		853	6 11-18	300, 307
			888		888		305, 503, 508
			923		923	18	305
			958		958	19	8

C. V.	H.	C. V.	H.	C. V.	H.	5 CORINTHIANS.	
1 9-11	279	1 9	137, 130	1 9	137, 130	C. V.	H.
13	314	2 1, 2	583	2 1, 2	583	1 9-11	279
21	535, 545	1-4	156	1-4	156	13	314
21-23	508	33, 39	187, 440	33, 39	187, 440	21	535, 545
23, 24	373	43-47	85	43-47	85	21-23	508
3 5	405	8 22	451	8 22	451	23, 24	373
6-8	175	4 13	110, 174, 376	4 13	110, 174, 376	3 5	405
8 8	305, 405, 407	5 31	304, 300	5 31	304, 300	6-8	175
9-10	285	6 55	372	6 55	372	8 8	305, 405, 407
9 8	305	8 3	530	8 3	530	9-10	285
10	404	9 11	353	9 11	353	9 8	305
						10	404

INDEX TO THE TEXTS.

C. V.	H.	C. V.	H.	JAMES.		C. V.	H.
13, 14	508	3 5	455	C. V.	H.	5 1-13	140
15, 16	451	16, 17	161, 163	1 17	273, 443	4	310
16	477	4 7	302	2 19	244	11-13	89
4 6	58	16-18	314	26	503		
13	338			3 3	413		
				17	276		
				5 17, 18	334		
COLOSSIANS.		TITUS.		JUDE.			
1 5	547, 548	2 14	308			3	508
2 3, 3	423	3 5	379			13	80
11-13	401	8	106	1 PETER.			
14-15	183						
3 1-3	143, 578	HEBREWS.		1 7	303	REVELATION.	
1-4	446	1 14	90, 585	1 8	81	1 5, 6	85, 90
3, 4	538	2 9	130	1 17	343, 311, 513	7	556, 603
11	376, 518	2 10	431	23	505	8	253
17	352, 438	18	189	2 7	480	10	141
4 1	206	3 1	431	11, 13	350	18	312
		7, 8	43	24, 25	505	2 10	313
1 THESS.		9-11	192	3 8	491	11-17	565
4 3	304	4 13	166	4 1	313, 313	3 15-19	455
18	539	4 1-11	390	5 5	165	17	105
15-17	609	13	6, 201	7	7, 333, 374	20	330
5 6-8	807	15	167, 189		370	21 114, 303, 565	
10	172	5 7, 8	197	8	450	4 8, 10, 11	573
17	339, 333	6 6	309			5 6	572
		13	323	2 PETER.			
		18, 19	246			9	473, 476, 479
2 THESS.		10 341, 595, 596	506	1 1-10	160, 162	13	478
2 7, 8	602	7 17	255	11	480, 531	9	33, 522
		24	121	31	545	9-13	366, 570
1 TIMOTHY.		25 146, 174,	251	31	161	10-13	16
		8 3	516	3 9	55, 530	13-17	571, 619
		10	308	10	550	17	594
		13	240	18	604	11 15	608
		9 14	121	11-14	531	13 8	246
1 15	74, 119	10 13, 18	147			14 13	536, 544
2 4	55	18	137			15 2, 3	481
6	119, 247	19, 20	84	1 JOHN.		16 17	535
3 16	101	24	359			19 7-9	494
5 5	568	29	192	1 1-3	158	9	619
6	455	11 5	413	7	191	11-16	601
6 12	301, 312	13-16	103, 264	9	402	20 11-13	556
			463, 567	2 1	205	12 13	559
2 TIMOTHY.		17-19	330	1 1-3	158	21 1-7	538
		12 14	402	7	191	3	568
		13 5	289	9	402	3, 4	575
		8 230, 384, 501	501	2 1	205	23 4	523
		9-14	121	1, 3	174, 247	5	575
		17	3	5-9	291, 317	17	73, 303, 574
1 7	446			3 20	150		603
2 3	611			4 10	250		
26	309			17	247		

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

	HYMN.		
ABRAHAM, when severely tried	320	But above all lay hold	...
A charge to keep I have	349	But can it be that I should prove	..
Afflictions, though they seem severe	214	But though my life henceforth be	..
After all that I have done	216	But who sufficient is to lead	...
Again we lift our voice	624	By faith we find the place above	..
Ah, Lord, with trembling I confess	548		
Ah, what is death? 'tis life's last shore	540	CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide	..
Ah, when shall I awake	335	Captain of our salvation, take	..
Ah, whither should I go	186	Celebrate Immanuel's Name	...
Ains, and did my Saviour bleed	123	Centre of our hopes thou art	..
All glory to God and peace upon earth	97	Chief Captain of Jehovah's host	..
All glory to God in the sky	91	Chief Shepherd of thy chosen sheep	..
All hail the power of Jesu's name	266	Christ, from whom all blessings flow	..
All praise to our redeeming Lord	477	Christ, our Head gone up on high	..
All praise to the Lord	105	Christ, the Lord, is risen to day	..
All thanks be to God	238	Clothed in the golden robes of grace	..
All thanks to the Lamb	461	Come, all who'er have set	...
All things are possible to him	389	Come all who truly bear	...
Am I a soldier of the cross	561	Come, all ye saints of God	...
An ambassador from heaven	30	Come, and let us sweetly join	..
A nation God delights to bless	456	Come away to the skies	...
And am I born to die	530	Come, Desire of nations, come	...
And am I only born to die	531	Come, every pious heart	...
And are we yet alive	457	Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	..
And can it be that I should gain	250	Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	..
And let our bodies part	530	Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	..
And let this feeble body fall	543	Come, gracious Spirit	...
And will the God who reigns on high	280	Come, guilty souls, and flee away	...
And will the great eternal God	43	Come, Holy celestial dove	...
And wilt thou yet be found	218	Come, Holy Ghost, all quickening fi	...
Angels roll the rock away	139	Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts in spi	...
Angels your march oppose	592	Come, Holy Ghost, thine influence	...
Appointed by thee, we meet in thy	464	Come, let our voices join	...
Are there not in the labourer's day	316	Come, let us anew	...
Arise, my soul, arise	261	Come, let us anew	...
Arm of the Lord awake, awake	429	Come, let us arise	...
At anchor laid, remote from home	154	Come, let us ascend	...
A thousand oracles divine	616	Come, let us join our cheerful songs	...
Attend ye saints, and hear me tell	509	Come, let us join our friends above	...
Author of faith, to thee I cry	169	Come, let us search our ways and t	...
Author of faith, we seek thy face	450	Come, let us use the grace divine	...
Awake, and sing the song	461	Come, let us who in Christ believe	...
Away, my unbelieving fear	443	Come, Lord, from above	...
Away with our fears	288	Come, O my brother travellers	...
Away with our sorrow and fear	508	Come on my partners in distress	...
		Come, O thou traveller unknown	...
BACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel	68	Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above	...
Before Jehovah's awful throne	224	Come, sinners, to the gospel feast	...
Before that God that on the tree	128	Come, thou all-inspiring Spirit	...
Begin, my soul, some heavenly theme	240	Come, thou Conqueror of the natio	...
Behold how good a thing	471	Come, thou everlasting Lord	...
Behold the Saviour of mankind	113	Come, thou everlasting Spirit	...
Behold the servant of the Lord	437	Come, thou fount of every blessing	...
Behold with pleasing ecstasy	11	Come, thou high and lofty Lord	...
Be it according to thy word	411	Come, thou omniscient Son of Mar	...
Be it my only wisdom here	351	Come, wisdom, power, and grace	...
Bless the Lord for gospel preaching	65	Come, ye followers of the Lord	...
Bless be the dear uniting love	519	Come, ye sinners poor and wretche	...
Bless be the tie that binds	483	Come ye that feel your guilt and	...
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	18	Come, ye that love the Lord	...
Brethren in Christ, and well-beloved	510	Comfort ye ministers of grace	...
Bright as the sun's meridian blaze	14	Commit thou all thy griefs	...

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

HYMN.	HYMN.
Courage, my soul, while God is near... 304	Grace, 'tis a charming sound ... 482
DAY of Judgment, day of wonders ... 536	Granted is the Saviour's prayer ... 155
Death, how important is thy stroke... 544	Great God, now condescend ... 274
Death, 'tis a melancholy day ... 526	Great God, the nations of the earth... 10
Deepen the wounds thy hands have ... 416	Great God, thy providence we bless... 40
Depth of mercy! can there be ... 164	Great God, to me the sight afford ... 618
Drooping soul, shake off thy fears ... 179	Great God, where'er we pitch our tent 286
EQUIP me for the war ... 360	Great Shepherd of thy people hear ... 38
Eternal Power, whose high abode ... 263	Guide me O thou Great Jehovah ... 610
Eternal Spirit, source of light ... 151	HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost... 257
Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise ... 534	Hail, holy, holy, holy, Lord ... 617
Except the Lord conduct the plan ... 32	Hail the day that saw him rise ... 145
Extended on a cursed tree ... 115	Happy man whom God doth aid ... 294
FAIN would I leave the world below... 187	Happy soul, that, free from harms ... 82
Far from the narrow scenes of night 575	Happy soul, thy days are ended ... 541
Father divine, thy piercing eye ... 300	Happy the heart where graces reign 244
Father, how wide thy glory shines ... 262	Happy the man who finds the grace 53
Father, if justly still we claim ... 448	Happy the man whose hopes rely ... 254
Father, in the name I pray ... 308	Happy the souls that first believed ... 85
Father, into thy hands alone ... 439	Happy the souls to Jesus joined ... 84
Father of all, by whom we are ... 272	Happy who in Jesus live ... 373
Father of all, in whom alone ... 162	Hark, a voice divides the sky ... 536
Father of all, thy care we bless ... 287	Hark, how the gospel-trumpet sounds 23
Father of Jesus Christ my Lord ... 409	Hark, how the watchmen cry ... 591
Father of lights, from whom proceeds 206	Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour ... 93
Father of me and all mankind ... 620	Hark, the herald angels sing ... 100
Father of Omnipresent grace ... 159	Hark, 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice 303
Father of our dying Lord ... 500	Haste again ye days of grace ... 583
Father, see this living clod ... 414	Head of thy church triumphant ... 372
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ... 279	Hearken to the solemn voice ... 553
Father, Son, and Spirit, hear ... 493	Hear, Lord, the song of praise and ... 282
Father, supply my every need ... 381	He comes, he comes, the Judge severe 608
Father, to thee my soul I lift ... 442	He dies, the Friend of sinners dies ... 132
Father, whose everlasting love ... 131	Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly ... 345
For ever here my rest shall be ... 493	Henceforth may no profane delight 310
Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go ... 355	Herald of the King of kings ... 49
Fountain of life, and all my joy ... 291	He wills that I should holy be ... 394
Friend of sinners, dost not thou ... 167	His militant embodied host ... 559
From all that dwell below the skies 478	Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh 72
From Greenland's icy mountain ... 612	Holy, and true, and righteous Lord ... 382
GIVE glory to Jesus our Head ... 538	Holy Lamb, who thee confess ... 566
Give me the' enlarged desire ... 417	Holy Lamb, who thee receive ... 465
Give me the faith which can remove 440	Hosannah to Jesus on high ... 542
Give me the wings of faith to rise ... 323	How blest the righteous when he dies 534
Give to the winds thy fears ... 375	How can a sinner know ... 153
Glorious Saviour of my soul ... 241	How charming is the place ... 41
Glory be to God above ... 460	How do thy mercies close me round... 239
Glory be to God on high ... 96	How good and pleasant 'tis to see ... 470
Glory to God, whose sovereign grace 236	How happy are the little flock ... 605
God is gone up on high ... 137	How happy are we ... 469
God is in this and every place ... 622	How happy believers who die ... 546
God moves in a mysterious way ... 597	How happy every child of grace ... 547
God of all consolation take ... 523	How happy, gracious Lord, are we ... 242
God of all grace and majesty ... 343	How happy is the pilgrim's lot ... 264
God of all power, and truth, and ... 350	How highly blest are they ... 50
God of all-redeeming grace ... 435	How shall a lost sinner in pain ... 212
God of almighty love ... 354	How shall I walk my God to please ... 237
God of eternal truth and grace ... 400	How tedious and tasteless the hours 371
God of love that hear'st the prayer ... 490	How vain are all things here below... 342
God of my life, to thee ... 260	How very pleasant to behold ... 467
God of my life, whose gracious power 595	How weak the thoughts and vain ... 561
God of my salvation, hear ... 211	I AND my house will serve the Lord... 298
God of unexampled grace ... 129	I ask the gift of righteousness ... 587
God of unspotted purity ... 435	I know that my Redeemer lives ... 427
God only wise, almighty, good ... 276	I long to behold him arrayed ... 566
God, the offended God most high ... 79	I my Ebenezer raise ... 288
Good thou art, and good thou dost ... 253	In fellowship alone ... 386
	Infinite, unexhausted love ... 223
	Inspirer of the ancient seers ... 136

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

	HYMN.	HY
Is it a thing so small ...	537	Lift up your eyes behold those seats
I the good fight have fought ...	502	Lift up your hearts to things above...
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God ...	114	Lift your eyes of faith and see ...
I want a principle within ...	344	Light of life, seraphic fire ...
I want the spirit of power within ...	420	Lo! God is here, let us adore ...
I will hearken what the Lord ...	219	Lo, he comes with clouds descending
Jehovah, from his throne ...	60	Lo, I come with joy to do ...
Jesus, accept the praise ...	521	Long have I seemed to serve thee, Lord
Jesus, all-atoning Lamb ...	441	Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing ...
Jesus, and shall it ever be ...	582	Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing ...
Jesus, at thy command ...	505	Lord, help us on thy word to feed ...
Jesus, at whose supreme command ...	514	Lord, I adore thy gracious will ...
Jesus, comes with all his grace ...	388	Lord, I believe a rest remains ...
Jesus, faithful to his word ...	600	Lord, I believe thy every word ...
Jesus, friend of sinners, hear ...	160	Lord, I despair myself to heal ...
Jesus, from thy heavenly place ...	454	Lord, if thou the grace impart ...
Jesus, from whom all blessings flow ...	86	Lord, in the strength of grace ...
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep ...	485	Lord of harvest, our petition ...
Jesus hath died that I might live ...	390	Lord of hosts, how lovely fair ...
Jesus, I fain would find ...	332	Lord of the harvest, hear ...
Jesus, if still the same thou art ...	613	Lord of the worlds above ...
Jesus, I love thy charming name ...	480	Lord, send thy servants forth ...
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee ...	491	Lord, that I may learn of thee...
Jesus, lover of my soul ...	180	Lord, 'twas a time of wondrous love...
Jesus, my Advocate above...	205	Lord, wake in us a godly fear ...
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone ...	445	Lord, we believe to us and ours ...
Jesus, my King, to thee I bow ...	322	Lord, we thy will obey ...
Jesus, my life, thyself apply ...	404	Love divine, all loves excelling ...
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace... ..	28	Lovers of pleasure more than God ...
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save ...	310	MASTER, I own thy lawful claim ...
Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend ...	346	Master supreme, I look to thee ...
Jesus, my strength, my hope ...	333	May the grace of Christ our Lord ...
Jesus, shall I never be ...	406	May thy servants, gracious Lord ...
Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep ...	220	Men of God, go take your stations
Jesus, take my sins away ...	100	Messiah, Prince of Peace ...
Jesus, the all-restoring word ...	208	Mortals awake, with angels join ...
Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns ...	312	My brethren beloved ...
Jesus, the Life, the truth, the way ...	407	My Father, my God ...
Jesus, the name high over all ...	560	My God, I am thine ...
Jesus, the rising Lord of all ...	125	My God, I humbly call thee mine ...
Jesus, the word of mercy give ...	1	My God, my God, to thee I cry ...
Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord ...	84	My God, my portion, and my love ...
Jesus, thou hast bid us pray ...	531	My God, the spring of all my joys ...
Jesus, thou soul of all our joys ...	227	My gracious God, accept my prayer...
Jesus, thou sovereign Lord of all ...	326	My heart and voice I raise ...
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness ...	247	My rising soul, with strong desires ...
Jesus, thy boundless love to me ...	418	My soul's full of glory ...
Jesus, thy far-extended fame ...	384	My soul, through my Redeemer's care
Jesus, to thee I now can fly ...	619	My sufferings all to thee are known...
Jesus, to thee our hearts we lift ...	463	No more my Saviour will I boast
Jesus, united by thy grace ...	488	None is like Jeshurun's God ...
Jesus, we look to thee ...	455	Now I have found the ground...
Join all the glorious names ...	431	Now in a song of grateful praise ...
KINDLER of seraphic fire ...	148	Now let our mourning hearts revive
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake...	458	Now Lord, inspire the preacher's ...
LAMB of God, for sinners slain ...	108	Now may the Spirit's holy fire ...
Lamb of God, who bear'st away ...	453	Now while the gospel net is cast ...
Lamb of God, whose bleeding love ...	513	O ALL that pass by ...
Lender of faithful souls and guide ...	567	O come, and dwell in me...
Let all men rejoice ...	232	O disclose thy lovely face ...
Let earth and heaven agree ...	119	O'er the gloomy hills of darkness
Let God, who comforts the distressed ...	447	O for a breeze of heavenly love ...
Let him to whom we now belong ...	436	O for a closer walk with God ...
Let me not always, Lord, appear ...	164	O for a heart to praise my God ...
Let saints on earth their anthems ...	270	O for a thousand tongues to sing ...
Let us join, 'tis God commands ...	503	O for that tenderness of heart...
Let worldly minds the world pursue ...	444	O glorious hope of perfect love ...
Let Zion's watchmen all awake ...	3	O God, most merciful and true

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

	HYMN		HYMN
O God of our forefathers, hear...	383	Saviour, I now with shame confess...	168
O God, our help in ages past...	527	Saviour of all, what hast thou done...	368
O God, thy faithfulness I plead...	321	Saviour of sinful men...	463
O God, what offering shall I give...	438	Saviour of the sin-sick soul...	355
O great mountain, who art thou...	425	Saviour, on me the grace bestow...	337
O Jesus, at thy feet we wait...	378	Saviour, Prince of Israel's race...	204
O Jesus, let thy dying cry...	399	Saviour, visit thy plantation...	614
O Jesus, my hope...	191	See how great a flame aspires...	237
O joyful sound of gospel grace...	302	See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands...	276
O King of Glory, come...	39	See, Jesus, thy disciples see...	406
O let the prisoners' mournful cries...	452	Servant of all, to toil for man...	353
O Lord, arise, thy cause maintain...	335	Shall I for fear of feeble man...	514
O Lord, I must to thee complain...	64	Shepherd divine, our wants relieve...	339
O Love Divine, how sweet thou art...	183	Shepherd of Israel, bend thine ear...	5
O Love, I languish at thy stay...	422	Shepherd of Israel, hear...	451
O may thy powerful word...	306	Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye...	24
O might my lot be cast with these...	87	Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes...	92
O my God, what must I do...	190	Shew pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive...	217
O my offended God...	193	Shout, for the great Redeemer reigns...	26
On all the earth thy Spirit shower...	449	Shrinking from the cold hand of death...	533
Once more before we part...	57	Since Jesus freely did appear...	235
Once more we come before our God...	32	Since the Son hath made me free...	379
One more precious saint's ascended...	545	Sing to the great Jehovah's praise...	109
On what has now been sown...	53	Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown...	69
Open, Lord, mine inward ear...	408	Sinners, believe the gospel word...	117
O Saviour, cast a gracious smile...	484	Sinners, beloved of God, attend...	63
O that I could my Lord receive...	172	Sinners, obey the gospel word...	77
O that I could repent...	261	Sinners, turn, why will ye die...	75
O that I could repent...	267	Sinners, you are now addressed...	71
O that I could reverse...	262	Soldiers of Christ, arise...	306
O that my load of sin were gone...	377	Sons of God by blest adoption...	552
O that thou wouldst the heavens rend...	178	Soon will our Jesus's hand...	268
Other ground can no man lay...	494	Spirit of faith come down...	149
O thou eternal Victim, slain...	121	Spirit of truth, essential God...	161
O thou, our condescending God...	588	Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay...	192
O thou, to whose all-searching sight...	370	Still for thy loving-kindness, Lord...	200
O thou, who camest from above...	358	Still, Lord, I languish for thy grace...	182
O thou who hast our sorrows borne...	171	Summoned my labour to renew...	352
O 'tis a sound should fill the world...	15	Sun of unclouded righteousness...	600
O 'tis enough, my God, my God...	209	TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal...	235
O unexhausted grace...	210	Terrible thought, shall I alone...	557
Our friendship sanctify and guide...	504	The church in her militant state...	608
Our Lord is risen from the dead...	144	The earth is the Lord's...	576
Our souls by love together knit...	611	Thee, Jesus, full of truth and grace...	363
O what shall I do...	248	Thee, Jesus, thee, the sinner's friend...	181
O why did I my Saviour leave...	222	Thee we adore, eternal name...	539
O wondrous power of faithful prayer...	339	Thee will I love, my strength, my...	231
PASS a few swiftly fleeting years...	533	The God of Abraham praise...	239
Peace be on this house bestowed...	459	The great archangel's trumpet shall...	539
Peace, doubting heart, my God's I am...	360	The hour will quickly come...	562
Pierce, fill me with a humble fear...	347	The King of heaven his table spreads...	70
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair...	124	The Lord in Zion placed his name...	45
Praise the Saviour, all ye nations...	27	The Lord into his garden came...	594
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise...	589	The Lord is King, and earth submits...	315
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire...	838	The Lord Jehovah reigns...	265
Precious promises are given...	22	The Lord of earth and sky...	106
Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads...	423	The Lord of Sabbath let us praise...	141
QUICKENED with our immortal head...	446	The Lord who rules the world's affairs...	31
REJOICE evermore, with angels above...	88	The love of the Spirit I sing...	153
Rejoice for a brother deceased...	535	The morning flowers display their...	525
Rejoice, the Lord is King...	147	The people that in darkness lay...	473
Remark, my soul, the narrow bounds...	111	The praying spirit breathe...	323
Righteous God, whose vengeful vials...	606	The race we all are running now...	548
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings...	575	There is a fountain filled with blood...	122
Rise, ye dearly purchased sinners...	604	There is a land of pure delight...	563
Rock of Ages, cleft for me...	126	The school of scribes, the court of...	371
SALVATION, O the joyful sound...	479	The Spirit of the Lord our God...	579
		The Sun of Righteousness appears...	124
		The thing my God doth hate...	586
		The thirsty are called to their Lord...	574

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

	HYMN.		HYMN.
The voice of free grace ...	37	When all thy mercies, O my God ...	589
The voice that speaks Jehovah near ...	433	Whene'er thy servants here shall meet ...	38
Think, O my soul, another year ...	107	When, gracious Lord, when shall it be ...	194
This is the field, the world below ...	580	When I can read my title clear ...	245
This, this is the God we adore ...	253	When I survey the wondrous cross ...	135
Those who climb thy holy hill ...	432	When I the holy grave survey ...	140
Though troubles assail ...	80	When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay ...	89
Thou God of glorious majesty ...	558	When my relief will most display ...	179
Thou God of harmony and love ...	573	When, my Saviour, shall I be ...	434
Thou God of truth and love ...	284	When quiet in my house I sit ...	390
Thou great mysterious God unknown ...	293	When shall thy love constrain ...	177
Thou great Redeemer, dying Lamb ...	255	Where shall my wondering soul begin ...	116
Thou hidden God of love ...	401	Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw near ...	173
Thou hidden source of calm repose ...	376	While Joshua led the armed bands ...	334
Thou Judge of quick and dead ...	554	Who are these arrayed in white ...	571
Thou Lamb of God ...	309	Who hath slighted or contemned ...	436
Thou, Lord, hast blest my going out ...	304	Why do we mourn departed friends ...	539
Thou, Lord, on whom I still depend ...	565	Why not now, my God, my God ...	205
Thou Man of griefs, remember me ...	197	Why should the children of a King ...	199
Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine ...	256	Will God from his celestial throne ...	35
Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes ...	580	Will it relieve their horrors there ...	588
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love ...	260	With glorious clouds encompassed ...	177
Thy faithfulness, Lord ...	74	With heavenly power, O Lord ...	5
'Tis done, my all-redeeming Lord ...	65	Woe to the men on earth who dwell ...	558
To thee, great God of love, I bow ...	615	Worship, and thanks, and blessing ...	411
To thee I lift my eyes ...	150	Would Jesus have the sinner die ...	118
To thee our wants are known ...	341	Wretched, helpless, and distressed ...	166
To whom but thee, thou bleeding ...	457		
Try us, O God, and search the ground ...	467	Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know ...	143
Two are better far than one ...	467	Ye followers of the Prince of Peace ...	517
		Ye happy sons of light ...	572
UNCHANGEABLE, Almighty Lord ...	450	Ye heavenly choir ...	95
Urge on your rapid course ...	313	Ye heavens rejoice ...	475
		Ye heralds of truth ...	19
VAIN, delusive world, adieu ...	252	Ye humble souls that seek the Lord ...	143
Victim divine, thy grace we claim ...	516	Ye neighbours and friends ...	73
Vital spark of heavenly flame ...	528	Ye ransomed sinners, hear ...	402
		Ye servants of God ...	16
WATCHED by the world's malignant ...	350	Yes, from this instant now I will ...	213
Weary of wandering from my God ...	223	Ye simple men of hearts sincere ...	94
Weary souls that wander wide ...	89	Ye simple souls that stray ...	90
We know, by faith we know ...	560	Yes, there are joys that cannot die ...	20
Welcome, my Saviour's word to me ...	361	Yes, we trust the day is breaking ...	25
Welcome, sweet day of rest ...	133	Ye that do seek the Lord that died ...	138
What am I, O thou glorious God ...	229	Ye that pass by, behold the man ...	118
What could your Redeemer do ...	70	Ye thirsty for God ...	78
What is our calling's glorious hope ...	393	Ye virgin souls arise ...	561
What! never speak one evil word ...	412	Yield to me now, for I am weak ...	185
What shall I do my God to love ...	421	Young men and maidens raise ...	392

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
A blessing . . . 164	All things are . . . 70	As the bright . . . 1	But he who . . . 30
A clod of . . . 200	All things are . . . 380	Ashamed I must . . . 433	But I hear . . . 498
A country far . . . 547	All together . . . 2	Ashamed of . . . 582	But I of . . . 581
A country of . . . 103	All to thee . . . 3	Assembled here . . . 157	But is it . . . 400
A glimpse of . . . 585	Although he no . . . 214	Assert thy . . . 236	But let us . . . 519
A heart in . . . 307	Although my . . . 443	Assure my con- . . . 190	But lo! a . . . 289
A heart resign- . . . 307	Although the . . . 443	At his call . . . 556	But, Lord, thy . . . 10
A heart thy . . . 300	Alone the . . . 134	At Jesu's call . . . 163	But, O Almighty . . . 33
A herald from . . . 94	Amen, amen . . . 594	At the marriage . . . 283	But, O, how . . . 222
A holy quiet . . . 534	Anchor me in . . . 596	Atouement he . . . 475	But, O the . . . 226
A house we . . . 564	And art thou . . . 334	Author and . . . 446	But, O thou . . . 343
A humble, low . . . 307	And can I . . . 177	Awake, all-con- . . . 11	But O what . . . 431
A land of . . . 391	And can this . . . 265	Awake and . . . 526	But raise your . . . 142
A lifeless form . . . 455	And do you . . . 517	Awake, my soul . . . 167	But saints are . . . 580
A pardon writ- . . . 77	And have I . . . 540	Awed by a . . . 314	But soon he'll . . . 112
A people always . . . 324	And if our . . . 477	Awile in flesh . . . 462	But soon the . . . 101
A poor blind . . . 194	And in the . . . 43	BACKSLIDERS . . . 65	But the mild . . . 584
A rest where . . . 390	And may the . . . 38	Baffle the . . . 450	But thou hast . . . 28
A servant's . . . 101	And may we . . . 49	Barren and . . . 106	But thou my . . . 341
A sinner saved . . . 298	And now I'll . . . 445	Before me place . . . 558	But thou, O . . . 321
A solemn jubi- . . . 12	And shall he . . . 11	Before my eyes . . . 175	But through the . . . 587
A stranger in . . . 547	And shall I . . . 31	Before our . . . 483	But timorous . . . 563
A thousand . . . 527	And shall I . . . 116	Before the hills . . . 527	But to those . . . 556
A world he . . . 131	And shall my . . . 310	Before us make . . . 162	But we have . . . 45
Abba, Father . . . 379	And shall thy . . . 361	Behold for me . . . 221	But we who . . . 550
Absent, alas . . . 590	And shall we . . . 238	Behold I fall . . . 217	But when I . . . 509
Absent from . . . 187	And shall we . . . 624	Behold to thee . . . 157	But when to . . . 594
Acceptance . . . 383	And since my . . . 239	Behold what a . . . 538	But when we . . . 262
Accept the . . . 35	And therefore . . . 233	Being of beings . . . 474	But why from . . . 127
According to . . . 521	And though . . . 280	Be it according . . . 169	But worn by . . . 625
According to . . . 378	And thou . . . 15	Be it according . . . 593	By death and . . . 429
Adam descend . . . 118	And when our . . . 85	Be it so . . . 570	By faith I . . . 246
After all that . . . 219	And when the . . . 23	Be it weariness . . . 327	By faith I . . . 595
After my lowly . . . 87	And when thou . . . 611	Be this my . . . 558	By faith the . . . 616
Agonizing in . . . 61	And when to . . . 239	Be thou my . . . 451	By faith we . . . 372
Ah! canst thou . . . 213	And whilst . . . 243	Be thou, O . . . 422	By faith we . . . 476
Ah! don't begin . . . 63	Angel-powers . . . 570	Believe in him . . . 120	By faith we . . . 559
Ah! give me . . . 206	Angels assist . . . 124	Believing on . . . 610	By faith we . . . 568
Ah! give me . . . 223	Angels catch . . . 536	Better that we . . . 455	By men . . . 128
Ah! leave us . . . 157	Angels our ser- . . . 90	Beyond the . . . 366	By thine . . . 513
Ah Lord . . . 114	Anger I no . . . 406	Beyond the . . . 1	By this the . . . 94
Ah! Lord, if . . . 613	An offering to . . . 13	Bid, bid thy . . . 12	By thy recon- . . . 401
Ah! no: I still . . . 557	Answer in . . . 273	Bid our sin . . . 155	By thy Spirit . . . 204
Ah! shew me . . . 256	Answer thine . . . 604	Blest inhabit- . . . 22	By thy unerring . . . 357
Ah! what avails . . . 177	Appear as when . . . 34	Blest in our . . . 604	By word and . . . 359
Ah! wherefore . . . 194	Appear with . . . 605	Blest Saviour . . . 342	Called to sus- . . . 337
Ah! why did . . . 231	Are there no . . . 301	Bold shall I . . . 247	Call them into . . . 86
All are not . . . 463	Are we not . . . 539	Born into the . . . 536	Can I but . . . 572
All enjoying . . . 3	Arise, O God . . . 131	Boundless wis- . . . 405	Can these avert . . . 173
All fullness of . . . 88	Arm me with . . . 349	Bow the heavens . . . 190	Can you doubt . . . 76
All glory to . . . 95	Arm of God . . . 190	Break off the . . . 377	Canst thou . . . 556
All hail thy . . . 40	Arrayed in . . . 431	Break off your . . . 132	Captain, God of . . . 601
All honour and . . . 288	Art thou not . . . 189	Breathe, O . . . 428	Careful without . . . 356
All joined in . . . 522	As by the . . . 444	Breathe on us . . . 466	Careless through . . . 353
All my capacity . . . 490	As far from . . . 206	Bring the sweet . . . 136	Cause us the . . . 466
All my disease . . . 334	As flowers their . . . 474	Build us in . . . 493	Cease ye . . . 573
All my treasure . . . 441	As giants may . . . 1	But all before . . . 533	Celebrate with . . . 39
All our works . . . 492	As in the . . . 429	But art thou . . . 221	Christ hath the . . . 422
All power is . . . 315	As Isaac and . . . 185	But for thy . . . 163	Christ is my . . . 563
All power is . . . 536	As soon as . . . 574	But God made . . . 616	Christ, my . . . 430
All the struggle . . . 621			

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Christ, the H. ad 425	Determined all 430	Father in these 378	From thee thro' 443
Close by thy 390	Determined 341	Father, I've sin- 314	From thence 130
Closer and 519	Dow-ly yield 107	Father of ever- 447	From the time 400
Closer knit to 495	Did not his 117	Father of ever- 473	From the world 400
Clothed with the 1	Didst thou not 175	Father, regard 330	From thy gra- 42
Clothe me with 165	Didst thou not 384	Father, Son 384	Fruitless till 300
Come, all ye 62	Do:st thou desire 555	Father, Son 414	Fulfil, fulfil my 303
Come, Almighty 428	Do:st thou not 199	Father, t-line 240	Fully in my 434
Come, and par- 62	Down from the 124	Father, thymer- 100	Furnished out 168
Come, and pos- 177	Down through 90	Father, thy 52	
Come brethren 504	Dust and ashes 405	Father, we ask 330	
Come, Desire of 100		Fearless of hell 334	
Come, divine 155	Each esteem 2	Fed by his 5	GATHEAtheout- 34
Come, Father 300	Each moment 191	Fight on, my 303	Gigantic lusts 322
Come, Father 600	Eager for thee 419	Fight on, ye 23	Gird him with 8
Come, gracious 407	Early in the 505	Fill me with 304	Give him, then 394
Come, heavenly 505	Earth from afar 353	Fill us with 406	Give joy or 343
Come, Holy 160	Earthly cavern 552	Find in Christ 30	Give me a 390
Come, Holy 420	Easy to be 298	Finish, then 428	Give me faith 220
Come, Holy 37	E'er since by 122	Fired with the 156	Give me, O 41
Come, Holy 378	Effectual let 515	Firm in the 355	Give me the 191
Come in this 386	Empty of him 622	First the dead 600	Give me thy 314
Come, in thy 336	Endless scenes 120	Fixe bleeding 351	Give me thyself 306
Come, Jesus 461	End of my 352	Fixed on this 352	Give me to 355
Come, Jesus 545	Engraved as in 240	Fix my new 364	Give the pure 4
Come, Lord, 16	Enlarge, inflame 8	Fix, O fix 405	Give them all 2
Come, Lord, 391	Enlarge, inflame 440	Fix on thyself 504	Give to mine 228
Come, Lord, 490	Enlarge my 528	Fly abroad thou 9	Give us quietly 507
Come, Lord, the 377	Error and ig- 273	Followed by the 601	Give us peace 490
Come, O come 331	Eternal are thy 474	Followed by 530	Gladly the toys 101
Come, O my 116	Eternal life to 400	Foolish and im- 308	Glad tidings 101
Come, O my 300	Eternal Spirit 591	Fools and mad- 385	Glorify to God 92
Come, O my 303	Eternal Sun of 261	Forbid it, Lord 120	Glorify to God 392
Come, O my 422	Even now by 550	For favours, such 281	Glorify to the 100
Come, O thou, 432	Even now our 471	For i. vain 282	Glorify to thy 258
Come, poor des- 65	Even now we 477	For Jesus, my 348	God in the 137
Come quickly 236	Ever upward let 145	For me the 115	God in this 211
Come quickly in 330	Every eye shall 607	For my selfish- 166	God is in 288
Come, rebels 370	Every fresh 608	For the joy 541	God is our 44
Come Saviour 304	Every note with 110	For thee 335	God is thine 621
Come, then, and 175	Every one that 179	For thee I 430	God loved the 54
Come, then, and 310	Excused, alas 63	For this I 168	God of all 414
Come then, 161	Excused from 63	For this in 590	God of Jacob 35
Come then from 191	Expand thy 160	For this let 314	God of love 305
Come, then, my 410	Extend to these 34	For this my 408	God only knows 183
Come, then, to 91	Extol his king- 312	For this the 56	God ruleth on 16
Come, then, ye 77	Extol the Lamb 18	For this the 236	God's sons and 28
Come, thou wit- 512	Extort the cry 590	For this we 276	God through 100
Come to the 72	Eye hath not 585	For those who 537	Go meet him 661
Come, ye weary 61		For thou art 243	Go, shepherds 92
Confiding in 430	Face to face 544	For thy glory 474	Go, tell the 136
Confound, over- 382	Fainting soul 179	For thy own 267	Go, then, my 64
Conqueror of 404	Fain would I 134	For when thy 447	Go, then, my 64
Contented now 185	Fain would I 245	For who by 143	Go up with 591
Content with 371	Fain would I 245	For whom didst 185	Good morning 508
Covert and 4	Fain would I 377	For you the 110	Grace all the 433
Convince him 580	Fair, distant 575	Forgive and 412	Grace first con- 453
Could my tears 126	Fairer than the 441	Forgive the fol- 47	Gracetaughtmy 453
Could we but 563	Faithful child- 30	Forgotten be 458	Grant, O grant 167
Create my 217	Faithful, O Lord 300	Former of earth 290	Grant that every 400
Creatures no 444	Faith in thy 384	Fountain of 249	Grant this, and 428
Crown him ye 266	Faith, mighty 400	-ree from anger 400	Grant this, O 440
Crown the 155	Far above all 440	From Aaron's 471	Great day that 503
Cut off our 400	Far off, yet 163	From all iniqui- 303	Great God 111
	Farewell con- 534	From every sin- 80	Great God, on 530
	Farewell my 545	From heaven 605	Great Prophet 451
	Fath r, accept 273	From rocks of 505	Great Sovereign 586
	Father, behold 383	From sorrow 485	Guard me, Sa- 235
	Father, fix my 400	From strength 346	Guide of my 213
	Father, if I 180	From the dark 130	Guilt and self 132
	Father, in me 303	From thee that 344	Guilt I stand 174
Dangers stand 520			
Dark and cheer- 148			
Dead already 73			
Descend, and 178			
Descending, pass 141			
Descending on 608			

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Hail ! all vic- 23	Here let the . 45	How then . 581	I will accept . 557
Hail ! holy, holy 617	Here, Lord, . 37	How truly blest 544	I will improve 557
Hail ! Prince of 99	Here may our . 39	How vain a . 243	I will not . 329
Hail the Lord . 138	Here may the . 35	Ho ! ye needy . 61	I would be . 390
Hallelujah they 476	Here may the . 36	Husband of the 404	I would but . 361
Hallelujah we . 472	Here may the . 30		I would but . 377
Happy beyond 53	Here may thine 30	I all thy . 407	I would the . 440
Happy he whom 553	Here may thy . 35	I am all . 165	I wrestle not . 249
Happy if with 590	Here may thy . 36	I am never . 220	If any man . 67
Happy the man 83	Here mighty . 45	I ask in . 407	If down I . 534
Happy they who 98	Here on the . 41	I ask the . 387	If every one . 157
Happy thus . 50	Here then my . 235	I ask them . 323	If I have . 293
Hark, how he . 112	Here then to . 437	I bear a . 150	If I have . 346
Hark, the cher- 90	Here the whole 262	I cannot live . 217	If in this . 340
Hark theywhis- 538	Here we suppli- 42	I come, thy . 264	If in this . 370
Hasten, Lord, . 328	Here will I . 252	I deprecate that 197	If mercy is . 343
Hasten the joy- 413	Here will I . 335	I die with . 214	If near the . 345
Haste, Sov- . 10	Here's love and 352	I do the . 200	If now I lament 195
Hast thou not . 325	Her hands are . 83	I feel that . 594	If now the . 293
Hast thou not . 411	Her soul out . 546	I feel thee . 335	If now thine . 419
Hast thou the . 452	Her years of . 546	I find him . 427	If orphans they 275
Have I not . 189	High o'er the . 142	I forced thee . 222	If pure essential 505
Have me excus- 63	High on a . 28	I have no . 264	If rough and . 370
Have published 65	High on his . 137	I have no . 568	If sinners did . 594
Have we ne'er 103	High on Im- . 564	I hold thee . 410	If such a worm 340
Having thus . 71	Him eye to . 522	I hope at . 210	If thou gav'st . 567
He all his . 147	Him in his . 84	I, I alone . 115	If thou hast . 213
He bids us . 477	Him let us . 272	I knew not . 163	If thou hast . 148
He bore your . 60	Him, Prophet . 231	I know the . 169	If thousands to 549
He breaks the . 271	Him, strong to 95	I know thee . 185	If thy dreadful 606
He by himself . 269	Him, the angels 96	I languish and 405	If to the . 344
He comes from 93	Him, though . 145	I loathe myself 222	If when I . 105
He comes, he . 561	His adorable . 102	I long to . 218	I'll go and . 214
He comes of . 435	His blest com- 583	I long to . 421	I'll praise him 254
He comes, the . 93	His blood . 442	I love my . 431	I'll speak the . 480
He ever lives . 174	His burden who 589	I must for . 589	Immaculate . 101
He ever lives . 251	His call we . 80	I must the . 298	Immanuel's . 97
He formed the . 589	His every word 240	I must this . 580	Impart to us . 45
He hath a . 63	His Father saw 214	I my all . 295	Imprest with . 153
He hath opened 238	His foes and . 137	I need not . 184	In a land . 621
He hath our . 388	His kingdom . 147	I now believe . 186	In a rapture . 288
He is a God . 526	His love is . 62	I praised the . 509	In all my . 508
He justly claims 436	His love sur- . 158	I rest beneath . 289	In all we . 108
He left his . 130	His mercy bath 475	I rest in . 317	In assurance of 472
He left his . 250	His name the . 119	I rest upon . 333	In daily prayer 206
He makes the . 589	His name yields 371	I rested in . 581	In darkest . 234
He now stands 230	His only right- 590	I right early . 423	In darkness . 231
He speaks, and . 271	His passion . 359	I see a . 543	In flesh we . 521
He still respects 516	His purposes . 567	I see an . 322	In God we . 402
He stretched . 152	His sacred limbs 113	I see the . 416	In heaven the . 99
He tells us . 80	His sacred unc- 346	I see the . 581	In his great . 292
He that believes 193	His son the . 320	I shall fully . 406	In his name . 71
He that on . 571	His sovereign . 224	I shall nothing 406	In him we . 461
He this flowery 294	His Spirit . 238	I shall suffer . 406	In him when . 471
He to the . 65	Hoard up his . 57	I shall triumph 406	In hope against 409
He visits now . 392	Holy Ghost, no 379	I sing of . 283	In hope believ- 341
He will com- . 152	Holy Ghost, the 590	I sink if . 212	In hope of . 366
He wills that . 427	Honour and . 229	I stand and . 249	In hope of . 543
Hear him ye . 271	Honour, glory . 601	I suffer on . 545	In Jesu's name 32
Heaven dis- . 130	Hoping against 107	I thirst to . 430	In Jesu's power 324
Heavenly Fath- 379	How blest are . 114	I tremble lest . 197	In Jesu's rejoice 577
He'll fix his . 268	How can it . 114	I trust in . 200	In life his . 304
Help us thy . 131	How great and 239	I view thee . 175	In loud hallelu- 538
Help us to . 487	How happy the 248	I wait in . 361	In manifested . 175
Henceforth I . 135	How happy the 542	I wait my . 200	In me thine . 345
Henceour hearts 114	How happy the 506	I wait thy . 290	In me thy . 232
Hereafter none 439	How happy then 564	I wait till . 393	In our cold . 151
Hereby we . 513	How have I . 219	I want a . 333	In prayer on . 328
Here humble . 41	How pleasant . 408	I want an . 440	In purest love . 235
Here I raise . 210	How shall I . 421	I want the . 139	In safety lead . 430
Here let the . 43	How shall I . 539	I want the . 413	In tears who . 478

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
In that reveal- 618	Jesus, take all . 463	Let the Spirit . 454	Lover of souls . 34
In the devour- 115	Jesus, the . 337	Let them feel . 2	Lover of souls . 171
In the wilder- 165	Jesus, the God . 92	Let there be . 101	Love's redeem- 138
In thee O . 317	Jesus, the . 573	Let this my . 235	Lowly, loving . 406
In thee we . 474	Jesus, the . 186	Let thy blood . 513	
In them let . 86	Jesus, the Lamb 174	Let thy dying . 453	MAD apt by . 276
In them thou . 28	Jesus, the name 271	Let us altogeth- 492	Madness and . 90
In vain doth . 315	Jesus, the name 590	Let us for . 491	Make our earth- 432
In vain the . 134	Jesus, the . 590	Let us for . 503	Make us all . 502
In vain the . 243	Jesus, the pro- 170	Let us hall . 25	Make us into . 488
In vain thou . 184	Jesus, thine all 410	Let us in . 338	Make us of . 491
In vain to . 526	Jesus, thine own 486	Let us never . 459	Man, the . 101
In vain we . 108	Jesus, thou pre- 470	Let us patiently 327	Many are we . 495
In want my . 376	Jesus, thy aid . 318	Let us still . 490	Master, I would 361
In wisdom inh- 257	J sus, thy blood 537	Let us then . 388	May answers to 37
Inferiors, as a . 296	J sus, thy rich 552	Let us then . 490	May faithful . 85
Infinite joy or . 530	J sus, thy . 106	Let us then . 491	May he by . 458
Infinite . 584	J sus, to thy . 560	Let us then . 503	May humble . 399
Inflame their . 7	J sus, to you . 65	Let us to . 490	May Jesus this 85
Inspire the liv- 149	J sus, trans- . 119	Life's labour . 554	May not a pin . 47
Inured to pov- 289	J sus's tremen- 593	Lift up thy . 261	May our every . 288
Invited by him 409	J sus, vouchsafe 531	Light in thy . 261	May preacher . 36
Is here a . 580	J sus, we thy . 495	Light of the . 316	May the . 9
Is there a . 178	J sus, we thy . 502	Like mighty . 449	May the house- 283
Is there a . 329	J sus, when this 405	Lives again our 138	May the word . 6
Is there a . 401	J sus will im- . 30	Live till all . 30	May they that . 3
It cost thy . 182	J sus, with us 278	Lo! from their 555	May this be . 47
It stands secure- 509	J sus would . 55	Lo! glad I . 445	May this newly 283
Its evils in . 547	J ined in one . 519	Lo! God is . 474	May we in . 38
Its pleasures . 444	J in every soul . 85	Lo! here thy . 584	May we in . 407
Its streams the 260	J in thy holy . 145	Lo! his . 144	May we receive 52
	J in us in . 495	Lo! I am with 551	Me for thine . 289
Jehovah, . 618	J yful all ye . 100	Lo! I cumber . 104	Me if thy . 437
Jehovah, in thy 175	J yful in hope . 427	Lo! on a nar- 556	Me in my . 229
Jesus, accept . 380	Joys increasing 59	Lo! the incar- 61	Me with that . 337
Jesus alone shall 146		Lo! to my . 135	Meek, simple . 55
Jesus, attend . 510	KINDERED his . 104	Lo! to the . 178	Meeken my . 337
Jesus, be end- 247	Kindly ask your 53	Long as I . 290	Meet it is . 435
Jesus, confirm 358	Kingdoms wide . 9	Long as our . 329	Men of worldly 490
Jesus, fulfil our 484	Knowledge . 244	Long hath thy 196	Merciful God . 618
Jesus, full of . 165		Long my impri- 250	Mercy and . 442
Jesus, harmoni- 119	LANE AS I . 185	Look through . 486	Mercy he does . 181
Jesus hath died 307	Lay thy . 220	Look unto him 271	Mercy I ask . 172
Jesus, I bless . 229	Learning's . 273	Loose all your . 144	Mercy o'er thy . 258
Jesus, I hang . 427	Leave no . 303	Lord, and shall 92	Mercy, O Lord 300
Jesus, I faint . 346	Leave to his . 375	Lord, arm me . 438	Mercy then . 196
Jesus, in thy . 565	Less grievous . 455	Lord, at thy . 177	Mercy with . 237
Jesus is worthy 225	Let that my . 348	Lord, give the . 15	Mercy who . 337
Jesus, let my . 406	Let all that . 235	Lord, help thy . 48	Might I in . 204
Jesus, let those . 1	Let all the . 540	Lord, I am . 194	Mild he lays . 100
Jesus, my all . 376	Let all who . 523	Lord, I am . 217	Millions more . 258
Jesus, my great 481	Let each the . 517	Lord, I believe . 192	Millions of . 70
Jesus, my . 305	Let every tribe 263	Lord, I believe . 247	Mindful of thy 602
Jesus, my life . 411	Let me accord- 369	Lord, I believe . 394	Misers, his life 130
Jesus, my Lord 217	Let me alone . 330	Lord, I believe . 613	More and more 490
Jesus, my . 619	Let me cast . 334	Lord, I will . 379	More favoured . 615
Jesus now his . 583	Let me no . 381	Lord, if I . 87	Mote of thy . 404
Jesus, once . 140	Let me not . 164	Lord, if thou . 32	More than con- 571
Jesus, on me . 201	Let my few . 295	Lord, if thou . 310	Moses' rod and 386
Jesus, our eye . 497	Let none who . 517	Lord, if thou . 398	Moses thy back- 615
Jesus, our great 18	Let not con- . 61	Lord, keep us . 367	Most awful . 585
Jesus, our great 471	Let no vain . 37	Lord, let this . 281	Mountains, alas 36
Jesus, our ten- 5/6	Let others hug 402	Lord, my time . 179	Move and . 495
Jesus proclaims 69	Let others . 243	Lord, my time . 408	Much hope if . 333
Jesus protects 299	Let our mutual 614	Lord over all . 237	Must I be . 301
Jesus, regard . 326	Let pure . 151	Lord, 'tis . 303	My crimes are . 317
Jesus, roll away 453	Let sickness . 525	Lord, what . 263	My doings will 160
Jesus, seek thy 82	Let the fruits . 502	Loud hallelu- . 36	My dying . 408
Jesus, seek thy 204	Let the Indian . 9	Love like death 495	My earth thou . 598
Jesus, see my . 406	Let the living . 388	Love only can . 410	My every weak 437
Jesus shall his . 315	Let the prom- . 279	Love us, though 523	My God and . 61

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
My God is . 249	Nothing is . 531	O Jesus, O . 585	O that it . 410
My God is . 251	Nothing less . 385	O Jesus, of . 212	O that my . 347
My gracious . 271	Nothing on . 264	O Jesus, ride . 73	O that our . 121
My heart thou . 397	Nothing on . 319	O let it . 411	O that the Com- 420
My humbled . 222	Nothing ye in . 72	O let me com- . 74	O that the per- . 378
My Life my . 177	Now a new . 107	O let me kiss . 118	O that the souls 278
My life, my . 314	Now all the . 562	O let our . 32	O that the world 149
My lips with . 217	Now destroy . 602	O let our . 274	O that the world 590
My Lord in . 322	Now, if thy . 172	O let our . 520	O that this . 504
My message as . 62	Now, Jesus, let 411	O let them . 4	O that to . 347
My old . 411	Now Jesus, now 32	O let them . 80	O that we . 434
My one desire . 177	Now Jesus, now 822	O let thy love . 118	O that we . 550
My only trust . 341	Now let me . 382	O let thy pure . 300	O that with . 296
My peace, my . 419	Now let my . 431	O let thy sacred 318	O that with . 416
My prayer hath 185	Now let our . 162	O let us all . 489	O that without 532
My remnant of 288	Now let thy . 171	O let us not . 324	O the fathom . 288
My Saviour . 115	Now let thy . 394	O let us our . 455	O the goodness 288
My soul and . 290	Now, Lord I . 444	O let us put . 569	O the infinite . 288
My soul breaks 366	Now, Lord, my 192	O let us still . 531	O thou almighty 431
My soul with . 339	Now, Lord, to . 320	O let us still . 520	O thou by . 338
My soul with . 345	Now, mighty . 46	O let us take . 450	O thou meek . 219
My soul would . 234	Now, now, let 191	O Lord, if indeed 371	O thou that . 217
My talents . 440	Now, O my . 391	O Lord, if mercy 209	O thou that . 530
My trespass . 236	Now, only now 555	O Lord, thy . 274	O thou who . 622
My vehement . 387	Now on the . 548	O Lord, with . 5	O 'tis pleasant . 25
My willing soul 133	Now reveal thy 604	O Love, how . 418	O 'twas a . 156
My worthless . 177	Now Saviour . 514	O Love, thou . 246	O unexampled . 119
NAKED of thine 165	Now shall my . 240	O may each . 287	O wash my . 217
Nay, but I . 177	Now the full . 262	O may his . 26	O what a bles- 548
Nay, but his . 117	Now, then, my 438	O may I bear . 262	O what a . 522
Nearer and . 468	Now thine own 283	O may I love . 309	O what a . 462
Neither passion 191	Now we are . 281	O may I still . 351	O what a vast . 274
Never from our 495	Now ye saints . 139	O may it . 50	O what an . 85
Never let the . 400	Numbered . 532	O may the dead 48	O what are . 543
Never love nor . 139	O ARM ME . 309	O may the gra- 300	O what hath . 548
Never will we . 513	O believe the . 89	O may thy grace 480	O what shall . 461
Night by the . 525	O blessed word 339	O may thy love 217	O when shall . 10
No cloud those 575	O bless me . 339	O may thy spirit 284	O when shall . 240
No condemn- . 250	O call to . 159	O may we all . 305	O wipe my . 150
No dear com- . 624	O call to . 159	O may we ever 255	O would he . 548
No fear of . 264	O come back . 509	O may we ever 519	O wouldst thou 91
No good word . 211	O confirm the . 216	O may we then 554	O wouldst thou 451
No horrid . 91	O conquer this 1-2	O might I die . 573	O ye of fearful . 423
No longer then 410	O could I . 222	O might I with 578	Obedient faith . 409
No longer we . 88	O could I . 296	O might the . 600	O'erlook them . 296
No longing we 163	O could I . 335	O might they . 88	O'er the vast . 332
No malice . 575	O could I . 537	O might we . 455	O'erwhelmed . 415
No man can . 149	O could we . 563	O might we . 456	Of all thou . 298
No matter how 232	O do not let . 309	O my offended . 218	Of heavenly . 103
No matter . 531	O do not suffer 485	O never in . 438	Of his gospel . 17
No more I . 394	O drive our . 407	O remember me 204	Of my boasted . 334
No need of . 508	O dying Lamb 122	O satisfy their . 452	Oft as I . 299
No, no, replied . 503	O for a faith . 320	O Saviour of . 78	Oft did I . 581
No other right 193	O for a glance . 90	O Sovereign . 205	Oft from the . 508
No room for . 531	O for a trumpet 119	O take this . 380	Oft hath the . 508
No slightest . 462	O for this . 124	O teach me . 267	Oh may this . 575
No strength of 80	O God, mine . 558	O that all may . 499	Oh this will . 587
No, though the 116	O God our . 527	O that all the . 356	Oh to grace . 110
Nor can he . 113	O grant that . 58	O that all with . 407	Oh ye pilgrims 545
Nor prayer is . 338	O grant that . 418	O that each . 102	Omnipotent . 311
Not all the . 316	O happy, happy 520	O that each in . 102	On all his . 471
Not by human . 435	O happy, happy 521	O that from . 14	On all mankind . 4
Not for my . 337	O happy souls . 44	O that I could . 172	On earth the . 592
Not in the . 32	O hasten the . 67	O that I could . 183	On every soul . 285
Not in the . 405	O hide this . 401	O that I might . 82	On him the . 93
Not like the . 473	O how shall . 116	O that I might . 335	On me the . 400
ot the fair . 41	O how wavering 406	O that I might . 391	On Zion we . 577
othing else . 441	O Jesus appear 404	O that I never . 304	On thee O . 394
othing have I 211	O Jesus full . 223	O that I now . 350	On thee we . 58
othing I ask . 172	O Jesus, if . 542	O that I now . 380	On the thorn . 14
	O Jesus, in . 212	O that in . 410	On this glad . 14

INDEX TO THE V

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
On thy thigh ... 601	Pity the state ... 335	Salvation to ... 16	Sing on your ...
Once there were ... 367	Plain simple ... 31	Satan filled with ... 583	Sing till we ...
Once were ye ... 540	Place no longer ... 327	Satan his thou ... 450	Sing to the ...
One army of ... 540	Plant and root ... 406	Saved from the ... 446	Sing we then ...
One body and ... 451	Plant thy bea ... 602	Save us from ... 400	Sinners, expect
One day amidst ... 183	Plead we thus ... 503	Save us in ... 400	Sinners, I rose
One family we ... 540	Pleasure and ... 365	Savi ur and ... 267	Sinners my ...
One only way ... 331	Plenteous grace ... 180	Saviour from ... 378	Sinners, obey ...
One Spirit and ... 451	Plenteous he is ... 181	Saviour from ... 211	Sinners of old
One the Father ... 406	Poor, alas! thou ... 165	Savi-ur, if of ... 22	Sinners, turn...
One undivided ... 617	Poor debtors by ... 79	Saviour, I long ... 412	Sinners, turn...
One with G-d ... 448	Poor outcasts ... 223	Saviour I thank ... 366	Sinners whose ...
Only have faith ... 591	Poor worms of ... 273	Saviour of men ... 314	Sin's devilful...
Only thee con- ... 443	Pour out thy ... 588	Saviour the an- ... 150	Slay the dire ...
Open my faith's ... 393	Pour out your ... 306	Saviour to me ... 303	Smile, Lord, on
Open the inter- ... 208	Pour rich mea- ... 6	Saviour where ... 370	Soar we now ...
Open thou the ... 610	Power I want ... 107	Saw ye not ... 237	So be it ...
Order if some ... 296	Power o'er the ... 446	Say are your ... 510	So blooms the ...
Other know ... 253	Praise him all ... 130	Scarce can your ... 11	So fades a ...
Other refuge ... 180	Praise him who ... 370	Scattered o'er ... 85	So fast eternity
Our Brother ... 406	Prayer is the ... 338	Scattered ... 451	So I may ...
Our brother the ... 538	Prayer stopped ... 334	Scatter the last ... 404	So Jesus, let ...
Our Captain ... 507	Pray we on ... 337	See all your ... 271	So may the ...
Our claim ... 448	Pray what is ... 543	See from his ... 125	So shall I ...
Our Conqueror ... 338	Pray without ... 307	See from the ... 72	So shall my ...
Our dearest ... 343	Prepare me ... 535	See her now ... 545	So shall our ...
Our foreheads ... 476	Present alike ... 257	See him set ... 62	So shall he ...
Our Friend is ... 634	Present we ... 405	See how beau- ... 27	So when'er the
Our glad ... 98	Preserved thro' ... 291	See how his ... 113	So when on ...
Our glorious ... 333	Prisoners of hope ... 181	See how the ... 526	So wretched ...
Our God in ... 79	Prisoners of ... 423	See Lord the ... 394	Son of God ...
Our heathenish ... 238	Proclaim salva- ... 240	See m. lying ... 196	Sons of God ...
Our Husband ... 518	Pronounce the ... 461	See on the ... 501	S on as from ...
Our Jesus shall ... 356	Prophet and ... 579	See, see the ... 562	Soon as in ...
Our life is a ... 102	Pure love to ... 446	See the immor- ... 96	Soon as we ...
Our life is hid ... 522	Purge me from ... 380	See the Judge ... 536	Soon shall I ...
Our lips and ... 109		See the streams ... 22	Soon shall we
Our Lord will ... 523	RAISED by the ... 507	See there his ... 113	Sorrow and si
Our misery ... 618	Rather I would ... 343	See where before ... 174	Speak but th
Our mourning ... 508	Ready for all ... 353	See where o'er ... 34	Speak, gracious
Our mutual ... 504	Ready for you ... 117	See where the ... 117	Speak the
Our naked ... 484	Ready the Fa- ... 77	See, ye sinners ... 405	Speak the wo
Our newly born ... 97	Ready the ... 77	Send down thy ... 46	Speak with th
Our old com- ... 550	Ready thou art ... 34	Send down thy ... 438	Spirit of faith
Our residue of ... 100	Refining fire go ... 410	Sent and blest ... 20	Spirit of faith
Our sons hence- ... 377	Regard me with ... 622	Sent by my ... 62	Stamped with
Our souls and ... 436	Regard thine ... 489	Sent down from ... 78	Stand by the
Our souls are ... 523	Reign in me ... 404	Shall I amidst ... 557	Stand then
Our spirits too ... 550	Reign, true Mes- ... 572	Shall I regret ... 547	Stand then t
Our surety freed ... 140	Rejoice and sing ... 544	Shall I, through ... 297	Standing n
Our wasting ... 530	Rejoice in glori- ... 174	Shall I to ... 314	Stay, sinner
Our Zerubbabel ... 20	Rejoice, the ... 147	Shall join the ... 543	steadfast let
Outcasts of ... 116	Rejoicing in ... 494	Shall magnify ... 515	Still for us
Out of great ... 571	Rejoicing now ... 391	Shall we whose ... 612	Still heavy!
Out of the ... 453	Believe the ... 452	Shepherds found ... 55	Still hide m
	Remember Lord ... 415	Shew me the ... 302	Still let him
Pardon and ... 368	Remove this ... 390	Shew them the ... 452	Still let me
Pardon and ... 70	Rest for my ... 377	Shew us some ... 38	Still let the
Pardon now is ... 71	Return, O holy ... 215	Shine on thy ... 613	Still let the
Pardoned for all ... 415	Riches un- ... 90	Sort of thy ... 293	Still let us
Part of his ... 511	Rising to sing ... 290	Should all the ... 431	Still let us
Part of my ... 107	Rivers to thee ... 578	Should earth ... 245	Still let us
Part of thy ... 202	Round each ... 22	Should sudden ... 217	Still let us
Partakers of ... 519		Shout all the ... 208	Still may
Passion and ap- ... 322	SAINTS and ... 61	Show me as ... 408	Still may
Patient the ap- ... 567	Saints begin the ... 570	Shut up in ... 109	Still nigh
Permit them to ... 275	Salem, secure ... 572	Simple, teach- ... 499	Still, O L
Pernous thou ... 196	Salem, behold ... 572	Since by thy ... 206	Still we t
Petitions now ... 140	Salvation in ... 178	Since thou hast ... 300	Still will
Pilgrims soon ... 583	Salvation let the ... 479	Since thou ... 378	Stranger
Pity the day ... 452	Salvation O thou ... 479	Sing of his ... 451	Strive w

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Stronger his ... 183	The Covenant ... 400	The pain of ... 381	Thee, Lord, our ... 40
Stronger than ... 351	The cup of ... 514	The painful ... 381	Thee in remem- 359
Struggle ... 531	The daily death 318	The peace and 463	Thee may I ... 355
Stung by the ... 119	The day of ... 189	The people that 226	Thee, only thee 194
Sublime upon ... 500	The deaf hear... 73	The Pharisees 268	Thee, Son of ... 303
Such happiness 606	The dear tokens 607	The pit its ... 24	Thee, the great 621
Such was his ... 180	The dearest idol 315	The plague and 605	Thee we expect 466
Such as that for 326	The depth of ... 336	The prisoner ... 359	Thee while the 263
Supply what ... 566	The dying thief 123	The promise ... 423	Their daily de- 341
Sure I must ... 301	The earth and ... 559	The promised ... 392	Their selfish ... 276
Surely in us ... 469	The enemy his ... 315	The Prophets ... 19	Then because ... 143
Surely I shall ... 407	The eternal ... 551	The ransomed 468	Then dig about 106
Surely once thy 614	The everlasting 561	The riches of ... 471	Then every ... 415
Surely thou ... 584	The Father ... 351	The righteous ... 620	Then I began ... 509
Sweet fields ... 563	The Father ... 336	The ripened ... 567	Then in a ... 123
Sweet spirits ... 556	The Father ... 77	The rougher ... 103	Then infuse the 354
Sweetly may ... 466	The feeling ... 33	The sacred ... 153	Then let me ... 543
Swift let thy ... 11	The few that ... 86	The saints in ... 563	Then let the ... 539
Swift through ... 99	The fiercer the 103	The saints shall 557	Then let the ... 560
Swift to my ... 328	The fire our ... 363	The saints ... 134	Then let us ... 16
Sworn to des- ... 178	The fondness of 343	The secret of ... 422	Then let us sub- 74
	The fulness of ... 615	The secret ... 227	Then let us be- 9
Take away my 190	The gates of ... 85	The seeds which 29	Then let us ever 294
Take me into ... 181	The gasing ... 156	The servant ... 293	Then let us at- 359
Take my poor ... 114	The gift I ... 468	The sharpness 416	Then let us ... 402
Take to the ... 603	The gift which 477	The Shepherd ... 73	Then let us ... 457
Take when ... 459	The glorious ... 293	The sinners ... 159	Then let us all ... 486
Take with you ... 68	The God of ... 269	The smoke of ... 516	Then let us still 511
Teach us O ... 80	The God of ... 470	The smoke of ... 600	Then let us ... 521
Tell me again ... 321	The God of ... 120	The soul hath 533	Then let us ... 532
Tell me or ... 87	The God that ... 81	The spirit ... 448	Then let us ... 561
Tell of his ... 240	The gospel ... 13	The spirit of ... 448	Then, Saviour ... 558
Tell them their 64	The graces of ... 407	The spirit of ... 67	Then shall the ... 14
Ten thousand ... 146	The gracious ... 351	The spirit of ... 448	Then shall thy ... 14
Ten thousand ... 310	The graves of ... 539	The spirit of in- 329	Then, then ac- 159
Ten thousand ... 549	The greedy sea 539	The spirit of re- 443	Then when the 290
Thanks for thy ... 253	The hardness ... 34	The stone to ... 223	Then when the 457
Thanks that we 233	The heavenly ... 633	The stubbornest 153	Then will I ... 217
Thanks we give 636	The holy to ... 84	The sun may ... 585	Then will I tell 445
Thanksgiving ... 96	The huge ... 560	The sun of ... 98	Then will we ... 340
That all-com- ... 91	The incommun- 617	The sun of ... 158	Then he ... 539
That blessed ... 308	The indigna- ... 227	The tares are ... 587	There all our ... 462
That bloody ... 313	The kingdom ... 620	The task thy ... 355	There all the ... 535
That furrowed ... 128	The King ... 138	The thing sur- 400	There everlast- 568
That glorious ... 594	The King ... 616	The things eter- 264	There I shall ... 345
That great mys- 306	The Lamb on ... 476	The things im- 33	There is my ... 364
That head the ... 128	The lepers from 73	The things that 233	There let it ... 358
That hurrying ... 387	The lion roar ... 450	The third aus- 136	There like a ... 594
That I thy ... 380	The little cloud 611	The thunders of 265	There might ... 369
That man may ... 80	The living ... 514	The universal ... 293	There my exal- 547
That mighty ... 400	The Lord his ... 44	The unspeak- ... 460	There no ... 575
That path with 318	The Lord of ... 573	The veil of ... 171	There pain and 575
That taught ... 306	The Lord pours 234	The waves of ... 16	There saints ... 573
That throne of 303	The Lord the ... 613	The way the ... 445	There sickness 546
That token of ... 354	The love of ... 314	The wayfaring 333	There shall our 481
That wisdom ... 356	The love which 517	The whole ... 335	There the ... 145
The anchor of ... 341	The Master of ... 359	The winter's ... 243	There the ... 584
The armed ... 324	The meek and ... 163	The word of ... 403	There, there at 473
The stoicment 403	The men of ... 81	The world's ... 311	There thou hast 584
The birds with- 80	The mercy I ... 74	The world can- 313	There we in ... 548
The blessing is 496	The mighty ... 101	The world ... 523	There we shall 23
The blessings ... 533	The mite my ... 39	The worst of ... 594	There we shall 81
The blind are ... 73	The modest and 576	The worst unto 64	There we shall 521
The bliss of ... 457	The more I ... 445	The year of ... 105	There we shall 594
The brightest ... 342	The morning of 540	The year rolls ... 529	There we the ... 500
The bold blas- 563	The most im- ... 389	Thee, Father ... 508	There your ... 143
The busy tribes 527	The news of ... 603	Thee, Holy Fa- 617	These eyes ... 521
The captive ex- 493	The now ... 664	Thee, I can ... 319	These triumphs 127
The chaff of ... 486	The o'erwhelm- 77	Thee, Jesus ... 323	These walls we 43
The church tri- 494	The opening ... 234	Thee, let all ... 691	These are now ... 393
The counsel ... 378	The opposite ... 297	Thee, let us ... 227	They go from ... 44

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
They marked ... 323	Thou seest our ... 375	Thy mighty ... 376	To seek thee ... 83
They rest from ... 544	Thou seest their ... 450	Thy mouth O ... 389	To steer our ... 376
They watch for ... 3	Thou standest ... 516	Thy nature be ... 368	To that Jerusa- ... 547
Thine all ... 11	Thou thy ... 453	Thy nature gra- ... 357	To thee for ... 364
Thine arm hath ... 311	Thou waitest to ... 280	Thy offering ... 121	To thee I lift ... 182
Thine everlast- ... 374	Thou who hast ... 463	Thy people Lord ... 34	To thee I owe ... 143
Thine the king- ... 601	Thou who hast ... 602	Thy power in ... 363	To thee insepar- ... 486
Think what you ... 71	Thou wilt not ... 189	Thy power om- ... 560	To thee may ... 327
This blessed ... 302	Though at us ... 20	Thy providence ... 500	To thee my ... 197
This delight I ... 198	Though billows ... 304	Thy ransomed ... 434	To thee shall ... 310
This empty ... 140	Though chang- ... 550	Thy risen Lord ... 140	To thee we ... 386
This engine ... 324	Though crim- ... 68	Thy saints in ... 301	To the never ... 331
This fountain's ... 577	Though earth ... 389	Thy sanctifying ... 380	To thy will ... 306
This glorious ... 483	Though earthly ... 551	Thy secret voice ... 401	To thy wise ... 373
This happiness ... 264	Though eight- ... 384	Thy side an ... 84	To us and ... 78
This heart shall ... 302	Though evils ... 207	Thy sinless ... 412	To us at ... 78
This is the bond ... 488	Though I have ... 192	Thy soul for ... 363	To us our ... 113
This is the dear ... 383	Though I have ... 217	Thy sovereign ... 236	To watch their ... 376
This is the grace ... 244	Though in ... 360	Thy Spirit hath ... 150	To you and ... 456
This is the strait ... 363	Though in the ... 140	Thy strength ... 249	To you is ... 94
This is the time ... 62	Though in the ... 580	Thy tender ... 307	Together let us ... 435
This is the way ... 445	Though late I ... 177	Thy tokens ... 608	Touch me and ... 231
This is thy ... 307	Though my sins ... 166	Thy undistin- ... 131	Touch with a ... 51
This made the ... 324	Though now ... 145	Thy wealth the ... 127	Train up thy ... 277
This only thing ... 87	Though now ... 556	Till all the ... 137	Triumphant ... 616
This only woe ... 193	Though thick ... 504	Till Jesus in ... 109	True and faith- ... 508
This the uni- ... 89	Though waves ... 246	Till then, nor ... 582	True believers ... 480
This, this is ... 615	Three persons ... 617	Till then to ... 187	True helpers ... 385
Thither may ... 624	Three thousand ... 153	Till thou anew ... 347	True pleasures ... 238
Those mighty ... 262	Thrice blessed ... 506	Till thou thy ... 329	True yoke-fel- ... 504
Those wounded ... 128	Through all ... 599	Till thoroughly ... 168	Turn, he cries ... 76
Thou all our ... 442	Through all his ... 265	Time like an ... 527	Turning to my ... 363
Thou art dark ... 425	Through every ... 509	'Tis done, the ... 112	'Twas well my ... 146
Thou art my ... 150	Through grace ... 230	'Tis his, the ... 579	
Thou art the ... 199	Through hidden ... 590	'Tis Love, 'tis ... 185	Under the ... 527
Thou art thy ... 530	Through many ... 245	'Tis love that ... 244	Unite the pair ... 273
Thou bidd'st us ... 169	Through much ... 313	'Tis mercy all ... 401	Unless the ... 33
Thou callest me ... 235	Through pride ... 461	'Tis mystery all ... 250	Unnumbered ... 500
Thou canst ... 387	Through thee ... 523	'Tis not a ... 8	Unspotted from ... 277
Thou didst un- ... 408	Through thee ... 567	'Tis strung and ... 123	Unwearied may ... 418
Thou dost con- ... 372	Throughout the ... 236	'Tis the Saviour ... 139	Up into the ... 487
Thou every- ... 374	Throughout the ... 260	'Tis there with ... 256	Uphold me in ... 331
Thou God that ... 510	Thus as the ... 458	'Tis thine a ... 170	Uphold me, Sa- ... 346
Thou great tre- ... 202	Thus low the ... 142	'Tis thus the ... 214	Upon my head ... 568
Thou hast a ... 522	Thus shall their ... 111	To all my ... 509	Upon the bridal ... 236
Thou hast my ... 438	Thus the ... 20	To baffle the ... 233	Us in the ... 79
Thou hast ob- ... 193	Thus through ... 339	To damp our ... 554	Us into thy ... 485
Thou hast our ... 613	Thus while we ... 550	To destroy his ... 331	
Thou hast pro- ... 613	Thus with ... 42	To each the ... 508	Vain the stone ... 138
Thou hear'st ... 337	Thy arm, Lord ... 429	To fit his ... 272	Vanish then ... 606
Thou in thy ... 624	Thy bright ... 353	To God most ... 287	Vast the har- ... 6
Thou know'st ... 499	Thy call I ... 574	To God your ... 308	Vessels, Instru- ... 506
Thou know'st ... 206	Thy call if ... 195	To help their ... 579	View your eter- ... 267
Thou know'st ... 223	Thy comprehen- ... 5	To him contin- ... 143	Visit then this ... 188
Thou, Lord, our ... 83	Thy conde- ... 177	To him mine ... 560	Vouchsafe us ... 171
Thou, Lord, the ... 369	Thy death hath ... 193	To him our ... 576	
Thou loving all ... 118	Thy every ... 363	To his meritori- ... 604	Waft, waft ye ... 613
Thou, my im- ... 178	Thy face with ... 28	To keep your ... 307	Waiting to re- ... 541
Thou, my one ... 441	Thy faithful ... 321	To know thy ... 620	Wait we all ... 553
Thou neither ... 257	Thy fatherly ... 455	To love my ... 586	Waken, O Lord ... 520
Thou, O Christ ... 180	Thy favour and ... 261	To magnify thy ... 227	Was it for ... 123
Thou, O Lord ... 356	Thy feet were ... 34	To make them ... 579	Wash me and ... 408
Thou, O love ... 441	Thy gifts, alas ... 306	To mourners ... 47	Wash out its ... 370
Thou, O my ... 208	Thy glories ... 584	To please thee ... 541	We all may ... 80
Thou on the ... 374	Thy goodness ... 200	To poor sinners ... 556	We all partake ... 477
Thou only ... 480	Thy hand how ... 584	To praise a ... 616	We all shall ... 435
Thou only ... 427	Thy heart I ... 181	To pray and ... 554	We are now ... 39
Thou only ... 230	Thy kingdom ... 639	To purest joys ... 83	We bless thy ... 58
Thou rather ... 455	Thy love I ... 427	To real holiness ... 415	We bow before ... 58
Thou, Saviour ... 239	Thy love thee ... 310	To rescue me ... 117	We bring thee ... 4
Thou see t my ... 218	Thy love Spi- ... 394	To save what ... 74	We bring them ... 1

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
We by his ... 158	Whate'er in me 619	While now ... 163	With plenteous 7
We cannot ... 442	Whate'er my ... 365	While still to ... 317	With praise ... 41
We cannot ... 326	Whate'er ob- ... 160	While the foe ... 25	With simple ... 176
We feel the ... 548	Whate'er ob- ... 208	While thou art 289	With singing ... 473
We for his ... 523	Whate'er ... 486	While thou ... 506	With solemn ... 333
We have laid ... 472	Whate'er our ... 158	While we pass. 60	With thanks I. 288
We have no ... 567	Whate'er the ... 352	Whither O ... 598	With thanks we 472
We have now ... 331	Whate'er thou. 504	Who basely all 185	With the con- 235
We laugh to ... 485	Whate'er thou. 257	Who can before 322	With thine ... 604
We live in ... 465	Whatever guilt 151	Who can now ... 536	With this en-... 21
We march hand 108	Whatever ills... 606	Who can re- ... 580	With unutter- 556
We need not ... 516	When all are ... 471	Who can sound 258	With us no ... 242
We never will. 508	When darkness 360	Who can tell ... 609	With us thou ... 406
We now desire 56	When exposed. 17	Who I ask ... 288	Within these ... 38
We now thy ... 278	When first he... 509	Who in heart ... 405	Within this ... 281
We part in ... 522	When from the 247	Who in Jesus ... 479	Witnesses of ... 504
We remember : 499	When God is ... 427	Who Jesu's ... 402	Witnesses that 501
We shall gain : 388	When he first ... 257	Who of twain . 467	Woe to him ... 467
We shall our ... 520	When I feel ... 406	Who on earth . 479	Work in me ... 190
We share our ... 483	When I tread ... 610	Who sow in ... 625	Worldly good I 198
We soon shall . 370	When in the ... 587	Who suffer ... 366	Worthy the ... 225
We soon shall . 569	When in the ... 569	Who then shall 555	Wouldst thou ... 384
We the sons ... 96	When Jesus ... 267	Who, who my . 115	Wounded by ... 465
We trace a ... 593	When Jesus ... 363	Who, who shall 178	Wrestling on in 507
We weep for ... 447	When justice ... 106	Whoe'er to thee 173	
We tremble at . 373	When life sinks 89	Whoever comes 68	Yn all shall ... 423
We while the ... 559	When Moses' ... 324	Whoever re- ... 67	Ye deserts so ... 95
We, who in ... 158	When pain o'er 309	Whom have I . 441	Ye different ... 85
We will our ... 298	When passing . 360	Whom man ... 194	Ye fearful ... 507
We would in ... 276	When rising ... 370	Whom now we 406	Ye harlots and 95
We would per- 276	When Satan ... 80	Whose glory to 616	Ye hungry poor 70
We wrestle for . 447	When shall I ... 410	Whose provid- . 109	Ye hungry souls 64
Wealth, honour 319	When shall I ... 420	Why hast thou 284	Ye little flock . 275
Weary of life ... 391	When shall ... 377	Why should we 539	Ye mountains . 475
Welcome from . 510	When shall the 10	Why then al-... 11	Ye seafaring . 95
We'll may I ... 586	When stronger 463	Why then thou 131	Ye seraphs ... 616
We'll might the 123	When that ... 301	Wide as the ... 224	Ye slaves of ... 18
We'll crowd thy 234	When thou in . 91	Will gifts de- ... 173	Ye souls re- ... 266
We'll make the 268	When thou the 389	Will he forsake 175	Ye spirits en- 105
We'll talk of ... 458	When 'tis deep 406	Will he the ... 280	Ye that have . 561
We're I possess- 243	When 'tis deep 346	Wilt thou cast . 198	Ye vagrant ... 62
We're soldiers 611	When to the ... 487	Wilt thou des- . 66	Ye vagrant ... 64
We're the whole 125	When wander- 281	Wilt thou not . 184	Ye who believe 65
What a mercy . 288	When we ap- ... 255	Wisdom and ... 292	Ye who faint ... 553
What a raptur- 476	When we asun- 483	Wisdom divine 83	Ye who have . 18
What are our... 114	When we ... 461	With all suffi- 298	Ye whose loins 553
What could my 241	When wrestling 197	With all who . 242	Yea, Amen, let. 607
What ecstasy of 573	Whene'er in ... 163	With calmly . 227	Yea, let men . 314
What empty ... 243	Whene'er my ... 345	With confid- ... 509	Yea, let thy ... 449
What fulness of 542	Where am I ... 581	With conscious 339	Yea God that . 280
What have I ... 174	Where are ... 614	With earnest ... 406	Yea Lord I . 248
What is it ... 186	Where is the ... 215	With ease our . 488	Yea Lord we . 423
What is there... 547	Where is the ... 321	With frandless 369	Yea thou art ... 480
What is the ... 589	Where is the ... 420	With gifts of ... 285	Yea though of 444
What may be... 296	Where is the ... 613	With grace ... 85	Yea are his . 70
What mighty . 463	Where pure ... 429	With him I ... 506	Yet if so ... 373
What moved ... 97	Where shall I... 85	With him we . 90	Yet let me ... 296
What peaceful . 215	Where unity is 471	With Israel's . 18	Yet not many . 233
What shall I ... 210	Where unity ... 471	With joyfullest 165	Yet O how ... 127
What shall I ... 236	Where'er in ... 13	With joy like . 142	Yet O the ... 192
What then is ... 314	Wherefore let... 257	With joy the ... 99	Yet O the riches 168
What though ... 17	Wherefore to ... 250	With joy we ... 520	Yet onward I . 228
What though I 178	Wherefore to ... 365	With kindly ... 588	Yet save a ... 217
What though ... 184	While all my ... 557	With longing ... 5	Yet still the . 590
What though ... 188	While guilt ... 217	With me by ... 271	Yet these new . 525
What though ... 551	While humble . 19	With me I ... 362	Yet thy wrath . 241
What though ... 595	While I draw ... 156	With me if ... 195	Yet we know ... 603
What though ... 613	While in afflic- 372	With mercy's . 101	Yet when she . 488
What troubles . 457	While in the ... 227	With my sub- . 27	Yet would I ... 182
What we would 108	While in this ... 318	With pangs un- 582	Yet your love . 71
Whate'er I say . 354	While in thy ... 162	With pitying . 124	Yet d better . 608

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
You glory in- . 19	Your claim alas 85	Your ground . 63	Your real life . 143
Younger plants 614	Your faith by . 143		









